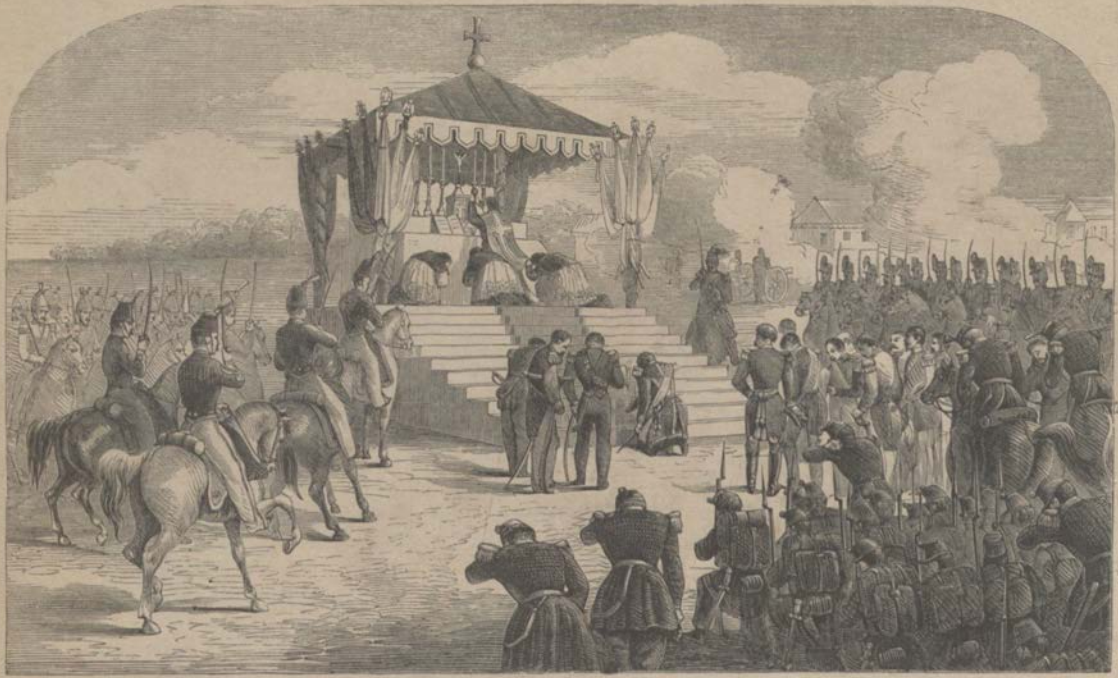
00106875

Digitized with financial assistance from
Shri Brihad Bhartiya Samaj
on 31 October, 2019

RED, WHITE, AND BLUE;

SKETCHES OF MILITARY LIFE.

VOL. III.



Printed by] MASS IN CAMP. [Spottiswoode & Co.

RED, WHITE, AND BLUE:

SKETCHES OF MILITARY LIFE.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "FLEMISH INTERIORS."

106875

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

Lx-h-2

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1862.

The right of Translation is reserved.

GOD
355.1
Jul
C6[illegible]5

CONTENTS

OF

THE THIRD VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS TONE OF THE ARMY.

Sunday Morning in the Camp.—Military Mass.—Arrival of the Troops.—Aspect of the Field.—Grand and Imposing Effect.—Defiling of the Men.—An Accident.—The Maréchal Commanding-in-Chief. — Visit of the Siamese Ambassadors to Châlons.—Sunday at Aldershott.—Religious Feeling of the French Soldiers.—Notre Dame de la Légion d'Honneur.—Aumôniers in the Armée d'Italie.—Religious "Functions" in the Army.—Death-bed of a young French Soldier.—General Communion of a Regiment before rejoining their Flags.—Incident at Magenta.—Farewell Service for the Troops at Nîmes.—Military Conférences established there in consequence.—Anecdote of a Soldier.—Maréchal Blaise de Montluc's Religious Sentiments.—Cathedral at Hydrabad, built by the Pious Liberality of English Soldiers quartered there.—Their Handsome Subscription to the Œuvre for the Propagation of the Faith.—Anecdote of a Voltigeur in 1853.—"Le Factionnaire du Bon Dieu."—The Soldier at the Little Chapel of the Réparation.—Anecdote of a Young Soldier on the Eve of a Battle.—Letter of a Young Officer to his Father.—The French Soldiers, Priests, and "Sisters" in the East.—The Aumônier de Régiment.—Utility of his Presence during an Epidemic.—Anecdote of an Army Chaplain.—Of a French

Soldier Converted by an English Priest in Rome.—Character of the French Soldier.—The First Napoleon's appreciation of the Vosgiens.—M. de Tocqueville's Opinion.—Discipline in the French Army.—American Discipline.—Discipline among the Russian Troops.—Anecdotes of the Latter.—Anecdotes Illustrative of the Character of the French Soldier.—Initiative, Spirit of Domestication.—Anecdotes of the French Soldier in Algeria.—Helplessness of the English Soldier.—Its Causes.—Sir Henry Havelock's Severe Observations on the Intemperance of the British Troops.—Causes of Drunkenness.—How Favoured in India.—The same Vice perceptible among the Men in the time of Charles I.—Smoking.—Discouraged in the French Army.—Demoralization of the English Soldier.—Soldiers' Libraries. — How regarded by the Men. — Their Tastes and Propensities.—Amusements provided for them.—Nearly as numerous and varied as in France.—Reasons of their Insuccess.—Schools.—Their Inefficacy.—Promotion.—Its value.—Chaplains.—Example of Officers.—Anecdote of an Officer of Birth.—The French Soldier's Taste for Reading and Self-improvement.—The Frères des Écoles.—Anecdote of Napoleon I. and Cardinal Faesch.—Tyrannical Prohibition with regard to Soldiers in India.—Moral tone of the French Soldier.—His Unalterable Love for his Mother.—Anecdotes of French Soldiers in the Crimea.—In Rome.—Chat with a "Decorated" French Soldier. — Stringent Rules for Good Conduct.—The French Soldier and the Procession of the Blessed Sacrament.—Anecdotes of the Conscription.—"Bonhomie" of the French Soldier.—Incident in China.—Maréchal Bugeaud's Support of Army-Chaplains—Anecdotes on this Subject.—The Soldier compared to the Priest.—Louis Veuillot's Observations.—Père Parabère.—His Popularity.—Anecdote of the Italian Campaign.—Général de Pimodan.—The Eve of the Engagement.—The Œuvre Militaire.—M. Germainville.—Its System and Success.—Details of its Operation. —P. Milleriot.—His Preaching.—"Going too Far."—The French Soldier's Early Associations.—Their effect on him.—P. Réculon's Preaching to the Soldiers.—The Troops in Occupation at Algeria.—Admiration of the Arabs for the French Aumôniers. Page 3.

CHAPTER II.

MILITARY PRISONS AND PUNISHMENTS.

Prison System in France.—Military Prison in Paris described. —Regulations.—Discipline.—Drunkenness.—Anecdote about "Foxes."—Classification.— Occupation. — Remuneration. — Treatment.—Recreation.—General Disposition of the Prisoners.—Cells.—Ingenuity of the Prisoners.—Staff of the Institution.—Rules.—Diet. — Infirmary. — Chapel. — Choir, Voluntary and Self-Organised.—History of the "Choir-Master."—Military Mass.—Conduct of the Congregation.—Chaplain.—Preacher.—The Commandant.—The Aumônier's Story.—A Warning to Drunkards.

Prison at Aldershott.—Punishments.—Regulations.—Library. —Prison Huts.—Their Cost.—Arrangement and Accommodation.—Infirmary.—Local Executions.—Their Advantage. — Punishment in the French Army. — Composition of the French Army. — Death. — Degradation. — "Military Crimes" in England. — A Military Murder in France.— A Military Execution. — Story of a Carbineer. — Story of Jean.—The Salle de Police.—Story of Marcel.—An Instance of Disproportionate Punishment. — Statistics of Military Prisons for the last Two Years.—Flogging.—Corporal Punishment in Foreign Armies.—Instances in England.—The Cat. —In the Indian Army.—The Duke of Wellington on Flogging. — General Sir de Lacy Evans on Flogging. — Flogging, a National Punishment in England.—Not confined to the Army. —Simple and ingenious mode of restoring a Suicide to reason.

Page 147.

CHAPTER III.

MILITARY HOSPITALS.

Origin of Military Hospitals.—Hospitallers.—Sisters of Charity. —Force of Prejudice.—Frères de la Charité.—Boyer's Opinion of the Brothers.—Observations of the Duc de Raguse.—Of Maréchal de Mourmont.—Report of the Concordat, by Portalis.—Military Hospitals in England.—The First erected in France under Cardinal Richelieu.—Organization and Progress. —Ambroise Paré.—Le Blanc.—Desgenettes.—Larrey.—Their Improvements.—Hospitals in Algeria.—In the Crimea.—At Châlons.—Sanitary Condition of the British Army.—Mor-

tality among the Men —Difficult to Account for it.—Lord Herbert's Measures.—Barrack Hospitals.—Defective Organization.—Statistics of Mortality.—Improvements.—Defective Hospital Regulations in the Peninsular War.—Hints to be taken from the French.—Interior of an Ambulance.—Hospital at Varna.—Contrast between the Hospitals of the two Armies in the Crimean War.—Austrian Medical Organization.—Defects of the System pursued in the Italian War.—Solferino. —Verona.—New Barracks on an Improved Principle promised in England.—Health of the French Army a Continual Study.—Improvements in this Branch of the Service open to Competition.—Means of Transport for the Wounded.—Commented on by Père Damas.—The "Ambulances.—Mode of conveying the Sick from Sebastopol to Constantinople.—Chaplains.—Abolished under Louis Philippe in the Army and Navy.—Restored in the Navy by Napoleon III.—Virtually Restored, under certain Circumstances, in the Army.—Their Practical Utility.—Their Want, how felt.—The Aumôniers in China.—Abbé Trégaro.—The Sœur de Charité.—Her Ministrations described by the "Times" Correspondent.—How appreciated by the Soldiers.—General Ambert.—The Sœur de Charité and the Soldier.—Story of No. 23.—Universal Mission of the Sister of Charity.—The Salpétrière.—Incident at the time of the Cholera.—Origin of the Nursing Sisters.—The Plague at Barcelona.—At Marseille.—Analogy and Good Understanding between the Sœur de Charité and the Soldier.—Observations of a Crimean Officer.—Anecdotes of the Sisters in the Hospitals.—The Sœur de Charité, the Offspring of the Catholic Church.—How their Introduction has failed when attempted by other Religionists.—The Sisters of Charity in Constantinople.—Anecdotes.—The Sisters and the Sultan.—Infirmiers and Ordinary Hospital Nurses. —Unintentional Blunders.—Want of Tact.—Disinterestedness and Devotedness of the Sœur de Charité.—The "Lady Volunteers."—General Ambert's Observations.—Works founded by S. Vincent de Paul.—Cardinal Wiseman on this subject. —Religious Feeling developed in the Soldier.—His Veneration for the Sacraments.—Garrison Hospitals.—A Sketch, by M. de Ségur.—Cheerfulness, Resignation, and Equanimity of the French Soldier.—Gratitude of Convalescent Soldiers.—War, an Evil to be deplored, unhappily not to be avoided. Page 263.

CHAPTER I.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS TONE OF THE ARMY.

SUNDAY MORNING IN THE CAMP.—MILITARY MASS.—ARRIVAL OF THE TROOPS.—ASPECT OF THE FIELD.—GRAND AND IMPOSING EFFECT.—DEFILING OF THE MEN.—AN ACCIDENT.—THE MARÉCHAL COMMANDING-IN-CHIEF.—VISIT OF THE SIAMESE AMBASSADORS TO CHALONS.—SUNDAY AT ALDERSHOTT.—RELIGIOUS FEELING OF THE FRENCH SOLDIERS.—NOTRE DAME DE LA LÉGION D'HÔNNEUR.—AUMÔNIERS IN THE ARMÉE D'ITALIE.—RELIGIOUS "FUNCTIONS" IN THE ARMY.—DEATH-BED OF A YOUNG FRENCH SOLDIER.—GENERAL COMMUNION OF A REGIMENT BEFORE REJOINING THEIR FLAGS.—INCIDENT AT MAGENTA.—FAREWELL SERVICE FOR THE TROOPS AT NÎMES.—MILITARY CONFÉRENCES ESTABLISHED THERE IN CONSEQUENCE.—ANECDOTE OF A SOLDIER.—MARÉCHAL BLAISE DE MONTLUC'S RELIGIOUS SENTIMENTS.—CATHEDRAL AT HYDRABAD BUILT BY THE PIOUS LIBERALITY OF ENGLISH SOLDIERS QUARTERED THERE.—THEIR HANDSOME SUBSCRIPTION TO THE ŒUVRE FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.—ANECDOTE OF A VOLTIGEUR IN 1853.—"LE FACTIONNAIRE DU BON DIEU."—THE SOLDIER AT THE LITTLE CHAPEL OF THE RÉPARATION.—ANECDOTE OF A YOUNG SOLDIER ON THE EVE OF A BATTLE.—LETTER OF A YOUNG OFFICER TO HIS FATHER.—THE FRENCH SOLDIERS, PRIESTS AND "SISTERS," IN THE EAST.—THE AUMÔNIER DE RÉGIMENT.—UTILITY OF HIS PRESENCE DURING AN EPIDEMIC.—ANECDOTE OF AN ARMY CHAPLAIN.—OF A FRENCH SOLDIER CONVERTED BY AN ENGLISH PRIEST IN ROME.—CHARACTER OF THE FRENCH SOLDIER.—THE FIRST NAPOLEON'S APPRECIATION OF THE VOSGIENS.—M. DE TOCQUEVILLE'S OPINION.—DISCIPLINE IN THE FRENCH ARMY.—AMERICAN DISCIPLINE.—DISCIPLINE AMONG THE RUSSIAN TROOPS.—ANECDOTES OF THE LATTER.—ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE CHARACTER OF THE FRENCH SOLDIER. — INITIATIVE, SPIRIT OF DOMESTICATION. — ANEC-

DOTES OF THE FRENCH SOLDIER IN ALGERIA.—HELPLESSNESS OF THE ENGLISH SOLDIER.—ITS CAUSES.—SIR HENRY HAVELOCK'S SEVERE OBSERVATIONS ON THE INTEMPERANCE OF THE BRITISH TROOPS.—CAUSES OF DRUNKENNESS.—HOW FAVOURED IN INDIA.—THE SAME VICE PERCEPTIBLE AMONG THE MEN IN THE TIME OF CHARLES I.—SMOKING.—DISCOURAGED IN THE FRENCH ARMY.—DEMORALIZATION OF THE ENGLISH SOLDIER.—SOLDIERS' LIBRARIES.—HOW REGARDED BY THE MEN.—THEIR TASTES AND PROPENSITIES.—AMUSEMENTS PROVIDED FOR THEM.—NEARLY AS NUMEROUS AND VARIED AS IN FRANCE.—REASONS OF THEIR INSUCCESS.—SCHOOLS.—THEIR INEFFICACY.—PROMOTION.—ITS VALUE.—CHAPLAINS.—EXAMPLE OF OFFICERS.—ANECDOTE OF AN OFFICER OF BIRTH.—THE FRENCH SOLDIER'S TASTE FOR READING AND SELF-IMPROVEMENT.—THE FRÈRES DES ÉCOLES.—ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON I. AND CARDINAL FAESCH.—TYRANNICAL PROHIBITION WITH REGARD TO SOLDIERS IN INDIA.—MORAL TONE OF THE FRENCH SOLDIER.—HIS UNALTERABLE LOVE FOR HIS MOTHER.—ANECDOTES OF FRENCH SOLDIERS IN THE CRIMEA.—IN ROME.—CHAT WITH A "DECORATED" FRENCH SOLDIER.—STRINGENT RULES FOR GOOD CONDUCT.—THE FRENCH SOLDIER AND THE PROCESSION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.—ANECDOTES OF THE CONSCRIPTION.—BONHOMMIE OF THE FRENCH SOLDIER.—INCIDENT IN CHINA.—MARÉCHAL BUGEAUD'S SUPPORT OF ARMY-CHAPLAINS.—ANECDOTES ON THIS SUBJECT.—THE SOLDIER COMPARED TO THE PRIEST.—LOUIS VEUILLOT'S OBSERVATIONS.—PÈRE PARABÈRE.—HIS POPULARITY.—ANECDOTE OF THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN.—GÉNÉRAL DE PIMODAN.—THE EVE OF THE ENGAGEMENT.—THE ŒUVRE MILITAIRE.—M. GERMAINVILLE.—ITS SYSTEM AND SUCCESS.—DETAILS OF ITS OPERATION.—P. MILLERIOT.—HIS PREACHING.—"GOING TOO FAR."—THE FRENCH SOLDIER'S EARLY ASSOCIATIONS.—THEIR EFFECT ON HIM.—P. RÉCULON'S PREACHING TO THE SOLDIERS.—THE TROOPS IN OCCUPATION AT ALGERIA.—ADMIRATION OF THE ARABS FOR THE FRENCH AUMÔNIERS.

SKETCHES

OF

MILITARY LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS TONE OF THE ARMY.

* * * "When he is fighting for his king, for his own life, and for his honour too, a soldier has the most reason to pray God, of any one in the whole world."—STERNE.

"Then came the vesper service. The tapers gleamed from the altar,
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria
Sang they; and fell on their knees, and their souls with devotion translated
Rose in the ardour of prayer like Elijah ascending to Heaven."
LONGFELLOW.

"Je ne me suis jamais trouvé en faction quelconque, qu n'aye appellé Dieu à mon aide, et n'ay passé jour de ma vie, sans L'avoir prié et demandé pardon."
BLAISE DE MONTLUC, MARÉCHAL DE FRANCE.

GIBBON asserts that the attachment of the Roman troops to their standard was inspired by the united

influence of religion and of honour. The golden eagle, which glittered in front of the legion, was the object of a fond devotion; nor was it esteemed less impious than ignominious to abandon that sacred ensign in the hour of danger.

Tacitus calls the Roman eagles "Bellorum Deos," and tells us that they were placed in a chapel in the camp to receive, with their other deities, the religious worship of the troops.

It would be strange indeed, at the same time that it would be impolitic, if Christian nations were to overlook this powerful incentive—the force and necessity of which was practically recognised by heathen commanders.

Having described the camp in its physical, we now come to speak of it in its moral and religious aspect; and as it is possible all our readers have not personally witnessed the truly impressive spectacle afforded by the celebration of military mass in the Camp, we will begin our chapter by offering them some idea of it.

Let them imagine a bright, still, cloudless summer morning, a deep blue sky and balmy atmosphere; and then transport themselves to a turfy plain still sparkling with morning dew, bounded by trim cots on the right, by snowy tents on the left, by the Imperial quarters before, and by the cheerful village, with its grey spire, behind; the one conspicuous object amid all this, being the raised canopy under which, on its white daïs, stands the altar, sheltered under a military drapery of flags and

banners, and made ready for the august ceremony about to take place.

The hushed silence of early morning is soon to be broken by unusual sounds; the whole camp is astir—nearly all yesterday was engaged in preparation—all other labour, all other exercise, was suspended, to afford time for furbishing of arms, brightening, cleansing, polishing, smartening every article destined to come into use on the great hebdomadal festival. Arms, helmets, cuirasses, artillery-waggons, harness, saddles and horses themselves underwent a general revision, and were subjected to a severe scrutiny, not only by the owners, but by their officers, and not a speck was allowed to remain upon anything. It is enough to have once seen a French soldier pass under inspection, to understand the severity of the discipline in this matter.

At gun-fire every man is on foot, and no sooner has the bugle-blast sounded than the troops, already mustered, begin to pour into the field in their appointed order; infantry, cavalry, and artillery, each regiment advancing with its band, and as it arrives taking up its station in its allotted place, the whole forming a vast, deep, breathing quadrangle before the altar. A more brilliant *coup-d'œil* could hardly be devised than that of this mass of horses and men in their bright and varied uniforms, the muskets and bayonets of the infantry, the helmets and cuirasses of the mounted troops, and the burnished cannon of the artillery glittering in the morning sun—menacing even in their imposing stillness;

but when, now and then, at the word of command, a movement passes along the lines, when foot and horsemen change places, when the colours float on the breeze, and the gleam of arms exhibits additional sparkle as they receive the rays at different angles, the spectacle acquires new animation, and intimates what such an army might portend if ruffled with the stir of hostile preparations.

The aspect of the field at this moment is striking in the extreme. The four senior *Sapeurs*, magnificent men, with black, glossy beards and snowy leathern aprons over their trim uniform, stand erect at the four corners of the altar, the remainder fill the gallery around the sanctuary, and on the mound on which it stands are kneeling a number of choristers and acolyths in white cottas. Two cuirassiers on horseback, with drawn swords, separate the two mortars from the two field-pieces placed at the angles of the altar. From these two points diverge in fan-like order the *élite* of the troops. In the midst, and facing the altar, stand the mounted staff of officers, the centre of the brilliant group being the Maréchal McMahon in full uniform, his breast covered with decorations, surrounded by general officers and their aides-de-camp.

A few yards further on, the drummers and fifers may be seen, and on the second elevation all the troops massed together in battle array. An officer standing up in the centre of the fan opposite the altar is occupied in indicating by different words of command the various phases of the Holy Sacrifice.

Presently the officiating priest, surrounded by acolyths, and preceded by an escort, appears and ascends the steps of the daïs, whence he can survey the vast multitude below, and whence also he can be seen by all present.

The priest descends the steps as the cannon is fired, for it announces the commencement of the Mass, and every eye is turned towards the altar; then bowing, he turns round, salutes the authorities, and reascending the steps—the command, "*Portez Armes!*" being repeated by the chief of each corps—the troops rest on their arms until a fresh signal is given at the Gospel, and then, as a manifestation of their faith, the men present arms, in token that they respond to the divine appeal.

The function proceeds; presently, in the midst of the solemn silence, a second gun is fired, and as the sound booms over the vast plain, the command, "*Garde à vous!*" "*Portez Armes!*" "*Presentez Armes,*" and louder still, "*Genou, terre!*" echoes through the ranks. The whole army obeys as one man; in an instant thirty thousand hearts have responded to the word, and every man is on his knee. The "Maréchal," the Generals, the Aides-de-Camp, and mounted soldiers bow their plumed heads on to their horses' necks; the arms drop with a loud clanking sound, the colours are lowered, and the officiating priest elevates the Host—the sacred body of the Lord—above these thirty thousand foreheads reverently bowed down to do Him honour. We need scarcely say the effect is sublime; it is impossible

not to feel that man is never so great as when fearlessly acknowledging himself tributary to that Supreme Power it is his glory to serve, and without whom no army can hope to triumph.

The attitude of this vast mass of armed men, each with one knee touching the ground, and the other simply bent, characterizes the whole of the Christian soldier's life—one knee bowed in the service of God, the other upright and ready for that of his country. The drums beat to field, the clarionets sound, the gaping mouths of the mortars destined to breathe forth the flames of war, but now filled with incense, on either side the altar steps, send forth the perfumes of Araby, which ascend in clouds of smoke to carry the prayers of the armed multitude to the feet of the God of peace.

Three strokes of the bell sounded at the "*Domine non sum dignus*" give notice that the priest bows and humbles himself in repeating the words of the Centurion. Shortly after, the "*Domine Salvum*" is executed; the first time by voices without accompaniment, the second time by the music without voices, and the third time by voices and music combined. Mass over, the officiating priest again salutes the altar and the military authorities; and a last gun, emblematical of the peal of thunder which served as the knell to announce the last sigh of God incarnate, seems to say, "*Consummatum est.*"

The officers in command having drawn up, the troops begin to form in line of march, that they may defile in the same order in which they arrived on the field.

First come the infantry, each regiment preceded by its band, which draws up on the opposite side, and continues playing till each division has disappeared, then in like manner the cavalry and artillery, the Maréchal uncovering and saluting each regiment as it passes before him. The movement of the horses was most spirited and beautiful, and filled the admiring crowd with enthusiasm. "Ah! les petits coquins!" "Ah! les petits gredins! voyez donc leur piétinement!" "Est-ce joli ça! Dieu de Dieu, est il possible!" were exclamations which might be heard as the cavalry scampered on with their own peculiar rapid and yet graceful movement, . . . and then . . .—an exclamation of alarm and horror, "Ah! Seigneur! en voilà un à terre!"—"Il est perdu!" . . . and indeed his fate seemed inevitable, as we saw man and horse roll over together, and felt how impossible it was, accoutred as they were, for either to disentangle himself or to rise, and this with the whole body of cavalry behind, sweeping on with an impetus which it would take some moments, at least, to check. The Maréchal, from his seat on horseback, was the first to discern the mishap, and instantly despatched one of his aides-de-camp to the spot, where the fallen *cavalier* lay struggling to disengage himself, the horse plunging desperately, but with vain efforts to regain his feet. Happily, the mass following, were able adroitly to veer to the left, and to avoid trampling down their luckless comrade, and several soldiers, standing by, hastened to his assistance. These soldiers, we were told, were

some from among the infantry we had just seen pass, who had undressed, donned their *petite tenue*, and had actually placed themselves among the spectators for the pleasure of seeing the cavalry defile.

The first report we heard of the result of the accident was, that the man had been picked up insensible, and that the spirited Arab charger had broken a leg; but this was happily only the exaggeration which the story had gathered by repetition. It subsequently turned out that neither was seriously hurt, and that the worst evil which would befall the rider, was three days of "Salle de Police" for trying to make his horse caracole, and thus causing the accident, which might have been attended with serious consequences.

The défiling of the waggon-train was perhaps as pretty, and as well-executed a movement, as it is possible to witness; though rapid, it was performed with mathematical accuracy, and the line traced by the wheels as the well-trained draught horses galloped past, was of undeviating exactitude.

The staff of officers surrounding the *Maréchal* were splendidly mounted; in the midst of them was the Commander-in-Chief of the troops of the Queen of Spain, who we remarked wore no epaulettes. Among the Aides-de-camp was one whose charger, impatient at standing still so long, and trembling with nervous excitement to be in movement, continued pawing the ground during the whole time the troops were withdrawing, and curiously enough in perfect time with the music; when tired with one foot, he changed, and kept up the same action with

the other. Even these horses belonging to the superior officers, and purchased at high prices, have been provided with very poor and insufficient stabling in the camp. The best that has yet been erected there, is a mere shed, open on one side to the weather.

One day last July, the Siamese ambassadors, accompanied by their suite, repaired to Châlons to witness this imposing ceremonial. They reached the spot on Saturday evening, between five and six o'clock, and found one of the "*pavillons*" belonging to the Emperor's quarters prepared for their use. They were received there by the Maréchal Duc de Magenta, who invited them to dinner. The next morning a considerable concourse of visitors arrived at the camp to be present at the military mass, which was celebrated at nine o'clock in the morning.

The troops, grouped in closely-packed columns in front of the altar, presented a most striking *coup-d'œil* to the Siamese representatives seated in the balcony of the pavilion allotted to their occupation. They were themselves, of course, objects of no small interest to the assembled thousands, and wore a costume half national, half European.

After mass, the troops effected a movement as if to turn off by Mourmelon-le-Petit; they then defiled, according to their divisions, before the Maréchal and his staff. This defile, executed with admirable precision and *ensemble*, lasted upwards of an hour.

With the exception of a single shower, which fell in the morning, the weather was brilliant, and the numerous spectators who had flocked to

the camp for the event, were able to visit it during the day in all its details. A considerable number passed the night at Mourmelon, in order to witness the grand manœuvres which took place the following day to do honour to the presence of the Orientals.

Let not our readers be scandalized at these exhibitions of military pomp on the weekly day of rest. Similar displays occur at Aldershott, where they are not necessitated by the solemn religious ceremonial which precedes them here.

"Being Sunday," wrote last year a soldier encamped at Aldershott, "we expected to have a little repose. There was only church-parade in orders, and that over, we were looking forward to some ease and comfort for the remainder of the day; but our anticipations were not destined to be realised. After dinner a message suddenly came, intimating that the Queen would visit the camp in the evening, and now the hurly-burly began; the tents all to be put square, blankets thrown over the straw for carpets; places already swept had to be swept again. Then all the saddles had to be placed '*in line*' on end, and there was endless work to prop up those which, from the unevenness of the ground, would not stand in this same '*line*.' Then the horses were worked upon to see if *they* could not be brought straight and even, and '*in line*;' but after getting them as near to that as made no matter, the obstinate brutes would not remain so, unless every man stood to the head of his horse and kept him '*in the toe-line*;' but we could not be spared

for this, we were wanted elsewhere; a crusade had been ordered against some poor inoffensive bushes, not because they were in any one's way, but because they had obeyed nature, and had got beyond the *line*."

We meet with an interesting instance of religious feeling in the army, in the account of the building of the little church of Notre-dame de la Légion d'Honneur, a name it has acquired from the circumstance we are about to relate. In 1847, M. l'Abbé Herbert, Vicar of Longue, having found it necessary to enlarge his church, inconsiderately adopted a plan which very soon exhausted all his resources, and left him without means of completing his object. He died, thus situated, in 1851, and was succeeded by M. l'Abbé Massonneau. After much hesitation, and many struggles, the foundations were dug out, the basement laid, and the church began to spring from the ground. The 8th of June, 1856, was the day fixed by Mgr. d'Angers for laying the first stone. But behold, on the 5th of that month, three days before the festival, the Loire burst its dykes and inundated the whole valley of Longue; the poor priest found himself with a church begun, a parish ruined, and a population who could not but be seriously injured by this new delay. The worthy man, however, was not discouraged, he bore up under the calamity, and made up for it as best he might; in the end, the scourge, which had threatened to ruin his hopes, became the foundation of his success. It happened that the energetic devotedness of the Curé was reported to the Emperor, who conferred upon

him the cross of the Legion of Honour. This honourable distinction proved not merely a recompense for his zeal—it was destined to ensure the success of his work.

No sooner had he received the decoration than he bethought himself of a mode of turning the circumstance to account. He addressed a circular to all his "colleagues of the red ribbon," and beginning with the military, wrote as follows:—"I am not, it is true, a soldier, but I am a priest, and you know that charity has its battle-fields, which are not without their danger. It is in consideration of the perils he has encountered, that the writer has been deemed worthy to wear the badge which decorates him in common with yourselves, and has been considered entitled to the honourable distinction of the cross of the Legion of Honour. Shall I then give way to discouragement? Discouragement! no, that is a word which ought not to be recognised by the French priest any more than the French soldier; but to whom shall I apply? . . . You see I do not hesitate an instant. I should do you injustice could I suppose you would be deaf to my appeal. I present my petition, therefore, with confidence to every soldier who belongs to the order, beseeching each by the bond which unites us in one brotherhood, to afford me the means of repairing and decorating our church. So entirely do I trust in their generous co-operation, and so sure do I feel that all will contribute, that I have already entered into the necessary contract."

This moving petition touched a sympathetic chord in the hearts of all to whom it was addressed, and smaller or larger sums flowed in on all sides. The little church, the wonder of the neighbourhood, was solemnly inaugurated by several bishops last summer. All the country round about took part in a festival as edifying as it was magnificent. Each of the double lancet windows is surmounted by a little patera, in which sparkles the Croix de la Légion d'Honneur: but this is not the only evidence of the Curé's gratitude; an inscription placed at the entrance of the church preserves the recollection of the generosity of his colleagues. It stands thus:—

"Notre Dame de la Légion d'Honneur.

"This Church, dedicated to Our Lady, has been named by the members of the Order of the Légion d'Honneur, who have offered the windows to M. de Massonneau, their colleague, Curé of this Parish. 5th July, 1860."

During the Crimean war, here and there in the trenches were to be seen small chapels hewn in the living rock, or constructed with the remains of projectiles, by the French soldiers. Within these might always be found the symbol of Redemption. These little oratories were not only respected, but were maintained and embellished as one detachment of guards succeeded another.*

* In describing the Roman Camp, Herodian states that there was always, near head-quarters, a small chapel, in which were

Not a day passed in which the *Aumôniers* did not busy themselves in all the details of the battle-field, worthy of the holy mission confided to them; and many of the dying soldiers, whether perishing under the fire of the enemy or under the severity of the epidemics which from time to time prevailed, expressed with their expiring breath their gratitude for the succour administered to them with so much zeal and courage.

The excellent Sisters, who gained many souls by their gentleness and charity, and whose tender solicitude and cheering presence tended more to the recovery of the patients than all the efforts of science, have testified to the number of religious men they met with among the soldiers, and the value attached to the ministrations of religion by these valiant sons of France, wounded and stricken in their country's cause.

We take from the *Patrie* the following paragraph.

"We announced yesterday that *Aumôniers* were shortly to be sent to our army in Italy; fresh information enables us to add, that, faithful to their traditions of devoted zeal, of cordial sympathy for the soldier, and of pious patriotism, the clergy of France earnestly solicit to be entrusted with the arduous but noble mission of sharing in the perils and fa-

---

preserved the statues of the tutelar deities, and to these, religious homage or worship was regularly paid. In the first rank of these divinities were placed the eagles and other military insignia. "An excellent institution," remarks Lipsius, "which confirmed discipline and consecrated fidelity by the sanction of religion."

tigues of the campaign. We can certify the fact, that since the first rumours of war, there have been made at the Ministère de la Marine alone, five hundred applications from priests desirous of joining the army in the capacity of chaplains."

Strong in the faith which had animated their courage, the men were happy in receiving this precious consolation and generous cooperation—and indeed they needed it.

Strange as it may seem, the subaltern authorities of the Piedmontese army and administration had not only neglected to take any of those precautions which humanity would have prompted, but had left their wounded, alike without spiritual succour, and without medical advice, not even consigned to the tender mercies of a civil hospital, but in damp and unwholesome barracks, deposited on rotten straw, often full of vermin. Happily, the charity of the French, which so often takes up the cause of the forsaken, came to their aid; and first and foremost they found in M. l'Abbé Symon de la Treÿche, the French chaplain at Loreto, both protection and consolation. Not only did he constantly visit them, bestowing upon them all the benefits of his sacred ministry, but he received as many as he could accommodate, into his own house, sending a telegraphic despatch for a young but skilful French surgeon, M. Herr, who, relinquishing all his practice, obeyed the summons with the most disinterested alacrity. He remained there as long as his services were required, to the great advantage of his

new patients, to whom his medical knowledge and expert manipulation were of incredible value. He was able to save many whose cases were considered desperate; and it was he who extracted from the arm of M. de Moncuit a ball which, entering the shoulder, had remained lodged in the elbow. He also operated with great success on M. de la Salmoniere, wounded in the ankle-joint by a ball.

The names of two laymen, who, with the self-devotion of ecclesiastics, gave themselves up to the service of the wounded and dying, deserve mention: one is M. Léon Pagés, sent by the "Comité du Denier de St. Pierre" of Paris, to those who fell at Castelfidardo and Ancona; for weeks did this courageous emissary act the part of a visible Providence to his suffering fellow-creatures, for his benevolence and activity were exhaustless. The other was M. le Marquis de Passy, formerly an officer in the French army, who repaired to the spot at the instigation of the Comte de Chambord. These two gentlemen were deeply moved at the sight of the bravery and resignation of their chivalrous countrymen—the flower of France, cut off in their prime, and when devoting themselves to the cause of duty.

A correspondent of a Paris journal, describing the entry of the French troops into Italy, observes—

"They are in excellent spirits, and sing in joyous tones, not always perhaps strictly martial airs, but every now and then lively catches and popular refrains; and why should they not? they are happy, they are going to take the field! When, at night-

fall, they reach a village in which it would be a matter of impossibility to lodge them all in private houses, the Curé has sometimes been obliged to place his church at their disposal. It is remarkable that, on such occasions, a respectful silence is observed, and all manifest a due regard for the sanctity of the place.

"Before retiring to rest, and on rising, they intone a hymn or chant; and one of the Curés told me, that never had he been so much impressed by the *Magnificat* as when, on one such occasion, a body of ten or twelve hundred French soldiers burst forth spontaneously into its glad tones, their manly voices vibrating through the vaulted aisles with thrilling effect."

A provincial paper publishes the following letter of a *religieuse* of the Hospital du Puy:—

"On the first of June last, we witnessed an imposing ceremony; nearly 700 soldiers about to leave our shores the next day, were assembled in the chapel. They came there to be consecrated to the Blessed Virgin: her statue, elevated to a considerable height, stood on the high altar; around it were lights, flags, banners, and a star or rather sun of bayonets, upon the altar steps two fasces of guns. The sanctuary was hung with tricoloured draperies; the officers occupied the choir, the church was overflowing with the number of attendants. One of the Priests pronounced the consecration after the sermon, and then the Reverend Father bade them adieu. Many were in tears; all joined in the hymns and canticles, and made the roof ring again with their rich and powerful tones. The ceremony, which

was truly edifying, terminated with a distribution of scapulars and medals; 1200 medals and 350 scapulars were applied for, and reverently received. The officers, on leaving the church, augured well for the courage of soldiers whose military ardour was drawn from such a source."

We read an interesting account of the death of M. de Lanascol of Quimper. His mother, and uncle, M. le Comte de Roussel, stood near his bed. The prayers for the dying had just been recited, when the youthful martyr, raising himself up with difficulty, said in a low voice to Madame de Lanascol—"Ma mère, je me meurs." "It is well, my son," answered his heroic mother, "the will of God be done! let us recite the Te Deum;" and as the hymn of praise was concluded, the youth rendered up his soul to God. The next day, at church, during the "*absoute*," the bereaved mother was in her wonted place; she was pale and sad, but calm and resigned, as she stood with the lighted taper in her hand. She looked sublime, as we may imagine that mother who stood at the foot of the cross, "dum pendebat filius!"

Equally edifying was the death-bed of an English officer in India, who having led a somewhat worldly life, and being awakened to a better feeling by the approach of death, desired the presence of a priest, made a most perfect confession, and humbly received the last offices. When the blessed Sacrament was brought, he requested that his tent might be opened in such a way that all might witness the ceremony. "My life," said he, "has, I fear, often been an open

scandal—my death shall be, as far in me lies, a public reparation."

Speaking of the venerable Cathedral at Arras, a local paper states, that "a division of soldiers ordered south, assisted at the Sunday offices with great devotion;" and it adds, that "a considerable number of the men of the 18th came to confession and communion on the eve of their departure."

The unpretending little church of Any-Martin-Rieux was the scene of a very moving ceremony on the same occasion.

"Before rejoining their flags," says the *Semaine du Vermandois*, "the youths called by lot to share the perils of war, came, with a zeal truly edifying, to kneel at the feet of Him, who in the perpetual sacrifice of the altar, gives us an example of courage and of self-oblation. They had prepared themselves for holy communion, and they approached the altar with a reverence indicative of the veneration in which they held it.

"Their relatives, moved to tears, assisted at this pious ceremony, and were much consoled at seeing these young heroes in so happy a state of mind at the moment when they were tearing themselves away, perhaps for ever, from family ties and parental affection.

"The Curé, addressing a few words to them, reminded them that if they were quitting their parents by nature, they would find parents according to grace; tender, loving, sympathizing, by whom they would never be forsaken if they continued to trea-

sure up, in heaven, their hopes and aspirations, and to place their loving trust in God. He then exhorted them to maintain their courage, and to persevere in their duty, which should be performed from motives of sacrifice and holy obedience. He placed before their eyes the great and immortal deeds of Christian heroes, preserved to us in the pages of history, and the service concluded by singing the *Sub Tuum præsidium.* His voice, tremulous from emotion, was at times drowned by the sobs of the auditory, who were melted to tears, and it was with some difficulty he was enabled to conclude. All these youths passed through the sacristy at the termination of the service, and in taking leave of the venerable Curé, assured him, as he embraced some, and shook hands with others, that they should never forget the incidents of that evening."

After the victory of the Magenta, and when the Te Deum which celebrated it was being sung at Longjumeau, a detachment of young soldiers passing through the town, and on their way to rejoin at Algiers the 2nd squadron of artillery, entered, and placed themselves with the Sapeurs-Pompiers, drawn up in the choir. At the close of the Te Deum, the flag of this detachment, under the conduct of a sergeant of the 13th of the line, received the benediction of the respected Curé. No sooner had this taken place, than a collection was spontaneously made to augment the funds of the detachment, and to lighten their weary march by giving them the means of providing some few indulgences for

themselves by the way. But, at the request of these young soldiers, the sum thus collected was placed by the sergeant in the hands of the Mayor, to be distributed to the poor of Longjumeau.

A youth, native of Nîmes, and who had voluntarily engaged himself as a soldier, was about to start for the East with his regiment. On the eve of his departure he went to take leave of the aged priest who had known him from childhood, and whom he loved as a father. His new step in life was the most solemn he had ever yet taken; his early friend and counsellor knew the dangers which awaited him better than he did himself, and earnestly entreated him to be on his guard, and not to abandon any of the practices of piety which had hitherto brought him so much grace. The young man not only promised to remember these affectionate exhortations, but told him that he had not intended to leave his native home without first presenting himself at the tribunal of penance, and then at the holy table. The good priest was struck by this evidence of voluntary acquiescence in the laws of the Church, and a sudden hope inspired him with the idea that perhaps there were many others similarly situated, who, if the thought were suggested to them, would likewise avail themselves of the opportunity. Why should he not invite the whole regiment, about to leave their country perhaps for ever, and going to face death, to dedicate themselves to God? The bishop was communicated with, and gladly encouraged the plan. The military authorities were appealed to, and readily

concurred in the proposal, promising every facility. The zeal of the priest was found but to have anticipated the desire of the soldiers. Special services and discourses were announced, and all flocked to the church. On the following Sunday three hundred and twenty (of whom fourteen were "first communicants") tasted of the bread of life.

But the movement did not stop here; a second general communion took place, and the reply of a soldier to a question addressed to him on the occasion, sufficiently testifies to the value of the results: "Are you not afraid," asked a stranger who was present, "of being laughed at by the free-thinkers in your regiment?"

"Not in the least," answered he; "now-a-days it is *we* who make game of *them*."

This opening once made, military conferences were established at Nîmes, and whenever a mission or a retreat is announced, the attendance is crowded with soldiers.

A well-authenticated anecdote, among many, illustrative of deep piety on the part of a private soldier, has been communicated to us, and may deserve insertion here. The man in question had served his time, and had returned to his native village to take possession of, and enjoy his little patrimony. An unexpected announcement, however, at once changed the current of his desires and his intentions. The *Curé*, whose church was totally inadequate to the needs of an increasing population, was most anxious to build a new one, but was entirely destitute of the

necessary funds. Our soldier, informed of his dilemma, remembered his early years, and reflected on the zeal and piety of the good priest, to whom he owed his first knowledge of that holy religion which had since so often been his own consolation and his support, and he longed in any way to promote the means of imparting similar knowledge to others. He had seen death very near; he had lost his parents at home in the course of nature, and his young and vigorous comrades he had seen fall by his side, expecting each instant to follow them. He reflected on the uncertainty of life, on the nothingness of all that is most attractive in this world, and acknowledged that all was vanity. "What," thought he, "if I could make an acceptable offering to God by aiding in this pious work:" accordingly, recommending his intention to God, he resolved to dispose of his little property, and to consecrate the proceeds to this object. The sum was not large, indeed, as may be supposed, it fell very far. short of that needed for the purpose; but what was he to do with himself—to what should he devote his life? Another admirable thought struck him. "I will," said he, "having sold my goods, sell myself, in order to contribute more largely to glorify my divine Master." At the next conscription, therefore, behold our soldier once more enlisting under his country's banner; he offers himself as "substitute," receives the price at which he is valued, which, together with the sum he already possessed, he pays into the treasury of the Curé, beseeching him to begin at once the projected

building. At the expiration of a second service of seven years, the pious soldier was received into the Val de Grace, where he may still be seen by any one curious to make his acquaintance. A small room has been allotted to him, and his occupation—let not our fair readers scoff at his presumption—is that of cutting out and embroidering ecclesiastical vestments, a task he executes with the greatest taste.

Colonel Brabant, an old officer of the first Empire, a "*vieux de la vieille,*" expresses himself as having always been much struck with the eagerness with which a soldier, if once cast down, seeks the help of religion. He declares he has often been both gratified and surprised at the readiness with which the garrisoned troops will attend the exhortations and instructions of their chaplains.

Let us look at the sentiments of Maréchal Montluc, the following expression of which we may call his legacy to the French army:—"It is no matter of surprise," he says, "that I have been as successful as I have described, for I have striven on all occasions to regard my duty as the first consideration. I have ever acknowledged that every incident that befell me came from the hand of God, into whose keeping I have committed all that concerns me. Not that I am a saint, far from it; I have sins and imperfections like others; but I have ever put my trust in God, acknowledging that all things, good and evil, are dispensations of His Providence, and ascribing my successes in the field to Him. I never entered on any service without first commending

myself to Him; nor have I ever passed a day without invoking Him, and seeking pardon for my transgressions. I may add, in all sincerity, that many times, when I have found myself face to face with death, and its terrors have seized upon me (for it is mere bravado to deny that the apprehension of death is terrible), I have raised my soul to God and thrown myself on his protection, and then all my courage has returned. In some such words as these I have been used to make this supplication:—

"'Do Thou, O God, my Creator, watch this day over my understanding that I lose it not, for of Thee I received it, and of Thy bounty I hold it. If it be Thy will that I be overtaken this day by death, which I have approached so often through so many perils, grant that I may preserve my honour unblemished to the end. I ask not for life, for I desire only that which is Thy good pleasure. Thy will be done. I commit all that concerns me to Thy Divine Goodness.' Then, having added to this my little Latin prayers, I declare and attest before God and men, that I have always immediately experienced a supernatural vigour diffuse itself over my heart and over all my limbs. My apprehensions have faded away, and I have seemed to be reinstated in the full control of all my powers."

If there are points in the character of the French soldier which fill us with admiration and wonder, we must not suppose that they are confined within the limits of the army of that nation, and we are happy in being able to record more than one proof that

our own troops are animated by a very similar spirit of self-sacrifice and devotedness, neither are we to imagine that religion among them always ends in cant or mere demonstrativeness; far from this, it is really deep-seated and effective.

In the midst of the colleges, schools, orphanages, and chapels of the vicariate of Hydrabad, stands, towering in proud and majestic pre-eminence, the Cathedral—a building raised in all its magnificence by the piety of the Irish soldiers serving in the East India Company's service, in testimony of their love for their faith, and a remembrance of their sojourn in India.

We only believe, in a figurative sense, the assurance that faith can remove mountains, but here it is literally true, and a moment's reflection will show us the obstacles which have been overcome. We see a nation tried by three centuries of persecutions and of misfortunes—a people which for a long time past has been annually decimated by famine, and yet whose soldiers, with a fidelity doubly heroic, on the one hand, shed their blood, which they never grudge, for their Queen, and, on the other, freely offer their labour, their savings, their personal exertions, their pious ardour, to erect, in the midst of an idolatrous country, to the God of their fathers a magnificent temple, in which they may invoke His blessing upon themselves, their children, their families, and their country. Is not this a people whose sufferings and sacrifices may be looked on as offering an example to the world?

This very year has this same body transmitted to the Œuvre of the Propagation de la Foi the sum of 434,000 francs (£17,360).

We translate the following from an autograph letter, with which we have been favoured; the anecdote it relates, serves to illustrate the character of the French soldier.

"The 30th Regiment of the line, to which I belong," says the worthy officer, "was quartered at Brest, in Brittany, that land of Catholic faith and French loyalty; but although we were in the year of grace 1853, if a soldier desired to attend mass, he was obliged to go through a variety of forms, in themselves sufficient to deter all but the most fervent. His request had to be made to a sub-officer, by whom it was to be submitted to the approbation of the Captain of the Company, and ultimately to the Colonel of the Regiment. All this difficulty, and the delay which often ensued before an answer could be obtained to a request which had to pass through so many hands, operated as might be expected, and but few were willing to go through the formality.

"One of my *voltigeurs*, an Alsatian, named Schmidt—and who, after quitting the service, became lay-brother in a religious community—availed himself of an ingenious expedient to accomplish his religious duties.

"I was in the habit of attending mass in the chapel attached to the hospital of the town. I constantly saw Schmidt assisting likewise at the holy sacrifice, although I was of course aware that he

had never applied for permission to leave the barracks. Several times I was on the point of taking steps to inquire into the circumstance, when one day an accidental occurrence revealed the mystery. On the morning in question, I had left the chapel, and was about rejoining our quarters, when I perceived Schmidt, who was also returning from mass, and who was some distance in front of me. I saw him go into a grocer's shop empty-handed, and come out immediately after, carrying a stone pitcher of water, with which he walked rapidly into the barracks without receiving any observation from the sergeant on duty. I had found out the secret of Schmidt's absences.

"The same day, at the eleven o'clock review, I desired him to come to my private rooms, feeling curious to hear from his own lips the recital of this innocent stratagem. He did not fail to obey the order, when, accosting him with a tone of assumed severity, I said—

"'Schmidt, you well know your Captain; you know what confidence you ought to place in him. Tell me how you manage to get out of the barracks in order to attend mass without asking leave.'

"'Mon Capitaine,' replied he, 'you know that the water is at a long distance from the barracks; by offering to fetch it for my comrades, I do them a service, at the same time that I please myself, and,' added he after a pause . . . '*le bon Dieu*—since it is to show my love for Him, that I undertake this little expedition. I start therefore with my pitcher,

which I fill, and then deposit at the grocer's, I assist at mass, and then call for my pitcher, and as I go back thus loaded, no one is the wiser for my absence.' As he concluded he raised his right hand, and respectfully executed the military salute."

We may introduce here a characteristic trait narrated to us by the *Curé* of the parish in which the event occurred.

It was in 1811, during the occupation of —— by the army of Napoleon, that the parish church was daily visited at the same hour by one of a class it was at that time very unusual to see within the walls of a sacred edifice—a French soldier—for in those days the army even of France was by no means remarkable for the piety of the men composing it. Day by day, nevertheless, appeared this youth, and day by day did he remain a stated time keeping watch under the solitary lamp which burned before the tabernacle.

So strange was the occurrence, that the interest and curiosity of the *Curé* were aroused by the sight of the uniform, and he anxiously awaited an opportunity which should enable him to accost the wearer of it, and discover with what intention he came there. He would have addressed him at once, but shrank from producing any feeling akin to discouragement by appearing to take him to task. At length a favourable opportunity presented itself, and the *Curé* was not slow to avail himself of it. The two happened to reach the gate one day at the same moment, and the soldier, as he stood back to allow the priest

to pass, greeted him with the conventional salute. The *Curé*, thanking him for his politeness, addressed a few words to him on some general subject, and then proceeded with caution and tact to question him as to the motive of his daily visits. The soldier replied readily, and without hesitation—

"M. le Curé, I can have no objection to answer your inquiry. I am a young recruit. On joining my regiment at this place, I was struck at seeing a certain number of the most experienced of my comrades told off each day, and posted at various stations in this city, where their *consigne* was to march up and down before a certain doorway, within specified limits. I inquired the reason of this manœuvre, and was told it was a tribute of respect paid to authority. Accordingly I observed in my walks that not only the quarters of our General and chief officers were spots before which guard was then kept, but that also many large public buildings and civil establishments were honoured with a similar distinction. Notwithstanding this custom, when I came to the Church I found no sentry there, and I did not see why I should not take upon myself this post which others have overlooked. While, therefore, these trained sentinels keep guard before the great men of the world—pour moi . . . Eh bien . . . Je garde le Bon Dieu."

It is a fact, but one which, if any of our readers are disposed to doubt, they may themselves verify, that every day a common soldier may be seen passing a period, never shorter than half-an-hour, in devout

adoration before the altar of the little chapel belonging to the sisters of that peculiarly interior devotion known as "*La Réparation*," in the Rue des Ursulines at Paris.

A worthy Piedmontese ecclesiastic addresses a letter, of which the following is a fragment, to the *Armonia*. It is from Turin, and is dated May, 1859 :—

* * * "Happening to be at Genoa at the landing of the first detachment of French troops on the evening of the 27th of April, a French soldier accosted me on the quay, and taking me by the arm —'You are a priest?' said he. 'I am,' answered I. —'Do you understand French?' continued he. 'Yes.'—'Well then! come with me, I have some business to settle with you.' We walked on together accordingly. After proceeding a few steps, he said —'I much wish to make a general confession, and to communicate, before I fight: not that I entertain any fears—on the contrary, I never felt more intrepid; but as any one of us may remain on the field, and my life is as likely to be taken as that of any other, I will not venture into the fray without first preparing myself to meet my Judge.'"

The following fragment of a letter from a very young officer to his father was shown us lately, and we thought it sufficiently remarkable to deserve quoting.

After performing prodigies of valour, of which he makes very light, he continues—"Big Mgr. de Ségur"—the celebrated blind prelate—"to say a mass of thanksgiving, and please to distribute on

my behalf a couple of hundred francs among the poor. But above all, should my name be forgotten in the report, I do not wish that anything should be asked for, for me. In risking my life, I did not seek bits of ribbon or any other worldly distinction, but I offered it cheerfully for my duty, my country, and my religion."

"Our soldiers," says a French paper, during the war in Syria, "do not arrive unaccompanied, to bring their succour to the oppressed and unfortunate Christians. With them and their noble chief come also priests and Sisters of Charity. They bring money, provisions, drugs, and together with material alleviations, those consolations which nothing can replace; their knowledge, their devotedness, their skill, their courage, and all else that Christian fraternization can offer in the name of Him who said—'Love one another.'"

On the French squadron taking its departure for the Baltic, before arriving at Kiel, the small-pox was found to have broken out, and was spreading with alarming rapidity on board the "Breslaw." In a short space of time, 153 men were labouring under the disease at the same moment; the lower deck scarcely sufficed to accommodate the sick, and it was in one corner of this infected portion of the ship that was situated the berth of the *Aumônier*. Notwithstanding all the intelligent precautions taken by the surgeons and officers, the atmosphere was completely vitiated, and the *Aumônier* was strongly urged, by the authorities on board, to remove his quarters.

He refused, however, to retire, alleging that such a measure would only serve to alarm and discourage the men, besides which, it was necessary, he added, that he should be within call of the sick, and he therefore begged as a favour to be allowed to remain where he was.

When the fleet reached the Gulfs of Finland and Bothnia, the "Austerlitz" was the first of the French ships attacked by cholera, and there also the chaplain was truly admirable for the calmness, zeal, and disinterestedness he displayed. Although his physical powers were exhausted by continual watching and want of sleep, his moral energy seemed to acquire strength and elasticity, and when his colleagues arrived with the rest of the ships, and generously offered to share his labours and perils, he declined their aid, preferring to continue at a post he felt he had strength to fill, and desiring to avoid exposing others to the contagion.

In the Island of Aland, another *Aumônier*—being the one appointed to the "Jemappes"—had been detached at his own desire to accompany the expeditionary corps, who were without a chaplain, as theirs had not arrived. In the meantime Bomarsund was taken, and the cholera declared itself among the troops just as they were flushed with the glories of victory. Officers as well as surgeons, apothecaries, and *infirmiers* rivalled each other in zeal, but all were ready to testify to the indefatigable exertions of the chaplain, who surpassed all the others in his humane and generous efforts—indeed, he soon became an

object of affectionate veneration to all. We might give similar accounts of the chaplains of the "Alger," the "Marengo," the "Ville de Paris," &c., but what we have already said, suffices to show how sanctifying are the influences the *Aumônier de Régiment* is able to shed on those of whose souls he takes the charge, whether struck down by sickness, or laid low by the ordinary accidents of the battle-field.

It was of an army-chaplain we heard the following anecdote, which may interest our readers. At the *Barrière du Maine* stands one of those humble *restaurants*, where—provided the diners be not too particular—they may satisfy their hunger for the moderate sum of ten *sous*—fivepence of our money. Day by day, a priest, advanced in years, and whose means enabled him to allow himself only thirty *sous* a day for dinner, came to this establishment to share the price of his repast with two beggars; for instead of paying away the whole sum for one meal, he made it serve for three. It happened that one day, after giving a rendezvous to two guests, a third presented himself, looking so starved and miserable, that the good man had not the courage to turn his back upon him. "Come in," he said, "my good fellow—here is your place." "And you, *mon père*," said one of the others, "what are you going to do?"—"I!" replied he, with indifference, "*I* can very well wait till to-morrow—*I dined yesterday!*"

One of the most distinguished convert priests in England was paying a visit of some months' duration to Rome. Coming away one morning from a little

church where he was in the habit of saying mass, he was addressed by the Concierge, who asked him whether he could find a minute to see a French soldier who had expressed the greatest desire to have an interview with him. "The man," added he, "is a Protestant, but seems very desirous of instructing himself in the Catholic faith. Nothing, however, will satisfy him till he has seen a convert, for, to use his expression, '*lui, il connaîtra les deux camps.*'"

Our friend, of course, readily consented, and mentioning the hours at which he might be found, begged the soldier would pay him an early visit.

The next day, he was seated in his study, when some one knocked at the door, and in answer to his permission, a fine-looking, well-made man, wearing the uniform of the line, entered; in a few words he explained his errand. The priest desired him to be seated, and he proceeded, with that honest *naïveté* and simple laconism, attributes of the soldier—and especially, perhaps, of the French soldier—to recount the history of his life and of his doubts.

His parents were Lutherans, and in their belief he had been educated; but he seemed always to have entertained a latent affection for the Catholic religion, and his most cherished wish had been to see Rome and her glories.

A new impetus had been given to these dormant inclinations, by an incident of military life to which all soldiers are more or less liable, and which must have influenced for good the heart of many a fighting man before and since. It was at Tarrascona that

Huot was severely wounded, and was carried into the hospital, suffering and exhausted. His case was tedious, but not desperate, and, as his mental faculties were unimpaired, he had ample leisure for observation and reflection, and seemed to have improved the opportunity.

The Sisters of Charity, under whose fostering and generous care the patients were placed, were in the habit of carrying round the ward each morning a vessel of holy water, into which the patients were wont to dip their finger, making upon themselves therewith the sign of the Cross.

On passing the bed on which Huot lay, he said to the sister who offered it to him: "Ma Sœur, je ne puis en prendre, je suis Protestant." No observation was made in answer; the Sister passed on, but although it was not presented to him again, he perceived that the circumstance was remembered; he also observed that he was nursed with the same care and attention as the rest of the patients. Some little time after, he one day expressed his surprise that this should be the case, and received the reply: "Mon ami, ce que je fais, je ne le fais pas pour vous, mais pour le bon Dieu." This was a new idea to him; and as he pondered the motive again and again, while he lay on his sick-bed, it led him to watch very closely, and to weigh very minutely, the acts and the words of the Religious whom he saw about him, and to whom he owed so much. After a time he recovered, and returned to garrison-life; but he was more serious than before, and delighted

in frequenting those in whom he saw most religion. At length came the demand for men to be sent to Rome, and permission was granted to a certain number to join the expedition, provided they would consent to abandon the grade they then held, and to embark as privates. Huot, who now saw an opportunity of gratifying his early and ardent desire, immediately inscribed his name, and being among those selected, at last had the happiness of finding himself actually within the Eternal City. His first wish was succeeded by a second, which soon became his sleeping and his waking dream. He *must* see the Holy Father: not that he had any particular admiration or veneration for him, but rather the reverse; he had heard him pronounced a vain, haughty, ambitious man, and saw no reason why he should not be such as he was described; it is therefore probable that Huot was simply impelled by that gaping curiosity, which, as Jeremy Taylor tells us, "maketh the vulgar run to see a King go by." Strangely enough, his second desire was likewise destined to be fulfilled; a resolution having been passed to send a deputation to the Holy Father, it was agreed that the several portions of the company should be represented at the promised interview. Officers were, of course, represented by an officer of each grade, but when it came to the turn of the men, there was a little difficulty as to how the choice should be fixed, till the Colonel, arresting his gaze upon Huot, of whose religion he was aware, exclaimed:—"Oh! let's send Huot, he's a Protestant, and

it may do him some good to come into proximity with His Holiness." Thus the matter was decided, and Huot went. His long-desired interview took place, but it produced upon him an effect he little expected: the peculiarly mild, benevolent, saintly expression of the Pope's countenance, so different from that of the proud Pontiff he had been led to expect, made such an impression upon him that he was overcome in spite of himself, and returned home more favourably disposed than ever towards the Catholic faith. It was in this frame of mind that he presented himself before the Priest he had desired to see, and with whom he entered into a very candid and not altogether illogical explanation of his state of mind, and of his hesitation to subscribe the doctrines of the Catholic Church. "Have you a Testament?" said our friend. The soldier produced one. "Then that is all we shall need;" and he reached down a French Testament of his own, which he opened, and they passed that and several subsequent mornings in a careful perusal of the sacred writings. In fact, the interviews continued as long as did the priest's stay in Rome. He was one day suddenly called home, and was then compelled to hand his disciple over to a Jesuit priest resident there. No delay, however, occurred, for the man, entirely convinced, was, at his own request, received on the very day on which the English priest left Rome. He is now in Paris, whence he has written most satisfactorily on the subject, warmly thanking him who was instrumental in helping him to this happy issue.

The French soldier is extremely temperate in his diet, and remarkable for moderation in eating, and, unless in particular cases, we may add, in drinking also. As regards the former, a meal of soup and vegetables is sufficient to sustain him, and it is also sufficient to satisfy him. He seems to understand the culinary art by intuition; and if it be not altogether universally true that *man* is a cooking animal, this fact may at least be predicated of a Frenchman. The French soldier, then, knows how to turn the worst materials to the best account, and if you will give him the "raw article," be it ever so indifferent, he will contrive, somehow or other, to turn it into something "*qui se laisse manger.*" Change of diet is indifferent to him, and he will accommodate himself to the peculiar comestibles of the country, to privation, and even to total abstinence, if the case require it, and all this with perfect humour, and even merriment. Change of habits, of climate, of temperature, are borne by him with undisturbed equanimity, and both physically and morally he seems to be endowed with powers of endurance far beyond our own soldiers. We have already adverted to his fund of invention and versatility of talent, which enables him to smooth down the asperities of a campaign by the adoption of such appliances and contrivances as prove him not only ingeniously imaginative, but eminently practical.

As to crimes and offences, breaches of military regulation, or infringements of martial law, these may generally be considered, so to speak, rather

provincial than national, and to tally with the character and type of the population from which the men are respectively drawn; for each province is stamped by its own moral, no less than its physical peculiarities, and we might find a separate qualification for every division of the country, equally descriptive of the attributes of its race, as "*fin Normand,*" "*brave Breton,*" "*franc Picard,*" "*rusé Gascon,*" &c.

The natives of the Vosges district are remarkable not only for their firmness of character, cool and deliberate temperament, and traditional veneration for ancient usages, but likewise for their soldier-like qualities and indomitable courage. One day, in the heat of a battle, Napoleon found himself in a position of great difficulty, and seeing himself opposed by an immensely superior force, he is said to have exclaimed, "Ah! que n'ai j'ici trois cents de mes braves Vosgiens!"

M. de Tocqueville has ably pointed out the difference of military organization, and the different estimate of the military institution in France and in our own country: we recommend our readers to peruse his observations, and to note the comparisons he draws, and the conclusion at which he has arrived after a careful consideration of the subject.

With regard to discipline,* to the mode in which it is enforced, and the result it produces respectively

* Discipline is a summary matter as understood and practised in America, but then we must remember everything there is done on the go-a-head system, and if a man refuse to obey the first

on the armies of England and France, there is much to be said. However strict and uncompromising may be the obedience enforced upon the French soldier, he is still continually called upon for expedients, and wherever it is possible, he is—with what we may almost term paternal forethought—thrown upon his own resources, and left to think and act for himself. It is thus that he acquires the great and characteristic attribute of self-dependence, which may at any moment prove of valuable service to him.

It is strange that the secret of making soldiers is better understood in France, while the art of making civilians is more successfully practised in England; and yet both equally depend upon that great and invaluable attribute of man, *self-reliance*. The system of surveillance pursued in foreign schools and colleges, although there may be much to be said in its favour, is wholly antagonistic to this result; and if of two evils we must choose the less, we are compelled, however reluctantly, to determine against it, and must be content to sacrifice the benefits it seems to offer, to the indispensable requisite which never can be obtained under it.

time he is ordered, it is rarely that he gets a second command, and, literally, off goes his head. In the course of September last the Provost-Marshal of Tipton, Lieutenant-Colonel Brown, fired at a private for refusing to obey orders, and killed him on the spot; whereupon the Second and Sixth Mobile regiments rushed to arms, demanding the surrender of the Marshal. A park of artillery was promptly drawn up in front of his barracks, the officer threatening to fire upon the mutinous soldiers. This was the position of affairs when the train left with this dispatch.

The French manifestly know the value of initiative, promptitude, presence of mind, and resolution in a soldier; indeed, these qualities, which go to form what is termed "character," are eminently distinctive of the French soldier. Why the French do not apply the principle which alone can produce it, in their public schools, is another question; certain it is, that without it their army would be a totally different body of men. Everything depends upon it.

The causes which determine the result of a battle must unquestionably be sought, in a great measure, either in the skill and experience of the officers, or the discipline and determination of the men. The battle of Solferino, one of the most important of modern times, offers serious matter of contemplation to military men, on account of the characteristic facts which mark its history. An experienced officer, writing last spring, observes—

"In consequence of the admirable qualities of armies at the present day, even a General of moderate capacity may accomplish something, provided he command a sufficient force; without very considerable superiority of numbers, however, there can be no brilliant victories. It is becoming more and more difficult to be a great General."

The Austrian system tends to bring most prominently into action the youngest troops. The battalions consisting of veterans did not reach Italy until the beginning of July. M. Thiers has observed, that "the advantage of old soldiers tells best in reverses." Young soldiers, under energetic com-

manders, are naturally more impetuous; they do not calculate the dangers which await them, but the first disaster bewilders them; and, especially if they have not been long under command, a check throws them off their guard, and their rash bravery is succeeded by an almost hopeless discouragement.

Again, as regards the Austrian army, the various nations which contribute to form it, render its composition objectionable, as both its harmony and its equality are thereby menaced.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that in the Austrian service there are 54,000 Protestants and 16,000 Jews.* The Hungarian cavalry and the riflemen of the Alps are better troops than those of the rest of the empire. It is to the *Jägers* that the unexampled mortality among the officers is due.

The French officers always take the lead in moments of extreme peril, in order to encourage their men. The cry of "*Epaulettes en avant*" was often

* The following may serve as a useful memorandum to those interested in military statistics: England furnishes 1 soldier out of 128 men; France, 1 in 95; Russia, 1 in 72; Austria, 1 in 68; Prussia, 1 in 80; Spain, 1 in 119; Belgium, 1 in 115; Sardinia, 1 in 119; Turkey, 1 in 74. The actual average pay of all arms—In England, for privates, is £20 5s.; Non-Commissioned Officers, £37 12s.; in France, for privates, £9 10s.; Non-Commissioned Officers, £24. The cost of an English soldier per annum is about £52; French, £36; Russian, £13 5s.; Austrian, £18 10s.; Prussian, £31; Belgian, £38; Sardinian, £32; Turkish, £10; while the men in the present United States army are said to cost upwards of £60 per head.

heard by the Austrians during the repeated assaults of the French on the tower of Solferino, which is called the Spia d'Italia.

The soldier, it is true, must, to a certain extent, partake of the characteristics of a machine, pliant to the hand which directs it. Military discipline, which moulds him to docility and unreasoning obedience, at once transforms the man into the instrument of a superior will. We might go on to say he becomes *less* than a machine, for he is only a *tributary* wheel—a component member of the gigantic engine.*

* In the Russian army the principle of strict discipline is carried to the utmost extreme, and the results it produces are sometimes truly ludicrous. We quote from a recent publication one or two incidents illustrative of the error to which this exaggeration has led.

"One day a ship carrying men and officers went down in the Neva. The order was passed to the soldiers to save, in the first place, the officers of the guard. They therefore anxiously inquired of each officer they got hold of, if he belonged to the guard; the poor fellows could not answer, as their mouths were filled with water; so they were allowed to drown!

'On another occasion, as it was very dusty, the soldiers were ordered to water the field for exercise. While thus employed it came on to rain heavily, but they continued their task with the greatest gravity. 'They had been ordered to do it.'

"Another curious instance was one which occurred at the siege of Warsaw. A young grenadier asked a veteran, pointing to the entrenchments, whether he thought they should take them? 'I think not,' was the reply, 'they are too strong.' 'But,' said the young man, suppose we are *ordered* to take them?' —'Oh, that will be another thing: if we are ordered to take them, of course we *shall*.'"

Not that we would imply that there is anything degrading in the position, on which General Ambert has acutely observed that although it is from the working classes that the observation has frequently proceeded, and in a form of reproach, they are the last who should utter it.

"These self-styled *citoyens*," he says, "unceasingly occupied in turning the eighth part of a pin, seated between two wheels or two cylinders, whose capacity is far higher than their own, consider themselves fit to govern the world, while the 'machines' are sent to schools in which an officer teaches them grammar, arithmetic, history, and geography, to render them worthy one day to wear the epaulette, and don the cross of honour. Hold up your heads, soldiers, and while you admit yourselves to be machines, remember also that out of your ranks spring those who, like d'Assas, die willingly, holily, and bravely in the sacred cause of duty."

The French soldier is then, we assume, to a certain extent, a machine . . . . but—and here is the important distinction—he is, if we may be allowed

A touching story, similar to that of Casabianca's heroic child, a martyr to obedience, is added to these, but seems to us, in this case, to partake in some measure of the fabulous known to exert such powerful influence over the Russians. When the winter palace was destroyed by fire, the priest who succeeded in saving the plate from the chapel, was hurrying down the corridor when he saw a sentinel enveloped in smoke; he bade him follow him quickly, as the flames would soon reach him. The poor fellow, actuated only by a sense of duty, calmly asked for his blessing, and perished at his post.

the expression, an *intelligent* machine, and moreover a machine whose intelligence has been *educated.* The system which could conceive and carry out this idea must be considered the perfection of military organization.

Machine though he be, be it observed, in all that concerns obedience and sacrifice, there is no reason why the soldier should not be trained (and we have a practical example of it in the education of the French soldier) on a system which will develop his bodily and mental vigour. He should retain within him, and cultivate the power of originating, and should know where to give it scope; for there is no lack of occasions where tact, judgment, and ingenuity may be exercised without prejudice to the subordinate position which, as a soldier, he has accepted, and must always remember.

In illustration, we quote the following from a Crimean officer: "On the 30th December, 1854, the French made a reconnoissance in force beyond the Russian outposts, in front of Balaclava. This movement was supported by a column under Sir Colin Campbell, consisting of the 79th, 300 Zouaves, and about 100 of the Rifle Brigade, which moved along the heights on the right point of our position. The main body of the French having halted at the Tchernaya and sent forward a large force of cavalry by the Baidan road, Sir Colin, who had been for some time in observation on the heights above the village of Kamara, continued his advance, and descending into the valley through which the Baidar

Road runs, halted for a short time, awaiting the return of the French cavalry, which was busily employed in destroying stores of forage.

"An incident occurred on this occasion, which gave a very forcible illustration of the different natures, or perhaps it would be more just to say the different training, of the French and English soldier. At the place where we halted, some very excellent firewood offered itself, in a quantity of dry and well-seasoned railings, by which the several fields were separated; the Zouaves at once availed themselves of the rare opportunity of securing a supply against this our most serious of camp wants, and there was not a man who did not collect as large a load as he could stagger under. Not so the English soldiers; for though they were in several instances recommended to follow the example of the French, they did not carry back a single stick. "They had not marched out to pick up wood!"

That our military system is faulty, no one can reasonably dispute, but we must confess we were not prepared, until experience proved the fact, to see how thoroughly it unfits our soldiers for campaigning; their life at home is one of idle debauchery,—they lose the habit, and thus the power of labour; they are taught to do as little as possible for themselves, and it is not therefore for those who have done their best to make them helpless, to taunt them with being so."*

* "The question arises"—says the writer of a letter to the Editor of the *Times*, dated 24th June, and containing some remarks well worth attention—"What remedies can be suggested for

We might cite many occasions on which this

---

the present imperfect state of our foot soldier? It is said by superficial observers, that the service would be unpopular if the men were worked. Yes, certainly, if they were not paid for their labour. Then, some say that if they were paid much more than they now receive, discipline would be undermined. This is true too, in one sense, but the difficulty is easily surmounted. Pay them but a portion of their earnings 'down,' and let the surplus accumulate, (as in France,) into a sum to be handed to them on their discharge, or to their families in case they die in the service. It is said, too, that manual labour stiffens the soldier. Of course it would, if carried to excess. But there is a happy medium in all things, and I submit that the foot soldier should be frequently employed—with extra pay as I have said above—on every sort of work he was capable of learning or performing. The results fairly to be looked for would be these:—He would be more contented and better conducted; desertions at home or in Canada would be less frequent; he would be more healthy, hardy, muscular, thrifty, and his nerves would be better strung; the army would be sought after as a calling by a better-conducted class of young men, who would not be slow to perceive that much that was useful could be learnt in the service, and that if they were steady and industrious they could earn enough to start them well in life at the termination of their period of service; the large number of recruits now obtained from town populations would learn to use the spade, pick, saw, &c., as they never could in a mill or factory; and all would be more useful and less helpless in a campaign than they now are: and, lastly, the labour of so many of the picked possessors of the bone and sinew of the population would not be, as now, wholly lost to themselves and their generation.

"'Where there's a will there's a way.' England's army should be, as it can be, perfect. The evils to be grappled with, are luxury, idleness, and tailoring among all ranks. The pluck and 'stuff' is at hand in abundance. March it more frequently, work it more rationally, clothe it sensibly, feed it as it is fed, and it may say with confidence, as, however unready to act, it has always had the chivalry to say, 'NOLI ME TANGERE.'"

spirit of domestication, or rather of readiness to conform to the circumstances in which he finds himself placed, seems to come as a matter of course to the French soldier.

The arrangements of the order of march against Constantine related by the Prince de la Moscowa, may be cited as an occasion on which this characteristic came under observation. "Our preparations for departure," he says, "were advancing rapidly; beyond the Raz-al-Akba, a mountain situated at the distance of a day's journey from the camp of Medjez-al-Hammar, we knew that we should not see another trace of vegetation till we arrived at Constantine;—not a tree, not a plant, not a blade of grass; for the harvest in these districts had been over a long time. In order, therefore, to provide for lighting the bivouac fire which would be needed for cooking the men's soup, we had recourse to an ingenious expedient. As we could not expect to find any wood on our road, we were ordered to carry it with us. Each foot-soldier was directed to fasten on to his knapsack a small faggot, carefully packed together. He was also to provide himself, before starting, with a stick of moderate length, and to carry it in his hand during the march. These supplies of wood were destined, as may be supposed, to feed the fires of our little army, and the probable duration of the campaign had been calculated to such a nicety, that when Constantine was taken, it was found that the supply of walking-sticks and faggots had exactly served the time. A herd of oxen was to precede us, and the

men carried several rations of biscuits. The horse-soldiers were likewise laden, and carried trusses of hay tightly banded, and sufficient barley for several days' consumption; the baggage-waggons of the administration contained the remainder of our provisions, and a considerable number of mules led by dismounted horse-soldiers followed our columns."

But, alas! it is not merely helplessness that is engendered by the opposite system pursued in our own army. Did the evil stop here, it would be sufficient matter for regret; but, as idleness is—and indeed must be—the mother of all vices, since it becomes a season of temptation, during which nature generally yields—so, step by step, bad inclinations are indulged, they soon become habits, and total demoralization is the result. Religion seems to have little hold over the British soldier, and he has, for the most part, no principle to fall back upon when once he has entered upon a career of vice. Such men, and few enough they are, as Captain Hedley Vicars—who undoubtedly carried his ideas too far, and never was born to be a soldier—and Sir Henry Havelock, who mingled the military and religious elements more judiciously—men influenced by religious feeling themselves, who saw the fearful condition of the army, and would fain have remedied it; they did their little best, and all honour to them for exertions which, if comparatively fruitless, were at least well meant: but what *could* mere remonstrances avail against inveterate habits of self-indulgence and vice? What were the words of this General on the

memorable morning when he stood before Cawnpore, feeling himself utterly powerless to act upon the better feeling of his men, and finding no resource but that of threats and military discipline to check the spirit of plunder? Sternly and sharply he spoke: —"The marauding in this camp," said he, "exceeds the disorders which supervened during the short-lived triumph of the miscreant Nana Sahib. Let every man present remember that a Provost-Marshal has been appointed, with special instructions to hang up in their uniforms all British soldiers found plundering."

The details of immorality of other descriptions could not consistently find a place in a volume offered to general perusal—they are positively fearful to think of, and if we more willingly draw a veil over the disgraceful picture, it is because the newspapers themselves have become a field of discussion for this distasteful subject, and the question of reforms and modifications has been already taken up by various correspondents of the press; we therefore pass over this disastrous phase of military life, and come to a vice which, sad to say, seems rather to increase than to diminish; for, incredible as it may seem, it has spread even to the wives of subaltern officers, as well as to those of soldiers. We grieve to be able to adduce a very recent proof of this assertion, having ourselves seen, not long since, at Aldershott, the wife of a Sergeant-Major picked up in a state of unconscious intoxication, and carried away on the back of a common soldier! The picture was one

truly humiliating to human nature, and we have still before us the corpulent figure of this disgrace to her sex, as she depended from the man's shoulders, her arms being held by him in front to steady the weight, while her legs hung dangling behind; her garments were covered with large patches of mud, which boys were flinging at her, hooting her as the unsightly object went by.

The extent to which this vice is indulged in India is well known to every man in the service, and the best proof of the hopeless evil is, that no liquor is strong enough for those who have served a few years' apprenticeship to the system by which the men were once literally enticed into the snare.

Thus it was the custom to serve out to the men the allowance of spirits, or arrack—notwithstanding the heating nature of the climate—before breakfast, and then and there, whether inclined or not, they were compelled to consume it; but unhappily, in its turn, it consumed them, so that although indifferent to it at first, after a while it was known to become a necessity, and at a further period it would not suffice to satisfy those who had been thus trained to the pernicious practice. Thus, in the end there was no resource but to season it with a large dose of chopped capsicum! With such a beverage to begin the day, and such a climate to pass it in, can we wonder if, parched with thirst, the unhappy victim of this miserable error—for which there is no explanation—became ready to catch eagerly at every description of liquor that might come in his way;

and how, we ask, could he avoid becoming a confirmed drunkard ?

To go no further back, we will take the authority of General Havelock, who, at Cawnpore, was forced to have recourse to the expedient of *buying up all the liquor*, "or," says he, "I should not have had a sober man in the camp!" and again at Ghuznee, where he is forced to make a severe, but just remark, on this lamentable evil.

"The self-denial, mercy, and generosity of the hour," said he, "may be attributed to the fact of the European soldiers having received no spirits since the 8th of July, and having found no liquor among the plunder of Ghuznee. No candid man of any military experience will deny that the character of the scene in the fortress and citadel would have been far different if individual soldiers had entered the town primed with arrack, or if spirituous liquors had been discovered in the Affghan dépôts."

That Havelock succeeded, by means of the sentiments of religion and honour which he endeavoured so heartily to inculcate, in weaning some, at least, of his men from this pernicious vice, we gather from the remark frequently made by those who would bring ridicule upon his efforts, that "Havelock's *saints* were always sober." "There is no such soldier in the world," he would say, "as the English soldier, ... *if* he could but be kept from drink."

That this propensity is unhappily no new stain on the character of the British soldier, we may gather from Hume, who tells us that in the reign of

Charles I., "when an army was equipped against Spain, under the command of Lord Wimbledon, that officer failed in making himself master of the harbour of Cadiz, whither he was sent, because his undisciplined troops, instead of attacking the town, gave themselves over to an unrestrained indulgence in the wine they found in great abundance on shore." The history of our country unhappily furnishes us with othe similar catastrophes, due to the same cause.

This vice, which may be almost termed a national propensity with us, certainly does not take the same hold upon other nations. We observe it ourselves, and find it is observed by others. We read, in the Paris correspondence of the *Morning Post*, of the 16th August last, describing the great *fête* of the preceding day:—

"..... The French enjoy their fairs and *fêtes* with a moderation and sobriety which takes an Englishman by surprise. During the whole of yesterday I did not hear one blasphemy uttered, *nor did I meet one person intoxicated.* There was outdoor feasting in all directions. I remarked how very little wine was to be seen: *Bière,* for I can hardly translate it 'Beer'—such a miserable substitute was it—having superseded, in Paris, the once universally patronised juice of the grape."

Drunkenness, however, though perhaps monopolized by the Scotch and English (and to a considerable extent indulged in by the Danes and Norwegians) among the nations of Europe, is largely participated in by our Transatlantic relatives; and we can scarcely

be surprised, knowing what we do of this small weakness of Brother Jonathan, to read the following lines in a recent letter from the scene of the civil war. "In one of our regiments, while the Colonel was on trial for drunkenness, the Major lay drunk in his tent, and the Lieutenant-Colonel was so intoxicated at evening drill, he had to stagger up to the Adjutant and request him to give the orders!"

Smoking is another of these enticing practices, gaining ground in the English ranks with sufficient rapidity to justify our anxiety as to its results. So much is an excess of this indulgence apprehended in France, that it is not long since stringent measures were adopted to put a salutary check upon it. The imposition of the new tax will doubtless do more to extinguish the practice—*and* the pipes—than all the edicts of the Minister of War and the prescriptions of the Préfet de la Seine.

If we would aim at a higher standard of morality in our ranks, some more elevating, or, at all events, more useful diversions than drinking and smoking must be introduced to relieve the tedium of Barrack life. Who will say that these very habits are not the primary source of the physical and intellectual degradation of our men under arms?

Military discipline we may consider better maintained at Aldershott than in any of the other English Camps; but as regards the moral tone of the men, there is no comparison to be instituted; we can but say—and we do not intend it as a bull—*that* is worst, *everywhere*.

Certain it is, that at the present moment, and we affirm it unhesitatingly, nothing can be more frightful than—not only the idleness and listlessness—they are minor evils—but the demoralization of English soldiers as a body. Whether in camp or in barracks, whether on duty or off duty, in the service or out on leave, they are always the same; and so notorious is the fact, that the very circumstance of their having lost character, reacts upon them with most fatal effect.

The want of a system of promotion by way of really honourable reward, to inspire him with energy and love of duty, is manifest; and as a general groundwork to improve and elevate his tone of mind, we repeat that anything tending to divert the ordinary current of the soldier's habits, and to give another turn to his ideas of amusement and relaxation, would be a great desideratum, as it might in the end result in weaning him from his present notion that drinking, smoking, and bad company, are the only objects in life worth pursuing.

It is no paradox that we are more likely to elevate the moral tone of the Soldier, and to make him an honest and a respectable—ay, and a religious man—by cultivating his intellect and his taste, and affording him opportunities for enjoying entertaining lectures, or even the diversions of music, dancing, theatrical representations, under proper and judicious, but not obtrusive restrictions, than by tea-meetings, and prayer-meetings, and Bible-classes, and *mere* reading-rooms, which only weary and disgust him,

and make him return with tenfold infatuation to his evil habits and ruinous propensities. It is a well-known fact, that the cavalry soldier is morally superior to the foot soldier, simply because his time is more fully employed.

Far be it from us to condemn the Soldiers' Library, especially if it be composed of a judiciously selected collection, if the reading-room be rendered cheerful and attractive—well lighted, well warmed, provided also with a coffee-room and with harmless games, with which he may, if he be so minded, vary his evening's occupations: for often a "soldier tired" might saunter into such a retreat, for the sake of the repose and tranquillity it offers; he might begin with dominoes or draughts, and, should he take up a book and become interested in it, he might return again to improve his leisure by another visit to the shelves. There are Soldiers' Reading-rooms in Ireland, established on this principle; and although they do not as yet receive all the favour they deserve from those they are intended to benefit, they are far better attended than those at Aldershott. There, we regret to be obliged to say, the men take but little advantage of the opportunities afforded them. They have certainly, as a body, no taste for elevating pursuits, nor any ambition to cultivate their understandings, or to acquire knowledge, and prefer, as soon as their duties set them free, resorting to the ale-house or the music-hall, where, uncontrolled by any of the restraints of propriety, and unchecked by the presence of their superiors, they can give free

course to whatever propensities or inclinations the *genius loci* will admit of their indulging.

If these places cannot be suppressed, we are disposed to ask, could not their licenses be granted under stringent conditions, and at the same time could not such a resort be instituted as the "Impeperial Tivoli" at Châlons, which offers every admissible attraction, and where there is sufficient *surveillance* to maintain order, but not to create any feeling of irksome restraint: on the contrary, the men really enjoy the presence of their officers, whether on the ball nights, or the alternate dramatic *soirées*, when they are encouraged to highly successful efforts by the applause they are so proud to receive.

There has been, we know, for some time past, an attempt at this kind of entertainment at Aldershott, and at other military stations in the United Kingdom, but these have never been carried out with any spirit, and the plan has hitherto failed in its purpose. It may be true that one reason why this project succeeds so much better in France, is that the "*moral*" of the troops is of a higher standard, and that with them, one addresses oneself to another class of feelings: this, we admit, is one of the greatest difficulties we have to contend with in the English ranks, and the low character of the men who compose them is an obstacle which it is a matter of extreme difficulty to surmount.

There certainly does seem to have been much attempted of late on behalf of the soldiers, and when we suggest schools to teach them how to appreciate

and how to profit by other advantages subsequently offered them, we are told that even this want has been foreseen, and that highly-paid teachers are likewise provided to instruct and educate them. At the same time, on further inquiry, we learn that this is mere routine and framework, for they acquire little or no information, and are, for the most part, not even inspired with a desire to improve themselves.

The fact, there can be little doubt, is, that they enter the army, generally, either already vicious, or prepared to become so; and if not, that they are so weak as to be but too readily susceptible of every bad impression. In either of the former cases, an unrestricted association, of nightly recurrence, with thirty or forty others, occupying the same room, and more depraved than themselves, cannot fail totally to corrupt and demoralize them—whilst in the latter, a young man must infallibly be laughed out of every vestige of principle, and any remains of good habits, which might still be lingering about him.

The men are quite conscious they are leading vicious lives; but it is the order of the day, and those who have the desire to reform, are in so small a minority, that they have not the moral courage to set better examples.

Neither schools nor libraries, unless conducted in a very peculiar way, can be expected to meet so deep-seated an evil; and the consequence is, that while the first are attended as a matter of form, or as a

mode of passing the time, the latter are virtually deserted.*

Some of the books are catalogued as allowed to be taken out of the library, and such a regulation seems a wise as well as considerate one; but what is the result? The men who borrow such books are mostly what we may term "freshmen," and are looked upon by their comrades as "muffs." As they are accountable for them, it becomes an excellent practical joke with those who have grown old in the service, and have graduated in disorderly practices, to exercise all their ingenuity in purloin-

* There are, within the precincts of the camp, several libraries for the use of the men, besides that presented by the late lamented Prince Consort, which is destined exclusively for the officers, and consists in a great measure of books on military tactics, engineering, geographical subjects, statistics, and class-books rather of an instructive than an amusing description.

A new Institute has, however, just been opened at Sandgate for the use of the soldiers, and a library and school have recently been formed at Walmer.

At Woolwich, also within a few months, a series of entertainments has been provided for the troops, under the sanction of Major General Sir Richard Dacres, K.C.B. Magic lanterns have been introduced, by means of which figures and diagrams are exhibited, and it is hoped that they will ultimately result in attracting the men away from the public-houses and other objectionable places of resort which they are too apt to frequent.

We further learn that at Sheerness there is an intention of organizing, during the winter months, a plan for providing some rational amusement for the men comprising the subdivision of the dépôt brigade, Royal Artillery.

The officers attached to the division are making arrangements for the formation of a dramatic club.

ing these books from those who borrow them, in order to destroy them. No sooner are they discovered and taken possession of, than they are dismembered in triumph, so that before the poor fellow who for the time being is responsible for the volume, is aware it has been abstracted from his keeping, he receives a smack on the face from behind, with the cover, or finds himself pelted with large bullets composed of detachments of the leaves crumpled together, and perhaps converted into papier *maché*—"rudis indigestaque moles"—by one of his comrades; and while another may be lighting his pipe with a further portion of it, the rest arouse him to a consciousness of his embarrassing position, and excite his indignation and fury, by the noisy jeers in which they are indulging at his expense. In most cases this is enough to damp the literary ardour of the most studious, and to remove all danger of his becoming a bookworm, and so he ends by giving in, and following in the wake of his companions.

"Ah well!" said one of these poor fellows to his comrades—"we're naughty boys now, that's certain; and so we shall be, I suppose, until our time is up; but then we'll all turn very steady, and finish respectable."

It will be well for the men individually, if they carry out even this tardy reparation; but as regards the army in general, it promises no amendment; we confess we see little prospect of amelioration, especially when the men themselves seem to give it up as a hopeless case, and to admit their

inability to reform their lives while under the social disadvantages which surround them in the barracks and the camp.

The *Times*, in its Naval and Military column of the 22nd November last, expresses itself in no measured terms on the improvements called for in those departments of the public service, and at the same time records some intended measures which, though somewhat late, are deserving of commendation.

We read with surprise, however, the statement, that it is to private enterprise and private generosity that the nation is indebted for this practical evidence of solicitude on behalf of England's army. We should have thought, in our simplicity, that it became those who have the charge and responsibility of this important national Institution, jealously to arrogate to themselves the fulfilment of one of their most urgent duties, and not only to devise the most effectual mode of elevating the morals of the troops under their care, but to provide, out of the large subsidies voted for the expenses of the army, the means of carrying out their plans. How so momentous a matter can have been left to the chance liberality of individual benevolence or private patriotism, we are at a loss to understand; yet it would appear that the late lamented Lord Herbert—alone—of all those within whose province it came, ever made any demonstration towards establishing a permanent reform where it is so lamentably necessary.

Thus speaks the daily oracle, whose dicta the

million seem to regard with a superstitious acquiescence.

"Very much remains to be done, not only to make the army popular and to bring into it a better class of recruits, but also, by increasing the comforts and advantages of the soldier's life, to raise its *morale* and to make its government easier. The establishment of schools and libraries was undoubtedly a step in the right direction, but they have not been completely successful in dealing with the evils which they were meant to meet. The great vice of the British army—that which is the fruitful parent of all other shortcomings and offence—is undoubtedly, drunkenness. The canteen and the public-house lead to the vast majority of breaches of discipline, and consequent punishments, and how many men are ruined by them morally and physically, commanding officers and medical officers alone could tell. Yet those who have ever put their heads into a barrack-room will hardly be so surprised at the prevalence of the vice. A long, low, whitewashed, bare-looking barn, with a scanty fire at one end, lighted by one solitary gas burner, the sides lined with turn-up bedsteads and a table running down the middle, on which is huddled together a confused heap of blacking-brushes, bread, pipe-clay, tobacco, tea, potatoes, salt, &c, is not the pleasantest place to spend a leisure hour in. It is about the last spot where anything like comfort is to be found, and it is scarcely to be wondered at, if the soldier yields at times to the superior attractions of the well-

lighted, well-warmed taproom, which the neighbouring publican is very careful to provide for him. As in other walks of life, a cheerless home is the publican's best friend. Again, when he has got well through his drills, the soldier has much spare time on his hands, and the want of suitable mental or physical employment naturally brings on a sort of *ennui* which he has no means of dissipating but at the same place. It is scarcely possible to increase his monotonous military duties without wearying and disgusting him, and, though some army reformers propose to set him to work at various industrial occupations, there does not seem much prospect of that project being seriously taken up at present. Everything combines to lead him or drive him to dissipation, and the real wonder is, not that so many yield to it, but that so many resist the temptation. The necessity of providing the soldier with some means of amusing or employing himself when off duty has long been urged by those who take an interest in his welfare, and who best know his habits. The Barrack Committee of 1854 strongly recommended some reform in this respect, and, though Lord Herbert's Sanitary Commission did not formally consider the subject, the witnesses examined before it, were pretty nearly unanimous as to the evils of the present state of arrangements. After standing the usual ten years' siege, the War-office is beginning to apprehend that there may be something in the idea, after all. Facilities have been given for opening reading rooms in various barracks, which, though no

great things, are still an improvement on the ordinary barrack-room; here and there skittle-alleys and fives-courts have been built, and the departmental mind, though it still hesitates to commit itself to anything like a general change, clearly perceives that it is not altogether creditable to the various parties concerned, that the British soldier should be cared for, something worse than a convict, and a great deal worse than a pauper. The energy and liberality, however, of a few private persons is just about to put into practice at Chatham an experiment which it is hoped will prove a stronger rival to the taverns, and other unmentionable temptations to debauchery in which a garrison town abounds, than any influence which has yet been tried. In the north-west corner of the Chatham barracks, fronting to the road leading from the Engineer barracks, and overlooking the dock-yard, there is rapidly approaching completion a handsome building, which, under the name of the Soldiers' Institute, is intended to afford the soldier the means of harmless recreation, which at present are almost entirely wanting in the station. It is, in fact, to be the Soldiers' Clubhouse, where he will meet his comrades, smoke his pipe, drink his cup of coffee, and take his ease generally, without restraint or interference, just as his officers do at the United Service or the Army and Navy. It consists of two stories, and will afford accommodation for pretty nearly 1,000 men. The ground floor is divided into two spacious coffee-rooms, separated by a bar, at which tea, coffee, cold meats, bread and

butter, and eggs, may be obtained at cost price. They will be well furnished with comfortable chairs and settees, and a plentiful supply of little marble-topped tables, such as we see in French *cafés* or *estaminets*. In one room there will be a supply of newspapers and popular periodicals, and in the other there will be chess, back-gammon, and solitaire boards, bagatelle and German billiard tables, with other games; and the men will be allowed to smoke their pipes in both rooms, and both will be well warmed, ventilated, and lighted. A portion of the upper floor will be occupied by the barrack library, consisting of 4,000 volumes, which is to be moved into it from its present quarters; and on the other side is the lecture theatre—a very handsome room, some twenty-six feet high, and brilliantly lighted with star pendants, after the fashion of St. James's Hall. Some 600 men may be accommodated in it. This is to be used principally for evening classes, for instruction in singing, drawing, Hindustani, &c., but occasionally lectures will be delivered by the officers and men, or by lecturers specially engaged, if the funds are forthcoming; and, by an ingenious arrangement, the tables are so contrived that they back together, and form a convenient platform for the lecturer, or a stage for private theatricals when there may be a sufficient supply of dramatic talent in the garrison. The room is not yet finished, but it is to be very handsomely decorated. On panels round the walls will be inscribed the names of the principal victories in the Peninsular, Indian, and

Crimean wars, and under each, in their proper order, will be ranged the busts of the victorious generals. Quarters for the librarian are provided on the ground floor. Some objection has been taken to the building, as being too highly ornamented; but here we think the Building Committee have shown their knowledge of the soldiers' way of thinking. It is always the most splendid and best-fitted gin-palace which attracts him the readiest, and he will take all the more pride in his club-house for its not being a mere long, low, corrugated iron excrescence, little differing in outward appearance from the shed in which the Armstrongs are housed in the neighbouring barracks. Next to the Convicts' Prison, it is about the handsomest building of which Chatham can boast. Close by, a large American bowling-alley is pretty nearly finished; two fives-courts are already in use, and there is room in the corner for a spacious skittle-alley, which appears to be the game most affected by the men. All these will be covered in, and lighted with gas, so as to be available for all times and weathers. Plans have been made for a large gymnasium, which it is hoped the War Department will take in hand; and certainly everything which tends to increase the muscular strength and activity of their men is a matter of which the Government alone ought to bear the cost. To this building, with all its advantages, every man in the garrison will be admitted on the payment of a subscription of a penny per week, of which a penny per month will be payable to the Government for the use of the

library. There are about 8,000 men in garrison, including the Marines, and it is hoped that this small subscription will be sufficient to make the institution self-supporting. It is placed in such a position that no man can get from any of the barracks into the town of Chatham without passing by its doors. It will be open at seven o'clock in the morning, so that a man may get his cup of coffee the first thing on turning out, instead of the dram of spirits with which too many old soldiers have the habit of staying themselves till breakfast-time. As to the time of closing, that at present is not settled, but it is hoped that permission will be obtained to keep it open till half-past ten o'clock. The men feel that they are treated like children when they are sent to bed at half-past eight in the winter and nine o'clock in summer; and if they are spending their evenings at the club, instead of at the public-house or low dancing-saloon, there is no reason why the present severe rule should be retained. The government of the institute will be vested in a sub-committee of non-commissioned officers and privates, controlled and superintended by a committee of officers. It has been wisely determined not to attempt anything in the way of religious instruction. The first object is to provide harmless recreation, and in all probability if the men felt that they were being entrapped into anything beyond that, the doors would stand open in vain. The less interference on the part of the officers the better, for the experiment can hardly hope to be successful unless the men feel them-

selves perfectly at their ease, and free from all surveillance.

"This idea of soldiers' clubs was one in which the late Lord Herbert took a great interest, and one of almost his latest acts was to appoint a committee of officers to inquire into the whole subject of the means of recreation provided for the soldier. Their report has just been made, and is highly favourable to these institutions, provided they be accompanied with due precautions for the maintenance of discipline. The committee circulated queries to 144 commanding officers and others, and the proposal appears to have met with very general approval from those primarily responsible for the discipline and good conduct of the men. At a few stations they have already been tried on a small scale, and the reports from them are most encouraging. Without exception, they appear to have improved the soldiers' habits and diminished crime; and in every case the men have shown themselves eager to profit by the comforts and advantages held out to them. At Gibraltar the effect of opening three small 'Homes' in different parts of the garrison is reported to have been the closing of several of the largest and most objectionable public-houses in the town, and at every station where even the smallest attempt has been made to keep the men out of mischief, it has to a great extent succeeded. It was but the other day that the depôt of the 83rd Regiment, 100 strong, marched into Chatham barracks, and when they were told that they could have a spare barrack-room for a reading-room if they

chose, every man of them, except three, put down his three-pence a week, and they have for it a little room, where a score of them at a time may read their papers, smoke their pipes, play at draughts, or write their letters in comparative ease and freedom. The committee, with characteristic caution—though the evidence is unanimous in their favour—decline to recommend to the War Department anything like a general and official sanction of this scheme for soldiers' clubs until they have been fairly tried at Chatham and at Aldershott, where they propose the Government shall establish one at once at their own cost. Certainly no better place could be chosen for the experiment than Chatham. The greater part of the garrison consists of young recruits, who are sent there to learn their drill before being draughted off to join their regiments in all parts of the world. They are peculiarly liable to temptation, and they are just the class of men whom it is of the most importance to save before they become confirmed *mauvais sujets*. Not to be more explicit, a walk through Chatham streets, and a reference to the medical statistics of the garrison, will indicate the magnitude of the evil to be dealt with, and the crying necessity for some counter attraction to these debasing influences. It is very possible that the Soldiers' Institute may not be able to cope with complete success against the panderers who dog his steps in every street; indeed, the committee give a very strong hint as to increasing the powers of the military police, but it will do much undoubtedly to destroy

their occupation. We have already said it owes its origin to private zeal, and the greater part of the cost will be borne by private subscription. The whole expense will amount to somewhere about £5,000.

"No plan has been submitted for the improvement of the soldier's condition which better deserves public support. The evils to be remedied are patent to anybody who will be at the trouble to look for them; and the men have in every case shown a remarkable readiness to avail themselves of every means of escaping from them. In an economical point of view, they have everything to recommend them. Military prisons and hospitals are costly affairs, and the evils which lead to crime and disease may clearly be traced, in a great degree, to the want of suitable physical and mental employment of the men when off duty. Every year since the introduction of the ten-year service system, a large body of men is being draughted into civil life, and it is of the greatest importance that these men, when they leave the military profession, should have acquired those qualities which will fit them to make useful members of civil society. Such institutions, by making men comfortable and contented, improved in morals, and increasing their tastes for rational and harmless amusements, must prevent desertion, and in time facilitate recruiting, and attract that higher class of recruits whom we have long been endeavouring, but in vain, to bring under our standards. Of the ultimate success of the Chatham Institute we entertain not the slightest

doubt, and we hope before long to see one on its model at full work at every station of the British army."

That neither the comfort, the health, nor the morality of the men is effectually promoted in the arrangements which so materially affect his daily life, is patent to all. Nothing can be more objectionable—as we have endeavoured to shew—than the construction and disposition of barracks all over the country: as for the family-barracks, on which we have already animadverted, enclosing within their narrow dimensions as many as four, and often not fewer than five families, among whom it is often impossible even to keep the peace—at night, partitions, if a wire curtain can be so styled, are hung between the allotted portions of the general space; but after a certain hour in the day, these must be withdrawn against the Colonel passes for inspection.

Bristol barracks, built about fourteen years ago, are perhaps as good a specimen as any, of the very objectionable mode in which matters are disposed. If English soldiers be discontented we can scarcely be surprised, neither can we wonder that these men, the majority of whom know no law but that of their passions, should occasionally—but unhappily too frequently—take their vengeance into their own hands, and wreak their sullen fury upon those who perhaps have—or who they fancy have—aggravated their position by the infliction of some petty tyranny.

We have in other portions of this work, declared

our conviction that the system of promoting men to higher military rank as a reward of merit,* and the possibility under that system, of their attaining the highest grades, exercises a most powerful and a most beneficial influence on the conduct and character of every individual composing an army; and this goes far to explain why the moral standard of the French is so much higher than that of the English soldier. It makes each man feel that he has within him all the germs of a future General, and that since circumstances may perchance combine to make him one, it behoves him to maintain unstained a character which may one day become

* In the Roman army, the men received encouragements of a still more solid kind. Dion informs us that the annual gratuities of Caracalla to the army, amounted to about two millions and a half of our money; but then we must remember that his maxim—worthy of a tyrant—was: "To secure the affections of the army, and to esteem the rest of his subjects as of little moment." In this even he seems to say—but the passage is obscure—that the prætorian guards received £40 a-year.

From Tacitus we learn, that under the reign of Augustus, their pay was at the rate of 2 drachmæ per day, 720 dr. per annum.

Gronovius states that Domitian increased the soldiers' pay one fourth, thus raising the prætorians to 960 drachmæ. But these successive augmentations ruined the empire; for with their pay, their numbers were increased. The prætorians at one time numbering 10,000 men, were afterwards 50,000!

The scale of rates for soldiers purchasing their discharge has been recently modified by the War Office regulations as follows:—"Above 5 and under 7 years' actual service, with one distinguishing mark; Europeans—cavalry, £25; infantry, £18; blacks, £11."

public, and to prepare for himself antecedents which can bear investigation without causing him a blush.*

It is needless to say more on this subject here; and we therefore only add, that it is vain to expect to improve the tone of the men by educational attempts, while primary means, and such as are far more likely to tell upon them, are disregarded.

Chaplains, no less than schoolmasters, may have been appointed, and attendance at public worship may have been made a matter of obligation, from which there is no escape for any man, of whatever denomination; but, just as with the schools, notwithstanding the expense incurred, there is some mismanagement which renders it nugatory; for it has been clearly and unmistakably ascertained that *no* improvement has taken place in the moral tone of the men since these gentlemen took their posts.

We do not pretend to explain this and other anomalies, for it is undeniable that much has been attempted by the authorities, but we are bound to state facts; and we therefore affirm, that at the same time much has *not* been done by the *practical in-*

* The Emperor's new idea—which we have detailed, and the happy results of which we have narrated in another Chapter—of engaging the men in agricultural pursuits, allotting them little patches of ground, so that they may occupy their leisure in the cultivation of vegetables, and even flowers, has evoked a spirit of emulation in England, and a new decree has just been passed, in consequence, at Walmer, where it appears a plot of land has been accorded to each married soldier for cultivation. We can only hope the measure will be followed by corresponding success, and by a far more extended application.

struction of example. Who can say what might be the result, if the men had always before their eyes a high standard of *principle* (as well as of acquirements), which surely should be found in the conduct of their officers, especially those of a superior grade. "This result," observes a military writer of the day, "can never be attained while officers high in command commit the grossest excesses, and escape all punishment."

We might confirm this by the personal testimony of eye-witnesses to the fact, tending to shew that the intimation is no random shot; and were it not that we are restrained by a feeling of delicacy from mentioning names, we could soon give convincing proofs of our assertion.

It will doubtless be difficult to believe that English officers, who, as a class, bear a character for gentlemanly demeanour and good-breeding, can habitually forget themselves to any extent; nevertheless the fact —as regards individuals — is so notorious it is scarcely permissible to be ignorant of it. The practical jokes played by certain of these worthies have passed into a by-word and a reproach; and unhappily, fatal as this may be to the dignity of their position, and the utility of their example, it is by no means the worst that can be said of them.

It is not very long since an officer high in command in one of our camps, was guilty of a gross outrage on morality, and of giving no small scandal by the shameless publicity with which he paraded it. It so happened that one of the Protestant chaplains

returning from town by rail, fell in with the officer in question, also going back to his quarters, accompanied by a fashionably-dressed lady of fascinating manners, and considerable personal attractions; the journey passed pleasantly enough; for, with the gallant Colonel, and his charming companion, his Reverence enjoyed a most lively chat, and all went well enough thus far: but the best fun must draw to an end; and now came the "*quart d'heure de Rabelais.*"

Arrived at their destination, they entered their respective carriages to drive home from the station. As the clergyman was getting into his vehicle he was met by an acquaintance, who, after a casual remark about the weather and other generalities, observed with a sly smile and a knowing wink, as the other conveyance dashed past them—"I suppose you know who you came down with just now?"

"Yes, certainly," replied the Rev. gentleman, with characteristic simplicity; "of course I do. It was our Colonel—the Hon. Col. ——."

"Yes, yes," said his friend, broadening his smile into a grin—"I meant the *lady.*"

"What!" almost screamed the parson . . . "You don't mean . . . Eh? . . . Wasn't she his wife? . . . or his sister?"

"Ha! ha! ha!—that's a good joke. Why, you know better than that; you don't mean to tell me you didn't recognise Madame ——, the actress?"

"Actress! . . . . Madame ——!! And do you suppose that I should imagine Colonel —— could

be travelling *openly* with a person of notorious character; and that if I *had* imagined it, I should have entered into conversation with that female, or with him either, for the matter of that? But as you seem so sure that she *is* that wretched woman, I must demand an immediate explanation; ay, and an apology into the bargain. Drive on, coachman, and stop at the Colonel's quarters."

At the Colonel's residence, then, the carriage drew up. That gentleman had just alighted, and with his "wife," or "sister," had entered; but the door was still open, so out jumped the misused parson, and in he rushed.

"Colonel ——," said he, breathlessly, "a word with you alone;" and he walked into the first empty room, the Colonel following, and shut the door. "I am come," he began, "to inform you that I have just, by the merest accident, discovered the insulting and infamous hoax you have passed off upon me. I am forbidden, by my position, from demanding that satisfaction you would be obliged to accord to any other gentleman; but I need not tell you that I consider you have perpetrated an outrage upon my cloth, and, moreover, an outrage on public decency, and I consider it belongs to my duty and my office to ask you, how you—a man in authority—can dare to set so disgraceful an example to your subalterns? I further require, that you make the very inadequate reparation of sending back that lady *immediately* to town."

This was neither a very temperate, nor a very

politic, nor, perhaps, a very wise, mode of treating the matter; and the answer was, of course, to the effect that "Mr. ——'s sermons were bad enough in the pulpit, but they were intolerable anywhere else; that an Englishman's house was his castle; and that, not only should the master of it please himself as to the company he entertained there, but that it would be particularly agreeable to him if the uninvited guest would retire, and cease to molest him, either with his observations or his presence."

The pastor's ire was not much allayed by this reply, and without waiting to be told twice, he retreated, vowing that since his "advice" was thus rejected, the matter should be reported to headquarters, and his rebellious *ouaille* should be *compelled* to adopt it by a different process.

The affronted dignitary was as good as his word, and had the satisfaction of seeing the "Honourable" Colonel pulled up, in military style, the very next day. We forbear relating a pendant to this story, occurring some two years since, and well known in military circles; and we withhold particulars of other cases, some of which have, while some have not, already appeared before the public. Those who remember them, will not have forgotten the various disgraceful disclosures they betray; those who do not, will respect the delicacy which alone restrains us from bringing renewed shame on the honourable families from which these degenerate scions sprung.

Of the medical officers we might say as much, for instances abound in which their conduct has fallen

far short of what we have a right to expect of men in their position.

It is therefore much to be desired that a more elevating example from their superiors should accompany the material advantages provided for the men, among whom we should not only have hoped, but expected to see promoted, healthful employments, and harmless, if not improving occupations.

Instructive reading, of course, is a desirable pursuit; but we must not forget that in order to gain from it all the benefit it can confer, the soldier must be inspired with feelings enabling him to appreciate the privileges of intellectual entertainment, and his mind must therefore be first elevated, at least to a certain extent.

Of the French soldiers, some are necessarily very ignorant, and doubtless there are many in that vast army who cannot "tell a black letter;" but to those who have been instructed, reading is felt to be a great boon, and its practical utility in leading them to search for further knowledge, and in drawing them away from bad company and evil courses, is manifest.

It does not, however, follow, that because the French soldier enjoys, and is improved by the use of a library, the English soldier must needs follow in the wake, and be equally benefited by it: we have endeavoured to point out that the soldier and the "soldat" are made of different stuff; they are different by their birth, by their associations, by their habits of life, and therefore by their tastes and pro-

pensities; and besides this, we must remember, that though England is not deficient in her educational institutions for the lower classes, she does not possess that peculiar and excellent association which overspreads France, founded some hundred and fifty years since, and known as the Frères des Ecoles Chrétiennes. These are served by a body of men peculiarly suited for the arduous and responsible duties they undertake, for it requires no small amount of tact to hit the *juste milieu* of education, and to steer equally clear of either dangerous extreme.

We recall here an anecdote of Napoleon I., which is valuable as giving his practical opinion of their utility. He was one day, during the Cent Jours, remarking to his uncle, Cardinal Faesch, the moral deterioration of the army; and claimed his advice in remedying it. "Sire," replied the Cardinal, "pour cela, il ne faut qu'un trait de votre plume." The Emperor looked puzzled: "Rappelez les Frères, Sire, et tout sera dit."—"Vous avez raison," said the Emperor; "qu'on les rétablisse sur le champ." These are the men who would make incomparable librarians in the soldiers' reading-rooms, and we doubt whether the reading-rooms are of much use without them."

They are described to the very life—indeed the portrait might be called a photograph—with the most naïf unconsciousness, by a sound, practical, English military writer, who, in a paper on the subject of soldiers' libraries, proves himself worthy to give advice in a matter so important. He sees exactly what is want-

ing, and states his mind with judgment and candour; but his theory is unhappily on a par with that of the philanthropists who would make Sisters of Charity under the Protestant system.

"The librarians wanted," says he, "to render the system perfect, must be men of zeal and intelligence; men of patience and earnestness of purpose; men acquainted with the habits and principles of their kind—their tendencies, dispositions, and capacities; men of winning manners, who know how to encourage the willing and coax the reluctant. *Give them good pay*"—(here is the only difference, and here the only doubt—*will* men be found to do all this as it should be done for money?)—"that they may not be ambitious of change, or feel their office one of thanklessness"—(so little is the idea of self-devotion or sacrifice understood out of the Catholic religion; a Protestant of this class would laugh at the bare notion of working for others, and not being paid for it in money)—"*then* shall you reap a bountiful recompense; *then* shall you have an educated army, and an educated army is a strong army."

Our attention has just been called to a circumstance of recent occurrence connected with this subject, and of so astounding a nature as to appear hardly credible. We learn that the mechanical system has broken out a-fresh, and that the screw has been applied with a degree of tyranny as unnecessary as impolitic; that the harmless—indeed, refining—propensities of the soldier are discouraged and crushed by a vexatious and unfeeling

order, by which we can only infer that the authorities are so totally unfit for their position as not to see that they are driving the men into a search after vicious pleasures by depriving them of the very means they should themselves seek to promote, in order to wean them therefrom. Why, in France, soldiers are actually *rewarded* for employing their leisure in the pursuit of any ingenious or useful occupation: a tree, a flower-border, or a carved toy as we have shown, obtains not only the approbation of their superior officers, but a holiday, or a day's pay. Our men may not, perhaps, have directed their attention exactly to the same objects, but they are inclined to take a step in the right direction; and if they have not originality enough to start similar ideas, at least they show a tendency towards it in being able to amuse themselves without disgrace, and if not thus unwisely and cruelly discouraged, might in time arrive at the freedom of thought, inspired by the freedom of action, that is allowed to our neighbours; but we will quote the passage as it stands, to show how unlikely we are to obtain so desirable a result under our present régime.

"Some six weeks ago," says the "Friend of India," "every European regiment in the country was irritated by the publication of a general order, directing the removal of pictures from the walls of barrack-rooms, prohibiting the use of 'private lights,' and ordering all pet animals to be put forth from barrack precincts. The order seems to have been carried out in most stations with

the heartlessness which dictated its publication. In one division the erections made by soldiers for the accommodation of their pets, were destroyed; in another, the animals were driven forth from the Sudder Bazaar, in which they had taken refuge. Not a few officers, having a better judgment and kindlier hearts than their superiors, opened their out-houses and compounds for the reception of the unoffending dogs and birds. Every surgeon protested that there was no medical necessity for an order of so sweeping a character. The men, deprived of the chief of their too few enjoyments, and seeing all their pleasant things laid waste, were outraged, and in more than one regiment a feeling of discontent, approaching positive insubordination, was manifested. For two months the order had been working its evil results unknown to the supreme government, and only a few days ago the Commander-in-Chief issued instructions to countermand it:—

"'A departmental circular was lately issued from Simla, without the knowledge of the Commander-in-Chief, respecting what are called soldiers' pets.

"'Sir Hugh Rose, whether in Bombay or Bengal, has seen with pleasure these pets; because they are a source of harmless amusement to the soldiers, and impart to their barrack-rooms the associations of home. Barracks can be in excellent order, and none the worse, because the soldiers keep a few birds, or a company its dog. His Excellency directs that soldiers may continue to keep their pets, provided this indulgence be kept within proper bounds.'

"It now seems that not only was an order of a

character so important to the private soldier issued without Sir Hugh Rose's knowledge, but it was entirely contrary to his wishes. Yet it is 'trifles' like this which often shake empires. Lord Canning treated the demand of the local army for bounty as a trifle, to be decided on the grounds of a quibbling legality, and that army was driven into active insubordination; its rights were after all conceded at the expense of two millions to the state, yet the army itself was extinguished. An obnoxious order, in every respect opposed to the wishes of both the civil and military supreme authorities, can be issued by a 'department,'—the Quarter-Master General's department, we believe—and these authorities can remain in ignorance of it for two months till it becomes formidable from its effects. What a commentary is this on our military administration."

In the garden of the Hôtel des Invalides, one of the sights which every Englishman in Paris conventionally visits, is one small portion which, though overlooked by the casual observer, yet suggests to the reflecting a significant phase of the character of the French soldier, for it is peculiarly indicative of the simplicity of his tastes, and exhibits what may almost be termed the "ruling passion strong in death."

On the south side of the hospital is a row of small patches of ground oblong in form, the dimensions of which do not exceed seven feet by four, separated from each other by a light paling or trellis-work, or in some cases a quickset hedge. These little par-

cels of ground are severally allotted to such of the Invalides as have the desire to possess, and the taste to cultivate, a minute "*propriété*." It is most interesting to wander along the broad path which skirts these little domains, and to observe the various features by which each, without exception, is distinguished.

Some manifest a fertility of imagination, and a neatness of execution, truly wonderful; and there is an originality about every one of them which is most suggestive. Most of them have contrived a little arbour or summer-house in one corner, and here the visitor may occasionally see its aged proprietor reposing, with all the calmness of one who feels he has done his duty, and has now acquired a right to rest his crippled limbs, and eat his country's bread. Sometimes they enliven their leisure by reading, sometimes by smoking the while. In one of these tiny gardens we find represented, in miniature, the rock of St. Helena, with a small chalk figure of the Imperial prisoner gazing pensively into the sea, here represented by a small pool of real water, surrounding the island. This is ingeniously supplied by the *Invalide* architect, from a little tank in the summer-house roof which covers his garden, and it flows in gracefully through a minute grotto erected at a short distance from the rock. Some have shown great genius and imagination in the laying out of their little "terre," which is intersected by paths and planted with tiny trees. Others have contented

themselves with cutting out fantastic flower borders, or with planting miniature shrubs. One has cultivated a vine, another a hop plant, and the leaves are trained to creep over the trellis and to mask it by their luxuriance. There are many which are really worth inspecting, and we regret that space will not permit us to describe more of their peculiarities.

Among the modifications contemplated by the Emperor in the military organization of France, is one inspired by the constant agglomeration of people in the great manufacturing centres. The most recent statistics show, that, of the soldiers discharged every year from the service, scarcely one half return to their homes: those drawn from the hilly districts are an exception. These children of the mountains never forget their early associations, and even when their hearths are broken up, and their family ties are dissolved by death, or their relatives dispersed by the vicissitudes of life, they still cling with affectionate tenacity to the homes which cradled their infant years, and their fondest hope throughout the period of their wanderings, is one day to realize the longed-for *Heimkehr* to their loved father-land.

As for those who do not share the romantic aspirations of their more tender-hearted comrades (and who, when their seven years' absence has severed their early attachments, and has given them new pursuits, establish themselves in the provincial towns), they are found to contribute to the evil of weakening the agricultural force of the country, and of causing an increase in the price of provisions.

In instituting, therefore, the cultivation of gardens by the soldiers—at the camp of Châlons, as we have elsewhere explained, and appointing prizes to encourage the men to industry, and to give them an interest in their labour, the Emperor has two objects in view—to make agriculturists of those who before were merely peasants, and to remedy a state of things which till now has been a great hindrance to the moral improvement of the labouring classes from which they are chiefly taken; *i. e.*, by giving the men an occupation and a pursuit in life, in order that they may find themselves, at the end of their period of service, skilled in a useful profession instead of, as hitherto, serving a seven years' apprenticeship to habits of idleness, upon the practice of which they enter at a time of life when few men are disposed to seek or receive instruction, and to make a fresh start.

Amusement the soldier must and will have, and if it be not provided for him he will find it for himself. Unhappily in England his own resources are limited, and he naturally has recourse to those which present themselves, most palpably. His animal tendencies have never been disciplined, and to them he yields, so that it is no wonder they soon get the mastery over him. It is with his superiors that the responsibility rests, and on those who have his welfare at heart it devolves to render his amusements elevating. This is to be done; for it has been done, and *is* done still. Literature, science, and religion may be rendered inte-

resting; lectures may be made enticing, and prayer-meetings attractive; so attractive, that he will prefer attending them to figuring at the dance, and will pass by the illuminated "Bal," where, under the trees, his companions are waiting for him, and the merry music catches his ear, and perhaps for a moment arrests his steps, and the tempting "billiard," at which he is so skilful, and the other games he loves are remembered, but it is only a passing recollection; he will hasten on to the old church, whose lighted windows tell him the altar is prepared, where he knows he shall find the Lord in his tabernacle, and where the venerable Curé will address him in language which touches his heart and fosters all his better feelings.

We allow that, considering what human, and especially what military, nature is, this statement may appear exaggerated, but we solemnly assure our readers it is not; we have witnessed it ourselves, among the soldiers of the camp and those of the garrison, those of the provinces and those of the Capital—the great, busy, frivolous, worldly, wicked, infidel Capital of France; in short, wherever the Œuvre has been planted. The hold it has on them is unaccountably powerful; once make a soldier join the Œuvre, and he is safe. We know the effect of habit and association, and the voice of the majority, for good or for bad, upon us all; and if a man gets into the right groove, half the battle is won. We have been told by *Aumôniers* in garrison-towns in France, that a soldier newly arrived in

the place will come to them as a preliminary step, and ask whether the Œuvre has an affiliation there, with a view to enrolling himself in the local branch.

It is satisfactory, when inquiring about religion in the French army, to learn that there is, on the whole, more practical piety among the older than among the younger men; unless, indeed, it be those who, fresh from their village-home, from the impressions of their first communion, and the simple, unsophisticated converse of the paternal fireside, have not yet forgotten their early training, whether in the cottage or the *presbytère*. Their rustic simplicity, and ignorance of the world, protects them for a time—alas! that it should be so short—from the snares that await them, but few maintain this happy state of mind, though it is consoling to think many revert to it. For the most part, they cannot resist the sneers and jeers of their comrades, and yield for a time to the fascination of evil example; before long, their faith grows weak, they do not like to be singular, they follow the advice, and walk in the steps of those who promise them most enjoyment, and fall into bad company and bad habits, in which unhappily they often continue; but the majority experience a period of reaction, they get beyond the false shame of their youth, and no longer care for the scoffings and jibes which once kept them in awe; on the contrary, they soon discover it is more manly to have an opinion of their own, and they pique themselves on maintaining it; they join other companions who

have already had the courage to choose their own course, whose society they now find preferable; or, may be, they are taken up by the Œuvre, and they begin to assert their own independence, and to grant to others that liberty of action which they demanded for themselves. They are no longer ashamed to be seen saying their prayers, reciting the rosary, or attending public worship, and they find that in the end they are not less respected even by those comrades who do not agree with them; indeed often they succeed in bringing round to a better way of life those who have tried to corrupt them.

There is no doubt that much is done by example, and that the younger are more likely to esteem and follow their religious duties, if they see them pursued by men whom they have reason to respect for their high moral character and their more advanced age; another powerful motive is found in the remembrance of early associations, the traditional respectability of ancestors and family—the unsullied name left behind in the village-home, to be resumed with honour when the period of service is over—a *fiancée* to whom the betrothed soldier continues faithful, and his union with whom depends on the character he carries back with him; and above all, the remembrance of the mother who taught him to lisp his first prayers, and whose only hope on earth is concentrated in him. This, the French soldier knows, and this he feels; his desire to return once more to his *pays*—his courage in action—his aspirations after promotion—his anxiety to maintain his good name,

all are founded and built on the strong and lasting affection he entertains for his mother. If he can scrape together a little sum from his savings, it is to send to her; or if she be not so very poor, he lays it by to purchase a *foulard* or some other little gift for her. If he can write, it is to his mother his letters are addressed; if he meet any one going towards his "village," it is to his mother he sends a hundred fond messages. This holy affection, so sacred in the eyes of the French soldier, seems to sanctify his life and to interpose its protection, as the wing of a guardian angel, between him and temptation; it is his parting consolation on the threshold of home, his safeguard in life; and if he be slain on the field, it is his watchword in death.

"Tell my mother I died with the blessed Sacrament on my lips, and her memory in my heart," said a young soldier to the priest who knelt by him to receive his last breath, and he placed a small bag in his hand. "*Pour elle,*" he faintly gasped, with a beseeching look which said more eloquently than the words he could no longer utter—"I die in the belief that you will give it her, for there is that in it will console her;" and truly it was a suggestive souvenir. He was gone! but the little simple relic of endearing love was there, valueless in itself, but the more touching from its intrinsic worthlessness. The priest, still kneeling beside the corpse, examined his trust, and an unbidden tear fell upon a roughly made rosary, the keepsake his mother had given her soldier-boy, with her parting blessing, entreating that

he would use it daily; and now she would know that, faithful to his promise, it had never left him but with life itself, and then only to return to her, and bring with it its silent but speaking message.

"One day, in the course of the African campaign," says one of the *Aumôniers*, "after a desperate encounter with the Kabyls, a young sergeant of Chasseurs was brought in, mortally wounded.

"'Ah! mon Père,' said he, as I did my best to console him, 'death does not alarm me; I have just been reconciled to God; I hope in His mercy; but my mother! . . . . what will she do?'—and his voice dropped, and a tear fell from his eye, for he was praying for his mother. 'Whilst I was in the service,' continued he, recovering his composure, 'by strict economy, and privations which were a pleasure to me, I was able now and then to send a small coin to my aged mother . . . . When I am no longer there, she must die of misery and sorrow.'

"I encouraged him to pray for her; he began to recite the Pater, which he had learned when an infant at her knee, and died with the words 'Donnez-*lui* son pain de chaque jour,' upon his lips."

— "Must I have my arm amputated?" said a soldier whose fractured limb the surgeons were gravely examining. "I am ready to suffer anything; but if it is humanly possible, spare me my arm. It is not for myself that I ask it, but for my mother; how shall I work for her, if I go back maimed?" As he said this, his voice assumed a tone of such profound

despair that the surgeon was disarmed. He gave the patient into the hands of a skilful colleague, and retired, overcome, into the next tent. "He asked it in the name of his mother," said he, "and at that prayer my heart failed me."

Towards the close of the month of December, 1819, a young soldier of the line, whose face was stamped with that expression of good-nature and honesty which always produce a favourable impression, presented himself at the military post office in the Corso at Rome to purchase a modest order of the value of five francs.

"To whom do you wish to address this small amount?" inquired M. Lambellin—an excellent man, who fulfilled at that time the double functions of postmaster and paymaster.

"To my aged mother," answered the young man.

"For her new year's gift, I suppose?"

"You are right, Mr. Paymaster."

"Well done, comrade; the Christmas gifts of filial piety bring good luck, not only to those who receive, but to those who bestow them. What is your name?"

"Bois."

"Of what regiment?"

"Twenty-fifth light troops, fifth of the second."

"What province do you come from?"

"From the *Département du Cher*."

"Where does your mother live?"

"Near d'Aubigny."

"Your name is not unknown to me; for, if I am not mistaken, this is not the first time you have brought me small sums, the fruits of your economy, to transmit."

"Small they are, *Monsieur le Payeur*," answered the youth, with a sigh; "it takes a long time for a poor soldier to scrape together a five franc-piece out of his pay of five centimes a-day."

"That sum seems to me totally beyond the reach of one whose means are so insignificant."

"Nothing more true: and yet it can be done, since I have already been fortunate enough to send to my poor mother a sum of seventy francs."

"Seventy francs! In what space of time?"

"In the two years during which I have had the honour of serving my country."

"Your reckoning appears to me faulty; for a *sou* laid by every day cannot produce, at the end of two years, more than thirty-six francs, fifty centimes. Where did the balance come from? and how do you contrive to lay by sums, which exceed the amount of your pay?"

"That is very simple, *M. le Payeur*; I have done, what I still continue to do, whenever I can. During the day I mount guard, or fulfil the fatigue-duty of such of my comrades as are richer than I; in the evening I mend their trowsers, their shirts, or their gaiters."

"In this way you accumulate the savings out of your pay, and add them to your gains for tailoring?"

"This work brings me in so many centimes each

day, which I carefully lay by, until I can exchange them for a silver piece, which in time increases to the amount I have now collected."

"You never go to the *cabaret*, I suppose?"

"Never."

"Perhaps you do not care for wine, or jovial company?"

"I care more for my mother."

"Still, there are allowable relaxations; and a soldier needs such amusements, as much as any other man who leads a laborious life."

"Indeed, I often allow myself a treat."

"And where do you take it?"

"That depends on circumstances; sometimes at St. Louis (the parish-church of the French in Rome), where excellent priests relate to us all sorts of interesting details about the country we occupy. Sometimes at the Trinità del Monte, where the good nuns teach us to sing canticles, which recall to us our village-mass. Another day, to the Catacombs, the Coliseum, or the Forum, where a Bishop, who calls us his children, narrates to us tales of heroism. It appears, *M. le Payeur*, that the Romans were famous *troupiers*, almost as brave as our French of the olden time. . . . These diversions, you see, *M. le Payeur*, are well worth the pleasures of the *cabaret*."

"Well done, comrade! your conduct is worthy of all praise."

"Praise to a man who does his duty! you are

joking; but . . . *sans vous commander,** *M. le Payeur,* will you allow me to retire, as my duty recalls me to the *quartier*. *Adieu, Monsieur.*"

"*Au revoir,* comrade."

Whilst this conversation was taking place at the Military Post-office, the habitués of the *table-d'hôte* of the Minerva Hotel were beginning to speculate upon the cause of the non-arrival of the paymaster, almost proverbial for his punctuality.

"Lambellin is plaguily *lambin*† this morning," said the Colonel, drily, while the other officers laughed at the observation, evidently not being of Cowley's opinion, that there is no wit where

> . . | "Like words make up one noise,
> Jests for Dutch men and English boys."

"No doubt he has been detained to unpack a waggonload of French *baïocchi*," answered Robin.

"Lambellin's strong-box is the Pactolus of the army," added Lacauchie.

"That was a river *worth* dragging," chimed in another Colonel.

Thus the conversation went on, and was becoming animated, when the door opened, and Lambellin walked in; his arrival was hailed by a round of plaudits.

"What news—what news, and why so late?" called out a majority of voices.

* This is a comprehensive phrase with the French soldier, who uses it to express every thing that is polite to a superior.

† Dawdling.

"I will tell you all about it, if you care to know, at dessert; it will give a relish to your coffee."

The dessert came, and with it Lambellin's story, which was, in fact, no other than the history of Bois, which he related much in the words in which we have read it above.

"The conduct of this soldier is in every way commendable," remarked a staff-officer; "I will obtain information as to the antecedents of Bois, since he has been in the service, and if they correspond with the good opinion that we entertain of him, we will come to his assistance by doing something for his old mother." The suggestion was received with enthusiasm; for, like honour, generosity is a conventional virtue among French soldiers.

As he had promised, the officer sought and obtained, on the self-same day, all the indications that could be procured relative to Bois; they were unexceptionable: the conduct of the young man was worthy of all praise; since he had been in the regiment he had not deserved a single punishment, and he had drawn attention to himself during the operations of a siege, by his courage and intrepidity. No less dutiful as a son than brave as a soldier, he even deprived himself of the luxury of his pipe, the favourite indulgence of the trooper, in order the sooner to raise the modest five-franc piece that he was in the habit of sending to his mother whenever his hundredth *sou* completed the filial gift.

Such sentiments certainly deserved more substan-

tial encouragement than mere praise, and accordingly, a few days afterwards, an agreeable surprise was prepared for him.

"I was deputed by my comrades," says the narrator of the story, "to invite this excellent fellow to dinner at the Hotel Minerva, but I was not to mention the number or the rank of the guests he was to meet. Now, the Minerva Hotel, as is well known, receives at its table all the élite of the French army, and I therefore leave you to imagine what were the surprise and embarrassment of the poor fellow—a simple soldier of the '*centre*'—when he found himself seated at a table splendidly laid, and glittering with plate and glass, surrounded by staff-officers, in great numbers and in full uniform. His first impulse was to withdraw; but the benevolent voice of his Colonel retained him, and he stood as if nailed to the spot. I sat next him.

"'I wish I could escape,' said he to me in a whisper, as he twisted his hands in his napkin, which he did not know how to use.

"'Stay, stay, friend,' said I, 'I will take care that you make a dinner fit for a prince.'

"'I should prefer the *boustifaille* of my comrades, I can tell you.'

"'You won't say that, when we get to dessert.'

"'Dessert! what may that be?'

"'All in good time: meanwhile taste that wine.'

"Bois passed the back of his hand across his moustache, and swallowed the dose at one gulp, then he passed his hand back the contrary way,

again observing: 'That may be very good wine, I daresay, but I prefer the vintage of my 'pays.'

"'Stay a bit; you will have something better presently.'

"Bois ate and drank with great moderation, hardly daring to lift his eyes off his plate. Encouraged, however, by the benevolent looks and the unanimous congratulations of the officers, he ended by plucking up a little more assurance, and was beginning to assent to a general remark that the *chef* of the *cuisine* must be a real *Cordon Bleu*, and that the dishes were certainly superior to those of the canteen, when a servant entering, handed me a box bearing his address—'M. Bois, Chasseur in the 25th Light Infantry.' I instantly handed it to him; he begged me to open it. It contained a pair of *red worsted epaulettes*, a small card-board box, carefully sealed, and a letter likewise directed to Bois; this he handed to me without reading it, for very good reasons, begging me to acquaint him with the contents. It was thus worded:—'Every good action ought to have its reward: you have been a good son and a good soldier. The epaulettes you have earned by your good conduct in the regiment, the purse is for your mother.' This purse contained the sum of 100 francs.

"It was not a large sum in itself, but it was a fortune for one who in the course of two years, and only by dint of the most generous sacrifices, could scarcely succeed in realizing, *sou* by *sou*, sixty or seventy francs.

106875

"The joy which filled the heart of the young soldier can be better understood than described. The name of God and that of his mother were mingled on his lips, tremulous with emotion, as he tried to give expression to the gratitude which was overflowing in his heart.

"He could not contain himself, and as he poured forth his thanks to heaven, again and again, he continued to exclaim—'My poor dear mother will now have wood for the winter to thaw her frozen limbs; she is sure of a living all the year round, and may allow herself something better than the stale, black bread she has as yet been able to afford. Thank God, thank God;' and the five-franc pieces danced about in his hands like fish in the meshes of a net, and his eyes, filled with tears, turned upon us all. 'And you,' said he, 'my generous benefactors! How good you are; for it is you whom God has made the means of placing my mother above want for the remainder of her days.'

"At this moment, the brave Colonel Devaux, raising his glass full of champagne, cried out, 'Gentlemen, I propose to you a toast! let us drink to the health of the worthy woman who brought into the world a model of filial piety—A la mère Bois, Messieurs!'

"'Bravo! Colonel,' answered all present with one voice, and the brimming glasses were emptied, to be charged again, in order to do honour to a second toast—the health of the son and the mother. . . . Notwithstanding the flattering attentions of which he was

the object, and the encouragement given him by his amphitryons, Bois drank, as he had eaten, with nice discretion. His lips alone, touched the edge of the cup.

"'How now, my brave fellow! are you afraid of a glass of wine?' said the medical officer of the regiment, an excellent man, who died a victim to the zeal with which he pursued his calling.

"'I like it best at a distance; and besides, I am too happy to care for wine just now.'

"'Come, you must not refuse to drink to the health of your mother.'

"'That I cannot refuse . . . but that is enough, though really this *piquette** is the best I ever tasted; but it might entice me to drink too much, and I have no inclination to-day to risk making acquaintance with the interior of the *Salle de Police*.'

"'Happiness may inebriate,' answered the Colonel, 'but it does not intoxicate . . . And now, gentlemen, before we separate, let us drink one more bumper to our mother country, France! Republican at this moment, she is not the less what she always has been, and always will be — the Queen of nations!'

"With this, all rose from the table, and Bois, who wanted to be alone, regained his quarters, that he might take measures to send the present to his mother. The other personages of the scene we have just described, retired to the billiard-room of the

* A very thin, common sort of wine, answering to our smallest small beer.

Café Français, to enjoy their game, and each one might have been justified in saying with Titus—"I HAVE GAINED A DAY!"

During our visit to the camp of Châlons, and while exploring the tents, within the one we happened to enter, we observed a rough-looking rosary hanging from the solitary shelf which serves for the united belongings of the eight poor fellows who dwell therein. Of course we made no remark upon it, and entered into conversation with an intelligent, spirited youth, who did the honours of his domicile with real grace and politeness. He had already attained his *galons de caporal*, wore a Crimean medal, was full of enthusiasm for the glory of his profession, and thirsting for promotion. He related to us the tale of his disappointment when, on eagerly offering his services to go out to Syria, he had not been accepted; but so numerous were those who volunteered to start on the expedition, that only one tenth of them could be received. He said he did not care whither he was sent, and that he would have gone with equal satisfaction to Algeria. His great desire was to travel, to see foreign lands; and his ambition, to distinguish himself, and thus to console his mother for her grief that he should be a soldier. His eyes sparkled as he spoke, and he seemed full of courage and enterprise. While conversing with him, another soldier had entered the tent, and thinking perhaps it was a good opportunity to show off, took hold of the rosary we had before observed, and which he also had espied, and twirling it about with a laugh, ex-

claimed—"Voyez donc, on s'avise de faire de la piété par ici! à qui ce jouet?" We had turned round at this exclamation, but before there was time to conjecture what would follow, were not less pleased than surprised to hear the young soldier who had been interesting us by his remarks, reply with perfect calmness, and in the most natural tone imaginable: "Tu peux le laisser là, il est à moi, camarade: c'est le chapelet de ma mère." Not a word was offered in reply; the other, who had hoped to bully the owner of the "jouet," was silent and crest-fallen in an instant, and we rejoiced to have witnessed this simple but noble avowal, which, though some may regard as trifling, has its importance, as indicative of the spirit influencing the French soldier.

We have spoken elsewhere of the religious feeling which distinguishes the Franco-Belgian troops in Italy; to give an idea of what is expected of them, and of the high tone maintained among them by the discipline of their chiefs, we may mention that in one of the reports of the order of the day, occurs the following minute:—

"N. N. was punished for having used improper language."

On another occasion this notice was exhibited:—"The Commander is pleased with the gaiety and good-humour which animates the battalion, but he strictly interdicts all conversations, or songs, contrary to morality or religion."

A young volunteer, taken with a fever, was recently at the point of death. His resignation and

piety excited the admiration of the comrades who surrounded his sick-bed, and they could not check the emotion with which they whispered to each other—"He is a saint." A young Belgian priest, who had temporarily assumed the functions of army chaplain, was in constant attendance upon him, consoling him with all the ardour of apostolic zeal. He declared he had never witnessed anything more edifying than the pious sentiments of this noble Breton soldier—the young Marquis de Girez.

A letter dated Osimo, and written in the beginning of November last, contains some interesting and edifying details of the sufferings of those whom we may fairly call the martyrs of the Franco-Belgian army.

"The death-beds of many of these heroes," says the writer, "have been models of sacrifice offered with ready cheerfulness and incredible composure." Having bidden adieu in earnest to their homes, their families, their domestic joys, fortune, hopes, and country, they seemed, while expiring on a foreign shore, to see the gates of heaven opening to receive them into an eternal and glorious home, which should compensate them for all they had so generously abandoned.

One day in the month of June last, a procession of the Blessed Sacrament was defiling from the parish of Ainay, along the Rue de la Reine: two Voltigeurs of the 75th of the line, who happened to be amongst those assembled to admire the pomp and

splendour of that imposing ceremony, got into a scuffle just as the daïs approached.

One of them, who had uncovered and held his head reverently bowed, said to the other, whose unbecoming attitude was a subject for scandal among all the faithful present:

"Off with your kepi, you simpleton!" and suiting the action to the word, the kepi fell to the ground by a sudden and invisible impulse. The party attacked was not best pleased at the treatment, but perceiving himself in the minority, looked foolish and found no reply. "I am no bigot," continued the other, "but when the Blessed Sacrament passes I have never omitted to uncover my head, and place myself in a respectful attitude."

Last spring, when the conscription was making its selections in Dauphiné, a conscript approached the urn, and before plunging his hand into its mysterious contents, was observed to make the sign of the cross. An ill-suppressed titter was heard from several of the bystanders, but was at once repressed by the *Sous-préfet,* who took advantage of the occasion to tell the young men around him that he saw nothing calculated to elicit a smile of contempt in the circumstance of a man's having recourse to prayer, in one of the most important events of his life.

The Mayor expressed his concurrence in the observations of the *Sous-préfet,* who presided at the meeting, and both, on verifying the number, congratulated the youth on the reward of his faith and piety. He had drawn the penultimate number!

The *Sapeurs-Pompiers* of the commune of Anneyron (Drôme) gave, last autumn, a noble example of paternal sympathy to their companions in arms, and also to the agricultural class to which so many of the soldiers of France belong.

A poor farmer named Louis Pilhon, disabled by an accident from cutting or getting in his harvest, was, with his young family, in great distress and anxiety; the weather was favourable, and all his neighbours were eagerly taking advantage of it. The Brigade of the *Sapeurs-pompiers*, to which Pilhon had once belonged, heard of his melancholy situation; they at once resolved what to do. It was the month of July, and they agreed to meet on the very first Sunday, upon the Grande Place at Anneyron. The *rappel* was beaten on that day at three in the morning, and half-an-hour after, the band might be seen marching away to the beating of the drums and shrill tones of clarions. About forty men joined their Captain, who marched at their head, and each bore on his shoulder an implement of labour, scythe, rake, or sickle. At eight o'clock the corn was cut, the sheaves were bound, the whole was executed in throughly husbandman-like manner, with all the care and attention of an accomplished agriculturist, over an extent of about a hectare (two acres) of ground. The work accomplished, the *Sapeurs* returned in the same order, well pleased with their exploit: one might have thought they had been brothers who had been rendering a service to a brother.

"A striking instance of charity and disinterested-

ness on the part of a body of the military has just occurred," says a late number of the *Moniteur*. "The Brigade of Gendarmerie quartered at Sévres having given proof of singular alacrity and indefatigable exertion on the occasion of the inundation which so cruelly devastated the town during the great storm in July last, the municipal council had voted to the men a gratification of 100 francs, as an acknowledgment of their services. The *Maréchal-du-logis*, in concert with the soldiers under his command, after thanking the donors for their gift, agreed to present it to the treasurer of the hospital newly built in Sévres."

A little incident which occurred on the occasion of the attack of the forts at the mouth of the Pei-ho, places the character of the French soldier in one of its most amiable aspects.

When the artillery of the allied troops had silenced that of the forts, a column of French infantry was landed, that the victory might be clenched. A party of soldiers having penetrated within one of the Chinese tents, thought they saw something moving under a heap of blankets thrown into a corner; —"I do believe there is another of these fellows skulking under there," said one of them, preparing to make a thrust at the object with his bayonet.— "Nay," replied another as he laid hold of his arm— "c'est un moutard, ne vas pas le tuer!" At the same moment a little chubby Chinese head appeared from among the draperies, looked cautiously round, then advanced a little further, till soon the whole of

the small personage emerged from its hiding-place, and, with all the innocent faith of childhood, ran toward the *troupier*, stretching out its little arms as if to claim his protection.

The soldier, who a moment before had assumed so fierce an attitude in the belief that he had a foe to contend with, was subdued in an instant. Responding instinctively to the confidence reposed in him by the child, he dropped his weapon, and taking up the little fellow, he placed him tenderly upon his back, and carried him away to the Admiral Rigault de Genouilly, who at once caused the most minute search to be made after his family.

No one, however, appeared to claim him; and as his engaging ways, his intelligence, and the expressive signs of gratitude he showed to those who had taken care of him had rendered him the pet of the company, it was resolved that he should remain with them till they could find some suitable asylum for him. The Admiral took him under his especial care; and when the squadron left for Cochin China, the Commander of the "Avalanche" received orders to deposit him with the Sisters of the "Sainte Enfance," at Hong Kong.

During the passage, the child, who had first learned from the French soldiers to lisp their language, would repeat all the words of command, and would afford infinite amusement to the men by shouting out, in his "childish treble," "Attention, Montez!" —"Attention, Hissez!" and, as if to give himself a

new title to their regard, he would repeat, "*Moi pas Chinois, moi Français.*"

When M. Lafont took leave of him at Hong Kong, the child shed tears, and was inconsolable, exclaiming, through his sobs, "*Papa parti!*" "*Papa parti!*"

He called all the French officers by the endearing name of "Father;" and, subsequently, the Sisters under whose care he was placed, and who treated him with maternal tenderness, he styled "*Maman.*"

On the 8th Sept. the little Chinaman was baptised by the name of "Charles Pei-ho," the Admiral Marchant having consented to become sponsor to the youthful foundling.

Maréchal Bugeaud, a man of enlarged sentiments, benevolent heart, and elevated mind, was the first Colonial Governor who suffered an *aumônier* to follow the great expedition; and this *aumônier* was at first regarded rather as a curiosity than as one whose office was of any use or advantage. Some—like Judas of covetous memory—went so far as to grudge him the very horse he rode, and the small modicum of provisions he consumed; in short, they considered the toleration they extended to him, as a concession made to the desires—or, perhaps, the prejudices, of the bishop. But in time, experience spoke, and fortunately the Maréchal was a man to listen to its voice. He saw the dying consoled, the weak strengthened, and the cause of God was ever foremost in his noble heart. This same experience was not lost on the logical mind of Maréchal St. Arnaud; and its

effects may have been seen upon the fleet and in the Dobrutscha; it may still be seen in the hospitals of Constantinople and in the Crimean camps, whether the priest is of any service among the soldiers. Thanks to subsequent events, the day-dream of ten years since has been, in a great measure, realized; the priest and the soldier have renewed acquaintance on the battlefield; they have shaken hands together, they have recognised the analogy of their respective position, and nothing can henceforth disunite them.

"M. l'Abbé," said, one day, Colonel L——, addressing the *Aumônier*, at the Camp of Sathonay, "I am sorry for it, but I shall be obliged, in future, to refuse you access to my barracks" . . . .

"Why, Colonel, it was only yesterday that you granted, or, rather, renewed your permission. Why this sudden change, if I may ask?"

"Because I have slept upon it; and do not wish to have two influences at work in my regiment."

"There shall be only one, Colonel, if you abide by your first decision."

"And whose will that be, pray?"

"Yours."

"Mine?"

"Yes, yours, Colonel; yours, which exhibits itself in the form of discipline armed with rigorous means of repression, and which it is mine to convert into a moral obligation, by impressing it with a sense of duty."

"How do you purpose bringing that about?"

"By reminding your men, that they have it in

their power to become either heroes or automatons; heroes, if they refer to God the thought of their all-important position—automatons, if they merely perform their duty from fear of the Salle de Police. Gustavus Adolphus used to say, 'The best Christians make the best soldiers!' Well, Colonel, I would teach your men their profession as Christians, in order that they may comprehend the sublimity of their profession as soldiers."

"I admire your devotedness, M. l'Abbé."

"Nay; it is but the expression of a feeling most congenial to me, Colonel."

"Then I suppose you take a warm interest in all that regards the soldier?"

"I can hardly tell you how deeply I am concerned about them. I might say it is a passion with me."

"A passion! say you, M. l'Abbé? . . . . come, come . . . . can a priest allow that he has passions?'

"He can—he *ought* even to have *one*."

"Which?"

"That of doing good. Besides," continued the Abbé, after a moment's silence, "suffer me, Colonel, to make a simple observation, of which you will at once comprehend the justice and the import. The priest is the regulator of the passions. He winds up their springs; he imparts to them a conformity of action, and continually directs them towards that principle of good which may be considered the 'North' point of virtue. Do you understand me, Colonel?"

"I perfectly understand you, Monsieur l'Abbé; and am ready to allow that I should have made a

great mistake in denying you the necessary facilities for entering my barracks, and communicating with my soldiers. . . . . You are an excellent man, M. l'Abbé, and we shall become good friends."

The Colonel extended his hand—the Abbé seized it, and each felt the value which the support of the other would impart to his authority.

The soldiers, or rather, the officers, especially if young and spirited, will often try to entangle the *aumônier* in a difficulty; and it is well if the latter possess the tact to reply in the same spirit, especially if he take care to show that he is in no way embarrassed at his position.

"Come, my dear Abbé," said a *chef d'escadron*, at a dinner given in the *aumônier's* tent, "tell us, without disguise, what is your opinion of wine, women, and play?"

"Willingly," answered the Abbé, without hesitation, and filling his glass; "I consider all three admirable and excellent." The company looked at each other with something like astonishment. "First, This fine, bright Burgundy," continued the Abbé, "which I drink to your health, gentlemen," and he raised his glass and invited his guests to pledge him; "this fine Burgundy, taken moderately, is irreproachable. . . . Abuse is next-door neighbour to satiety, which itself will soon engender disgust."

"Bravo! not so bad! well done, M. l'Abbé!" cried the guests, not knowing exactly how to regard the tone the Abbé had taken.

"Secondly. Play," he proceeded, "for the repose

of mind and body, is a welcome relaxation, and I own I always feel pleasure in finding myself at leisure when one of you comes and proposes to me a game of chess, or asks me to take a hand at cards."

A renewed murmur of applause filled up the second pause, and the Abbé went on.

"Thirdly. I know no object in creation more edifying, more suggestive of holy thoughts, or more deserving of admiration, than a pious mother; such, gentlemen, as yours and mine. I know no being more beautiful and more perfect in God's universe than those young girls who, renouncing the joys of the world, cloister themselves within the sphere of human sorrows, and voluntarily resolve to pass their lives at the bedside of the sick, nursing and tending with maternal gentleness and vigilance the victims of war, of typhus, or of cholera."

This ingenious reply won the unfeigned good-will and admiration of all present, and the officer whose question had provoked it, voted to the Abbé a triple salvo of applause.

France may be said to owe the happiest phase of her existence to two influences, which more than any others have contributed to aggrandize and maintain her in her splendour. These two influences, that of the priest and that of the soldier, have always combined to restore her in times of weakness. Donoso Cortes has traced with a masterly hand the analogy between priest and soldier, and his noble words have found an echo alike in the heart of the man of peace and of the warrior.

The first law of the priest, as of the soldier, is obedience; his first duty, devotedness; the principal habit he has to acquire, sacrifice. Neither appertains to himself, each belongs peculiarly to a cause which demands the exercise of boundless love; for one has given himself to the Church, the other to his country; and they are doubly brethren—both belong at the same time to both these adopted mothers. Both follow a rule of life—elevated, noble, inflexible—which they did not make, which they cannot unmake. Their own interests, their private affections, must give way to the general good, which may be said to have exclusively suggested this sacred rule of life.

What is a soldier?—Is he not a monk in all the details of regularity, sobriety, privation, entire self-abandonment, and submission to the will of a superior? Let the soldier be but a Christian, and there is no condition which approaches more nearly than his to the monastic state. We might almost ask in what the barrack differs from the monastery, if the beat of the drum were only used there to give the signal for prayer?

Those who speak of licentiousness as a *necessary* consequence of camp-life, do not always know what they are talking about; they cannot have seen many camps, and have formed their judgment from the *abuse* of the position. Early hours are rigidly observed, the soldier's bed is hard, and he reposes either beneath the open canopy of heaven, or under the slender shelter of a tent. Labour is the order of

the day; exercise marks its hours; the men may prepare for victory, and they *hope* it will be theirs, but they are ever in the presence of death. These are the conditions of camp life; it does not savour much of the frivolity of a masquerade or the riot of the tap-room, and its calls are of a sterner nature than those of the desk, the cabinet, or the academy.

Let us now see what is the priest—especially the monk—that is to say, the priest elevated to the greatest height of abnegation of which human virtue is capable. He is the soldier *par excellence*, who is placed among the effectives and at the post of danger, and to whom are entrusted the most perilous enterprises. He is the pioneer of Christian civilization, and at the command of his superior, repairs with equal alacrity to the icy regions of the poles, the dreary savannahs of the New World, or the burning deserts of the equator. He is told whither to go, and he goes; often never to return, for he is the "forlorn hope" of the sacred army. When he has either fallen a victim to hardship or torture—when his flesh has been lacerated by scourges, consumed by flames, or devoured by cannibals, others run to fill his place, ambitious of a similar fate; until at last, upon the ruins of these sanguinary tribunals, upon the ashes of these human pyres, the Cross rises triumphant, as when the soldier plants his victorious standard upon the crumbling remains of the vanquished fortress, to wave over the mangled corpses of his brethren in arms.

It is sad to think that there is in France an inter-

mediate class, perverted by detestable schools of philosophy, barren in all save sophistry and plausible delusions, supplying neither priests nor soldiers; hating both, and compiling books and laws, the object of which is to inspire them with mistrust for each other. It aims at kindling in the heart of priest and soldier an aversion for each other. Between these two, offsprings of one parent, issuing almost exclusively from the cottage and the *château*, these malevolent schemers would fain raise the barrier of their hatreds and prejudices. They had once succeeded in closing the camp and the garrison to the priests. "Why," say they, "should not the poor soldier live and die philosophically like ourselves? Why urge upon men the childish obligations of a creed, or delude them with the idea that the duties and contingencies of life are alleviated by the helps and consolations of religion?"

"Alas!" exclaims Louis Veuillot, with all the ardour of his pious enthusiasm, "that France would but arise and throw down this barrier! that she would demolish it by the power of her conquering sword! To her soldiers, ever in the presence of death, let her not deny the companionship and friendly offices of the ministers of the living God. Let the God of battles lead her armies! Among those moving cities floating through tempests of fire and sword, there are hearts to cheer, labours to lighten, souls to purify. This is the work of the priest; think you that our soldiers, exiled on the inhospitable shores of Africa—now strewn

with the bones of their brethren—will be less happy and less brave because they hear tidings at once of their absent country and of that eternal home to which death may at any moment summon them? Will they lose their courage if they are reminded that by gaining a new nation to Christianity—although the *bâton de maréchal* may elude their grasp—neither the enemy, nor chance, nor any human power can deprive them of the martyr's palm. Every reflecting man must understand and perceive that piety added to those virtues peculiarly military, forms the very perfection of courage and discipline, and that that perfection is the noble end which a "great and understanding people" should propose to itself.

The army-chaplain has much in his power. He is able to exercise his powerful and beneficial influence when all else has failed. Many a time and oft, has the *Aumônier* succeeded in calming the fears and soothing the apprehensions of the men when downcast, and disheartened by circumstances of difficulty and trial.

At Varna, no sooner had the cholera appeared than a universal panic seized the army, and it was impossible to persuade the men that the disease was not contagious.

The General of the division, in alarm for the consequences, sought out Père Parabère, whose calm and confident demeanour at once reassured him as to the result. While they were conferring on the state of the case, the priest was summoned away to attend a poor fellow who had just been attacked. The

patient had barely time to complete his confession and receive the last sacraments, when he sunk under the disease and expired in the arms of Père Parabère, who, seeing the consternation in which all who had been present hastened away from the lugubrious scene, and averted their eyes from the blackening corpse, recalled them, saying—

"My good children, what ails you? there is no danger; see how little you have to fear!" and as he spoke he lay down tranquilly beside the corpse, adding, that as he had passed many sleepless nights, he would now take a few hours' rest, only requesting he might be called, should his services be required.

The soldiers retired in astonishment, and finding that the courageous priest received no harm from his bold act, soon despised their own fears; but his conduct had produced a salutary impression; and if in the first instance they simply admired his fearlessness, many ended by improving their acquaintance with him, and seeking from him advice and instruction.

From the diary of a missionary priest visiting the seat of war in Italy, and dated October, 1860, we may gather some idea of the tone of the French soldier as displayed in the ranks of the Pontifical army.

"I left Rome for Loretto," says the writer, "on Wednesday, 12th September, with Mons. l'Abbé. We did not expect the war to break out, and we found it had already been declared, and besides, we did not wish to retard our pilgrimage. However, on Friday morning, while ascending the hill of Assizi on

foot, we heard loud reports of artillery. Some peasants observed to us—'There are the Piedmontese at loggerheads with General Schmid.'

"I proceeded to celebrate mass upon the tomb of the patriarch of Assizi, the cannon keeping up an incessant fire, which filled me with the most anxious forebodings. About twelve o'clock, we returned to St^a. Maria Degli Angeli, where our *vetturino* was waiting for us, and we soon reached Foligno. It was market-day. The streets were densely crowded: posting-bills, in large characters, were placarded at all the corners of the streets. By these, it appeared that General Goyon was on his way to the succour of the pontifical troops with 25,000 men, and forty-eight guns. Many of the inhabitants saluted us with respect; others regarded us with hatred and contempt. We felt confidence in the sanctity of our cause, and continued our journey to Loretto.

"At eleven o'clock at night, near Tolentino, we found the detachment commanded by General de Pimodan, bivouacked. The soldiers were at rest within their tents. They were full of courage and energy. I saw the noble General seated at an inn-table—near him were maps and papers. He had just received news of the glorious retreat of Kanslei and Wogelsang. Lamoricière had communicated to him the despatch of M. de Grammont to the consul of Ancona. He seemed to have no doubt as to the issue of the battle, and spoke with much calmness. His countenance seemed to me, as I saw it in the penumbra of the room, to be illumined with an almost

supernatural light. He shook hands with me, saying: 'We shall meet again at Loretto.' At the door I turned round to look at him once more, and went out with a heavy heart. The next day, Saturday, we arrived early at Tolentino. The churches were thronged: all the confessionals were occupied, and the priests were distributing the eucharistic bread. A multitude of soldiers contributed to swell the number of the faithful. It was consolatory to think that so many souls were united in the love of our Lord and of His church.

"At twelve o'clock, we found the noble General de Lamoricière with the bulk of the army at Macerata. In an instant we were surrounded by the *Guides*, and by the Franco-Belgians, who manifested towards us the noblest and most energetic evidences of sympathy and welcome. Towards evening, we reached Loretto, where we learned that Cialdini, with a considerable army, occupied the positions of Osimo and Jesi. In fact, the fires of these numerous troops might be seen blazing in the dark; and we heard from the deserters that they had counted more than 20,000 men, which number would be tripled in a couple of days. We spread the news we had seen placarded at Foligno, of the immediate approach of M. de Goyon with 25,000 Frenchmen, at Tolentino and at Macerata. The delegate hastened to send for us. We repeated to him our conviction of the fact, adding all we knew of the despatches of the Duke of Grammont, and the consul of Ancona. These good people received the intelligence with joy and

hope, in which the whole town seemed to participate. * * * * *

"Among the '*Guides*' sent to reconnoitre the bridge which had been cut off, was the young Mizael de Pas, d'Arras. A bullet had fractured his arm very badly. He was sent back to the Jesuit College, and we were present while his wound was dressed. He suffered with superhuman resignation, and murmured expressions of gratitude to God, who had deigned to choose him among the first victims immolated in His cause. His companions in arms were truly edified by his piety; he did not survive his wound many days. His thoughts wandered from God to his mother, of whom he spoke in terms of affection and veneration, and his sole regret in dying seemed to be that he should see her no more in this world.

"In the course of Monday, the division of General de Pimodan arrived by Porto de Recanati. I had the happiness of offering the holy sacrifice upon the altar of the Santa Casa. The basilica was filled with officers and soldiers, who, without any distinction of rank, knelt around the holy table. I passed the entire day in the midst of them, and felt my soul penetrated with respect and admiration at seeing so much faith united to so much valour. 'M. l'Abbé,' said the French, 'we are delighted to see the hour of battle drawing near; the plains and the hills around Loretto are covered with Piedmontese, and we have only a small handful of soldiers to meet this numerous army. We cannot boast more than from 45,000 to 60,000 men. We shall, very likely, all be killed;

but our foes will not triumph. Our blood and our lives will not be given in vain, and God will reward us in blessing our homes, our families, and the cause for which we fight.'

* * * * *

"As I was leaving the church, a Swiss soldier, stopping me, said—'M. l'Abbé, here is a letter addressed to my mother. If I should die, will you give it to her? Pray for us, M. l'Abbé; we are about to shed our blood for the Church and the Pope.'

"This poor young fellow was killed the next day; and I faithfully forwarded his letter, to which I added a few lines of condolence, to his mother. Many of my compatriots .confided their letters to me in a similar way. Upon the ramparts, on the north side of the plain, where the movement of the enemy's troops resembled that of a living ant-hill, some Franco-Belgians said to me—'Mons. l'Abbé, give us your blessing, for we shall meet no more in this world.' Alas! their words were but too prophetic!"

Many indeed are the evidences of religious feeling in the French army; it is time, however, we said something of the means employed to promote and maintain it, for the task was not easy, and all who possess the smallest knowledge of human nature will feel that it must have been much more difficult to revive than to create a good moral tone in so large a body of men, neglected, and even corrupted as they had been, by a long course of impiety instilled by precept as well as example, through the misguided policy of their rulers.

The spirit of religion will never be found long to survive the abolition of the traditional forms and usages by which she impresses herself on men's minds, and leads them to love and honour her. "Lejos de ajos—Lejos de corazon," says the Spanish proverb, and it may with truth be applied here.

When Louis Philippe came to the throne in 1830, his first care was to suppress the army chaplains, and to forbid the celebration of mass and other sacred offices; it was not difficult to foresee the ultimate result of this measure. All the superior officers who were attached to the fallen government, at once gave in their resignations, and the feeling which prompted them can easily be understood; the evil was, indeed, in no small degree aggravated by their withdrawal, for they were immediately replaced by officers whose boast and whose glory it was, to hold and to disseminate the principles of Voltaire.

Religion, openly derided by all functionaries, and debased by every possible means, soon became profoundly contemptible in the eyes of the military.

When a conscript—often a rustic lad, simple in his ideas, and saddened by his first separation from all he as yet knew of the world—arrived to join his regiment, he heard around him, as we fear is much the case in our own army at the present day, none but the coarsest language, and the most unseemly jests; additional point being given to them on purpose, for the fun of astonishing the raw recruit who had made his appearance in the barracks. Not only was he compelled to hear the most heartless and

unchastened sarcasms upon every object he had been accustomed to venerate and love, his acquaintance with his new life was ushered in by the various ceremonies of "initiation," with which it was the criminal delight of his seniors to inoculate him.

If, as sometimes would happen, even in these days of sanctioned irreligion, the youth had the spirit to resist the evil influences, into the midst of which he was thrown, and to persevere in his religious duties, he was jeered and scoffed at, insulted and tormented; for his comrades knew that their blasphemous language and cruel practical jokes would be winked at by the authorities.

If he attended mass, if he sought the confessional, and—*a fortiori*—if he approached the holy table, it would only be by stealth, and by seeking pretexts to account for his absence; and if he knelt down in a church, or even entered one, he knew it was at the risk of vehement persecution, should he be caught in the act. Ought we not to admire the moral courage of men—for such there were—who were known—though standing alone in a whole division, to avow, unhesitatingly, their belief, and maintain, unflinchingly, their principles.

Such instances are magnificent, and these Christian heroes have frequently found the reward of their courage in winning over and converting into friends and believers their bitterest enemies, often at the same time notorious infidels. Although religion was placed on a very different footing from that on which it stood at the time that Louis Philippe

was ignominiously driven from his throne, yet the important office of *Aumônier de Régiment* has never been again supplied; the nearest approach to it is to be found in the *Aumônier de Garnison*, but it is evident the one cannot altogether fulfil the duties or answer the purpose of the other. To supply this void, then, became the serious occupation of all who loved their country, and saw in the condition of the army the most important phase of modern society, and the greatest security for social stability.

The *Œuvre Militaire*, a good work which cannot be too extensively made known—for it is one of the finest and most comprehensive institutions of our day—was the offspring of this preoccupation, and it was left to an obscure layman of Bordeaux—who would seem to have been inspired with a zeal in behalf of a cause which must end in carrying all before it—to become the apostle of the French army.

"M. Germainville! ah! par example, si je le connais? Qui est-ce qui ne connait pas ce bon, ce saint M. Germainville!" said a *grenadier*, to whom we once addressed the question—"Did he know him?" And to believe all he has done, and is doing, and will do, till he drops into the grave, and that his memory will even then go on doing after he is gone, it is not enough to *see* the little, unpretending, busy, matter-of-fact individual—one must talk to him, or rather let him talk, and then one can guess at all that in his naïf earnestness, and his deter-

mined energy, directed by sound common sense, he has succeeded in effecting.

How he manages to engage not only the benevolent, but even the worldly, in behalf of the one darling object of his life, and for which he has sacrificed everything, we know not; but that considerable sums are raised by his exertions is evident from the results. Besides the expenses of planting and maintaining the various affiliations of the Œuvre, from his collections emanate the distributions of medals, chaplets, and "Manuels," which take place among the soldiers, no less than the foundation of chapels, and the performance of services which have been brought about by this self-constituted missionary.

Masses, conferences, sermons, instructive discourses, courses of religious instruction at special periods, confessions, first communions, &c., have been placed within the reach of the soldiers, and night-schools are organised, which not only remove them from temptation, but afford useful instruction to the ignorant; for the Œuvre, which has only been carried into effect after mature deliberation, rests on judicious principles. Its object is, of course, to withdraw the soldier from all that is dangerous, and to place him under wholesome and beneficial influences; to cultivate his mind, to foster in his heart, —and, where necessary, to implant there—the seeds of religion; to destroy his natural inclination to idleness, and all the evils which follow in its train, and, finally, to give him good principles whereby to resist the seductions of vice. A high moral tone and its

results, exemplary conduct, respect for superiors, and regard for discipline will flow spontaneously, if we first inculcate the love of God, and teach him to ennoble sacrifice, by making such sacrifices as are required of him so pure and so perfect that they may be worthy, not only of his country, but of being offered to God in union with that of our Divine Lord. This training will not only serve him in his capacity of soldier, but when his time has expired, and he returns to his fireside, he will revisit his absent family with a firmer faith, and will carry back with him the propagandism of a good example, and the shining light of a practical religion.

Each day the effects of these pious re-unions may be discerned in the conduct of the soldiers. Some assert that they owe to the instruction and good advice they have received, the advancement they have attained; others testify that without them they would have been dishonoured, or must have perished; for the fatal habits they had contracted must have inevitably led them to some deplorable issue.

In order to understand the good which this *Œuvre* has effected, and to encourage all who have it in their power to promote it, we ought not to omit mention of those soldiers who acquired their first rudiments of knowledge in these military classes, and who, having served their time, have entered the priesthood, choosing for their path the *Œuvre* of the "*Missions étrangères*," and forsaking their country and their home to preach religion to the Chinese; of others, who gratefully remembering all they owed to

the "Ecoles," have become "Christian Brothers;" of others who, entering the Agricultural Colonies, have consecrated themselves to the care and training of orphans, to say nothing of the vast numbers who, returning to their village, either to support their aged parents, or to bring up their children, may be cited as model sons, husbands, or fathers.

We will proceed to state the mode in which the *Œuvre* is intended to act.

And first, the promoters always endeavour to select in the neighbourhood of a church or chapel, the locality destined for a class or a réunion. Here they afford a course of reading, writing, arithmetic, and *plain chant;* this last acquirement presents considerable attraction to musicians, and forms choir-singers for the village-church. One class cannot, of course, suffice to attract any large number, on account of their varied capabilities; indeed their several degrees of advancement must be ascertained, and they must then be classified accordingly, in order that they may take an interest in their occupation, and feel that they are really profiting by the instruction they receive. Neither will mere teaching suffice. Learning alone, might disgust some, and drive them back to the wine-shops and the *barrières*, where they are beset with dangers of all sorts. It is absolutely necessary to have, connected with the school, a room to which they can resort for good and useful books, if inclined to read, and games to amuse those who are not disposed to study, provided money is never allowed to be the stake.

The "*Manuel du Soldat*" (which has been translated into several languages) should be put into the hands of each of the men. This book not only contains such counsels, selected passages and prayers, as the soldier most needs, but it forms a bond of union between all who participate in the *Œuvre*.

The classes are arranged so as to take place daily, after the evening meal. Secular is succeeded by religious instruction, about one hour being devoted to each. Then follows a musical class, and one of the *cantiques* from the *Manuel* is sung by all the voices. One of the members present, reads aloud, commenting on the matter laid before them; and this is followed by a second hymn, when the *séance* terminates with a prayer from the *Manuel*, and a "*Pater.*"

Of course religious teaching is the end and object of the *réunions*, and the purpose of the *Œuvre* is to bring the soldiers to a practical use of the Sacraments. It is obvious, therefore, that these meetings should be rendered as attractive as possible; and it is surprising to observe how greatly the introduction of the singing-class, and especially the adoption of the Cantiques, contribute to their popularity. The clergy and laity who preside, are likewise in the habit of entering into conversation with the men, and soon win their confidence by a readiness to listen to all the little family affairs which interest them, and in which they often need advice and help. Sometimes they are sad, and require to be encouraged and cheered up; sometimes they are in a dilemma as to

their domestic affairs, or uneasy at not receiving news from their homes, or they have quarrelled with a comrade, or they may be troubled about their spiritual interests; and in all these, and similar difficulties, they are glad to find a friend who will lend a willing ear, and sympathize in their concerns.

No money is ever given them by the *Œuvre*, for obvious reasons; all occasions of jealousy are avoided by receiving them all together, and treating all alike; the only rewards the society can bestow are restricted to books, medals, rosaries, &c. Politics are carefully avoided, as well as all interference with the military regulations.

In order to plant a new affiliation of the *Œuvre* in any place whither it has not yet found its way, it is highly desirable to begin with a nucleus of soldiers already under the influence of religious principles, and to employ them to attract others; when once they are admitted to the privileges of the *Œuvre*, and have partaken of the advantages it offers, the desire to become members spreads rapidly, and the example of those who join, continues to bring in others.

The name, regiment, battalion, and company of each member is inscribed in a book, and when the regiment changes its quarters, the list is forwarded to the branch-conference located in the town to which the men are ordered. This recommendation is of the highest importance to the objects of the association; without the precaution it implies, the men might fall away from the good habits they had

acquired, and those germs of piety in course of development would run great risk of being nipped in the bud. It is further desirable to intimate to the heads of the *Œuvre* to whose care they are consigned, which are the most pious and zealous among them.

The priest entrusted with the directionof the *Œuvre* in each affiliation, addresses the members from the pulpit twice a week, and he is always exhorted to speak to them plainly, and to give them practical instruction. The most effective discourses are the simplest, and those most readily understood; the men delight in military anecdotes judiciously introduced, in illustration of the various counsels given them in the course of the instruction or discourse, which is never very long, and may thus be made to appear shorter. We have heard of more than one instance in which the soldiers have complained of its brevity, and this is, of course, a result to be aimed at.

There are few, however, who know how to address soldiers, and it is an evidence of possessing the peculiar talent required, when we find a preacher throw himself, as it were, into the mind and feelings of his audience—guess intuitively its peculiar tastes—rouse its interest, and rivet its attention. True, this is a more feasible task when the whole assembly consists of one sex and of one class, for then the only difficulty consists in the first broad principle.

We can point to no one who better understands and practically carries out this great art than P. Millériot, who has been before mentioned as the Evangelizer of

the middle and lower classes. The soldiers and the operatives are his children, and their instruction his *spécialité*. His venerable and ascetic appearance, combined with the simple frankness of his nature, inspires them with love and reverence; his devotedness to their welfare ensures their grateful affection; his kindness of manner wins their confidence; while his fund of humour enlivens his intercourse with them, and enables him to obtain from them a far more ready compliance with his advice, and acceptance of his admonitions, than if he dealt with them severely.

His mode of address when instructing them is unrivalled. His discourses are relieved by selections from history, chosen for their appropriateness to the occasion which calls them forth, and judiciously introduced. His illustrations are always graphic, and his applications of them eminently practical. We might mention numerous instances of the power he exercises over his auditory, and the impression he can make on them, and we quote a passage from one of the last occasions on which we heard him speak, as affording an instance of the effect he knows how to produce.

He was preaching on the evanescent nature of human life; but he did not content himself with the mere assertion of the fact, nor even with an impressive mode of reading it. His mode of dealing with the passage was altogether his own, and we admired at once its simplicity and its power: for we seemed to realize to ourselves the ideas his words evoked.

"Voyez, mes bons amis!" said he earnestly, lifting

his hand, and looking intently in the direction of an obscure corner of the crypt in which we were assembled—and every head turned as if by common consent, and every eye was fixed in unconscious obedience upon the spot. "You *perceive* that vapour slowly arising from the ground—higher, and yet higher.—It assumes the form of a cloud—it expands—it disperses—it disappears. . . . . Where is it? . . . . The place it occupied is vacant . . . . it is gone! and we behold it no more! . . . . Such, my friends, is the life of man!"—'Pulvis et umbra sumus.'—It was literally as if the object designated had appeared before them, and had melted away.

This description of preaching—retained within proper bounds—will always tell upon the masses, and certainly succeeds, beyond all expectation, with the soldier. We are no advocates for buffoonery in the pulpit, and deprecate as strongly as any, all action that degenerates into mere histrionic display; for in a happy medium alone consists the difficulty of the task. Mr. Spurgeon's illustrations, for example, are, unquestionably, striking, but they are not in good taste; and though they may keep the audience awake, and may contribute to the notoriety of the preacher, they do not produce the effect at which we should wish to see him aim.

We heard lately of an error of this kind committed by a Curé de Paroisse, who was in consequence very properly reprehended by his Bishop. The poor man, who really had the welfare of his flock at heart, was much annoyed and grieved to find his

sermons produce but little effect upon them, and having deeply pondered all possible and impossible methods of arousing them from their lethargic indifference to something more like a sense of their position, and a practical attention to their duties, he at last hit upon an expedient which he thought could not fail.* On the following Sunday, therefore, he planned a most awakening sermon, setting before them the "four last things." He painted in striking colours the horrors of an impenitent death-bed, and represented to them the gloom of that last scene of their career which they themselves would not witness. He spoke of the grave which would then close its portals upon their too tardy repentance, and arrived at the final judgment which awaited them—"Oh! who," exclaimed he in solemn and sepulchral tones, rendered more awful by the dim twilight of the hour, and the breathless silence of the audience—"who can picture to himself the terrors of that fearful moment when the dead shall rise from the grave, even as our Lord, whose sudden presence from the charnel-house struck the alarms of death into the hearts of the Roman Guard; for," said he, "the trumpet shall sound, and" . . . . Here he paused;

* An anecdote is told of a clergyman of the establishment seeking an interview with the late Bishop of London, in order to complain to his lordship of the apathy of his congregation, and their inattention to his preaching. "Do you always preach your own sermons, Mr. ——?" asked the Bishop, eyeing him somewhat suspiciously. "Oh, dear, yes, my Lord, *always*," was the prompt reply. "Then try some one else's," suggested the sagacious dignitary.

every breath was hushed, for the auditory were all interested and eagerly listening, when suddenly from end to end of the spacious roof, echoed, loud and solemn, the blast of a trumpet. The effect was startling—nay, *too* startling; some shrieked, others rushed from their places; the church instantly became a scene of fatal confusion, a mass of persons forced their way to the door, others followed; in vain the preacher, shocked and terrified at the results of his mistaken experiment, tried to calm their fears and arrest their mad folly. His voice was unheard, the panic had spread among them, and those who were more sensible were overwhelmed by the rest; as may be supposed, the warning proved but too true to some among them, who were trodden upon, and otherwise fatally injured. The Bishop, having heard of the transaction, came down with great severity upon the injudicious preacher, who was forthwith removed from his cure.

We return to Père Millériot to record a little observation—*de circonstance*—which we heard him introduce into an address to soldiers, when speaking to them of confession, and which certainly appeared likely to be understood and remembered. Having urged upon them the duty of rigid self-examination, and an honest acknowledgment of all their sins, disguising nothing, he continued, "Ecoutez, mes amis, s'il vous arrivait d'omettre un pêché eu vous confessant, ce serait comme si vous n' aviez rien fait; il faudrait recommencer. Tenez, c'est comme si, en mettant ma soutane, j'avais oublié un bouton, tout

le reste ne vaudrait rien du tout. Si vous ne m'en croyez pas, essayez sur votre plastron."

We were greatly pleased with a short instruction we once heard addressed to some two hundred soldiers in the military prison by one of the Marist fathers, Père Reculon, who acted as *Aumônier* to the inmates. There is, it is true, good *stuff* to work upon in the French army, and this we argue from the fact that the bulk of those who compose it are drawn, not from the corruption of towns, but from the simple pursuits followed in agricultural districts, and have been brought up to rustic and laborious habits. We have shown that the French soldier rarely forgets his native province, and that his love for his mother is with him a sacred and ineradicable sentiment surviving every other, and often crossing his mind with its softening influence, when others would be hardened by the inevitable contingencies of their subsequent career, and the boisterous incidents of camp and barrack life. The past which it recalls, is of a nature to elevate and restore his deteriorated character; with his recollections of his mother are associated the innocence and purity of his infant years, and the scenes of peace and simplicity among which they were passed; they bring back, with all the enchantment which distance lends to the view, the village green where he enjoyed his boyish sports with companions now no more, the evening dance, the merry fair, the joyous springtide holiday, when life and hope were synonymous. School itself is recollected with something

like regret; but all his holier feelings are awakened when the crumbling ivy-clad spire of the old church stands before his mind's eye, and he seems to hear its broken, "jangled" chimes; then he is irresistibly carried back to that land-mark in the path of a Catholic—that epoch before and since which every period of his life is dated, and to which is referred all his own individual chronology—his *first communion*—and he starts as he compares his present state with the purity of heart with which he approached it; then he remembers the bending form and venerable head of the aged *Curé* who gave him the earliest notions of his faith, the road-side cross, and his father's grave, before which, kneeling by his mother's side, he has offered many a *De Profundis*.

These tender and sanctifying remembrances, these "wells of the wilderness," are invaluable as means of moving the heart of the soldier; they may be likened to the strings of a harp, and if adroitly fingered, will always respond to the touch. They will be found from time to time to flit before his mind, and will always serve to recall to him the various stages in the path of rectitude to which he may be led back when a favourable opportunity occurs.

We have seen a congregation of soldiers melted to tears by a few touching words which brought their rustic homes and early years to their remembrance, and we have also seen this advantage followed up with an effect which the intelligence, the zeal, and the earnestness of such a preacher as Père Reculon were well calculated to produce. A judicious appeal

to the self-respect of a soldier will never be thrown away; and during the sermon to which we allude, we saw many countenances brighten when he reminded them of Cambronne, telling them that each one of them must aim at becoming a Cambronne: Cambronne was once worse, he was sure, than any one present, and there was no reason why they should not take courage and resolve to rehabilitate themselves as he had done.

"Vous avez des passions?" said he, in conclusion, "tant mieux, ce sera par elles que vous deviendrez bons Chrétiens; c'est par elles que vous êtes hommes: j'aime les passions. Vivent les grandes passions! Usez en—n'en abusez pas. Vous autres soldats, vous savez ce que c'est que le combat . . . la victoire . . . la gloire. Combattez vos passions, voilà un combat dans lequel il serait honteux de succomber—faites la guerre à votre plus grand ennemi; subjuguez-le. Un homme qui n'aurait pas de passions ne saurait avoir de mérite. Celui qui n'a pas d'ennemis ne peut livrer bataille, ne peut remporter de victoire, ne peut jouir d'aucun triomphe. Quant à vous, mes bons amis, ce n'est pas là ce qui vous manque; allez donc, mettez toute votre confiance dans le Seigneur, et que le Dieu des batailles vous donne la victoire—une victoire digne du heros Chrétien!"

Thanks to the war in Algeria, many modifications took place in the moral management of that portion of the forces at that time in Africa.

After the taking of Algiers and the surrounding villages, when the subsequent organization of the colony became a subject of consideration, a bishop was appointed there—Mgr. Dupuch—too soon snatched by death from his important diocese. The priests, who rallied round his standard, could not all be employed in the towns. Some few Churches were constructed in localities in which the Europeans had taken up their abode, and the new *Curés* became, to all intents, army-chaplains—*i. e.*, they administered the succours of religion to all within the limits of their parishes, often much greater in extent than a diocese in France, for they sometimes comprehended an extent of eighty or a hundred kilometres. Thus the regiments were reckoned among their parishioners, and were the objects of their solicitude until they arrived at another colony, where they became the charge of other *Curés*.

Some of these ecclesiastics were specially attached to the army, and followed all the military operations. One cause, which had mainly contributed to the appointment of army chaplains to the troops in Africa, was, that they materially assisted the Generals in their negotiations. Experience very soon proved that a detachment of troops sent to subjugate a native tribe, attained its object with much greater facility when accompanied by a priest. If the Arabs discovered that there was not a priest among the soldiers, they refused to surrender themselves, saying, that men who neglect their religious duties

cannot be trusted, and they would accept no promises from them.

Before the surrender of Abd-el-Kader, the Abb Suchet, Vicar-general of Algeria, and nephew of the illustrious Maréchal of that name, visited the camp of the celebrated Emir, consisting of 50,000 men.

On his arrival, he was presented to the formidable chief seated with oriental simplicity under the shadow of his fig-tree. The brave and excellent priest was exposing himself to death; his desire to promote peace, however, was stronger than the instinct of self-preservation. He carried upon his breast a large copper crucifix: and as soon as Abd-el-Kader saw him, he saluted him with respect, for when he perceived the image of the crucified Lord, he understood the mission was one of peace. The two entered into conversation, and about a quarter of an hour had elapsed when the Abbé opened his breviary, and began to recite his office. A deep silence reigned around him, and during the whole time he was thus engaged, the Mussulman army was likewise occupied in prayer. The Emir ordered a sheep to be slain—a patriarchal repast was offered to the Christian priest, and from the moment he partook of this simple hospitality, his person was sacred. The negotiation, however, was not completely successful, but the Arabs treated their prisoners with compassion, and possibly its failure may have been owing to the counteracting influence of the 4,000 French soldiers who at the same time menaced the Arab camp.

The war was long and bloody, the deaths numerous, and among them were seen touching examples, not only of courage, but of Christian resignation, constancy, devotedness, and attachment to the Catholic faith.

A considerable number of French soldiers had been taken prisoners; the alternative of death, or abjuration of the Catholic religion, was offered to them. To give them time to decide, they were placed in a prison of a very unusual description.

The Arabs are in the habit of digging pits in the ground called *silos*, in which they store up their grain. There were a number of these excavations side by side, serving no other purpose; into these they threw the French soldiers, fixing an iron grating over the top, to secure them. Through this open roof the unhappy captives endured all the alternations of the weather in unmitigated severity; besides the drenching showers, they were subjected to the rays of the tropical sun pouring vertically upon their heads. Their only food was grain, thrown down to them by handfuls as to poultry in a farm-yard. This penance lasted six weeks, during which several perished, and the remainder were released—diseased and dispirited, but having manfully preserved the faith for which they had suffered.

The conduct of the chaplains was as heroic as that of the soldiers whose fatigues and hardships they shared in that trying climate,* sleeping on

* While following the movements of the French army in Africa, we may mention a curious particular related to us by

the bare ground, often without any other covering than their cassock; in the saddle from morning till night, passing whole nights in hearing confessions on the field of battle, leaning over the mouths of dying men, throwing themselves into the *mêlée*, and kneeling on the ground in the midst of the snow, in order to give the sacraments of reconciliation and peace to the wounded and dying soldiers.

Of the veneration in which the priests are held by the Arabs, we have repeatedly heard corroborations. We were told by one, who acted as secretary to Mg. Pavie, the present Bishop of Algeria, that he had often been addressed by the natives, in these words:—"*Tu es bon, toi: tu t'abstiens, et tu pries.*" So struck are they with the self-devotion of the Catholic priesthood that their conversion would be a

---

one of their officers. He said that during their marches through the great Desert, while the men longed and pined for water, they almost dreaded their arrival at the wished-for halting-place; the eagerness of both men and horses to rush at the welcome draught was such, that it became necessary to adopt measures of the severest kind to prevent the most fearful results; so strong and irresistible was the impulse of all present, that the men were commanded to stand as soon as the spot was reached, in order that the officers might advance and take possession of the fountain. If the water were properly baled out, the supply was always amply sufficient, and the quality remained pure and limpid during the entire operation; but if rushed upon incautiously, the stream became turbid before even a small number were satisfied, and the whole of the remainder were thus deprived of that which was an absolute necessity. Fatal disputes, disease, insanity, and death itself, were then the inevitable consequences.

comparatively easy task, were it not for the insurmountable difficulty of plurality of wives. This is a custom which seems almost a part of their nature. They *cannot* be induced to give it up.

Once, when returning from a mission a few miles out of the town, this priest was met by an Arab chief, riding a white mule, handsomely caparisoned; the Arab, seeing the way-worn attire and fatigued air of the poor priest, took compassion on him, and made him a sign to mount behind him. The priest replied by another sign, which signified "I am very much flattered by your politeness, but I am returning to Algiers, while you are turning your back upon it." The Arab responded with an equally expressive gesture, and turning the head of his beast round in the direction in which the priest was going, he again invited him to mount behind him. This act of kindness was evidently sincere; the priest, therefore, accepted the friendly proposal as cordially as it was offered, and was deposited at his destination.

A young *sous-lieutenant* said one day to P. Damas, during the war in the East: "What an advantage it is to us to have a priest about us; it was a glorious alliance, that of the cross and the sword." The eyes of the soldier long to rest frequently upon the cross, for it is to him the token of hope.

A *Zouave* observed, with characteristic energy, "You will see, M. l' Abbé, when the war is over, there will not be so much fear of the opinions of others,

nor so much false shame about religion in the army. Why, even the Russians are more pious and more brave in acknowledging their convictions, than we are!"

CHAPTER II.

MILITARY PRISONS AND PUNISHMENTS.

PRISON SYSTEM IN FRANCE.—MILITARY PRISON IN PARIS DESCRIBED.—REGULATIONS.—DISCIPLINE.—DRUNKENNESS.—ANECDOTE ABOUT "FOXES."—CLASSIFICATION.—OCCUPATION.—REMUNERATION.—TREATMENT.—RECREATION.—GENERAL DISPOSITION OF THE PRISONERS.—CELLS.—INGENUITY OF THE PRISONERS.—STAFF OF THE INSTITUTION.—RULES.—DIET.—INFIRMARY.—CHAPEL.—CHOIR, VOLUNTARY AND SELF-ORGANISED.—HISTORY OF THE "CHOIR-MASTER."—MILITARY MASS.—CONDUCT OF THE CONGREGATION.—CHAPLAIN.—PREACHER.—THE COMMANDANT.—THE AUMÔNIER'S STORY.—A WARNING TO DRUNKARDS.

PRISON AT ALDERSHOTT.—PUNISHMENTS.—"SHOT-DRILL, &c."—REGULATIONS.—LIBRARY.—PRISON HUTS.—THEIR COST—ARRANGEMENT AND ACCOMMODATION.—INFIRMARY.—LOCAL EXECUTIONS.—THEIR ADVANTAGE.—PUNISHMENT IN THE FRENCH ARMY.—COMPOSITION OF THE FRENCH ARMY.—DEATH.—DEGRADATION.—'MILITARY CRIMES" IN ENGLAND.—A MILITARY MURDER IN FRANCE.—A MILITARY EXECUTION.—STORY OF A CARBINEER.—STORY OF JEAN.—THE SALLE DE POLICE.—STORY OF MARCEL.—AN INSTANCE OF DISPROPORTIONATE PUNISHMENT.—STATISTICS OF MILITARY PRISONS FOR THE LAST TWO YEARS.—FLOGGING.—CORPORAL PUNISHMENT IN FOREIGN ARMIES.—INSTANCES IN ENGLAND.—THE CAT.—IN THE INDIAN ARMY.—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON ON FLOGGING.—GENERAL SIR DE LACY EVANS ON FLOGGING.—FLOGGING, A NATIONAL PUNISHMENT IN ENGLAND.—NOT CONFINED TO THE ARMY.—INGENIOUS AND SUCCESSFUL REMEDY FOR SUICIDE.

CHAPTER II.

MILITARY PRISONS AND PENAL REGULATIONS.

"In the Roman army the Centurions were authorized to chastise with blows: the Generals had a right to punish with death."

GIBBON.

THERE is much to be learned from the study both of military prisons and military punishments in France. The prison system is excellent, and its organization perfect; in order to make our readers acquainted with the principle on which it is worked, and of the way in which it is carried out, we will describe that of the Rue du Cherche-Midi, in Paris, the inspection of which impressed us much.

It may be considered as one large establishment, divided into two departments, the building on the west side of the street being appropriated to two classes, namely, the accused, who there await their trial, and the condemned, who remain there until the execution of their sentence, while that immediately opposite is used for prisoners undergoing their several terms of incarceration. The longest term,

however, in this prison, is two years, and if the sentence condemns them to any period beyond that, they are draughted off to the departmental prisons.

It is of the latter building we shall have principally to speak. It is a massive and imposing structure; the outer wall, which is of very considerable height and thickness, as well as the front of the prison itself, being composed of large unshapen flints bound together with a red-colored composition, and seamed with white mortar.

Within, the ponderous doors and heavy bolts, the stone passages and broad corridors, the solid staircases and deeply sunken windows, the spacious courts and airy workshops, the closely boarded dormitories and well-secured cells, offer an appearance of solidity and power which cannot fail to impress the inmates with the gravity of their position.

They are divided into four categories.

1. The accused.

2. Those condemned to degradation, or death; and both these classes are sequestered in the other portion of the building.

3. Those sentenced by court-martial to a term of imprisonment varying from one to five years. If they have conducted themselves well, they are liberated at half their term, either on parole or unconditionally; and, according to merit, divers privileges are accorded to them during their detention.

4. Those denominated "Disciplinaires" being

men sent by their regiments for the purpose of correction, for one, two, or three months; these are each confined in a separate cell during the whole period of their detention; they have no employment, and get only one meal a-day. They are maintained at the expense of their regiment.

Officers of all ranks are liable to be imprisoned as "*disciplinaires,*" but the case is of rare occurrence, and from 1852 to 1859—the time of our visit—we were told that only one such instance had occurred. The prisoner in question was a Colonel, and his cell —or we might call it his room—was shewn us. It was large and airy, and an alcove divided off by folding doors formed the bed-chamber; both departments were bare of furniture or decoration. An officer, thus imprisoned, may have any reasonable indulgence for which he is willing and able to pay, and can procure on hire anything he requires, of the "Agent-principal." This position brings with it considerable disgrace, and, out of regard for his regiment, the matter is kept as secret as possible.

Should an officer, however, undergo trial by court-martial, and be sentenced to imprisonment, the infliction is considerably aggravated. He is first degraded from his rank, and is then considered and treated on precisely the same footing as the rest of the prisoners, being placed with those of the third category, and undergoing a treatment precisely similar in all respects.

Although drunkenness is frequently the cause of crime in France, it by no means prevails there to the

same extent as in England, where, as we have seen in a former chapter, the men coolly bring it forward as an excuse for any atrocity with which they stand charged; and whilst they regard it as a legitimate shield from punishment on the part of their superiors, it becomes matter for glorification among themselves, and in the estimation of the majority the greatest hero is he who can boast at the end of the week that he has "killed the most foxes."

A droll story is told of a misapprehension arising out of this idiosyncratic phraseology, which we will relate.

The regular Catholic chaplain being absent upon one occasion, a French Aumônier was requested to take his duty at one of the camps. The good Curé placed himself in the confessional and a succession of penitents arrived, but all (as he thought, with delightful *naïveté*) had not any graver charge to bring against themselves than that they had killed (as the case might be) one, two, three, or four foxes. "What tender consciences these poor fellows have!" thought the excellent priest; "how superior to those French rascals who are always getting into all sorts of scrapes; and among all these, not one drunkard! Alas! where shall I find such penitents in my own unhappy land. Ah! England is a fine country indeed! it is still 'England of the saints!'"

His brother chaplain being returned—"Tell me, my good friend," said he, as soon as he saw him, "how happens it that your men are so free from all the ordinary vices of their class? Alas! what would

I give for such a flock! Their gravest offence seems to consist in what we should consider in France an innocent amusement, if not a public service! And tell me," he continued, "how is it you have so many foxes in this part of the world?"

"Foxes! foxes!" replied the other thoroughly mystified; until a moment's reflection made the whole plain to him:—"Foxes! ha-ha! I see the joke; why, my dear Curé, have they been confessing that they have 'killed so many foxes?'"

"Dat is just it," answered the French Priest.

"Ah! my good friend, I ought to have enlightened you on this point before; that expression belongs to our military *argot*, and means neither more nor less than getting drunk."

"Drunk! what, all drunk! two, tree, four times in de week! and I did give dem no penance! Ah, malheureux! what have I done?" and rushing back into the church he exclaimed frantically—"Here! here! all you who have killed de foxes come back, come back, and I will tell you what you shall do!"

The military authorities in France have always been especially vigilant in guarding against the intoxication of their men, and in reverting to the military legislation of times long past we shall find peculiar precautions taken to discourage and eradicate it.

Under the second race of the kings of France drinking was forbidden under a penalty, whilst he who induced another person to drink was punished with even greater severity. If any soldier was found intoxi-

cated in the camp, he was condemned to excommunication, and during a fixed period was allowed no beverage but water. This regulation of military police was rigorously executed under Charlemagne.

Under Louis XV. certain Colonels had succeeded in extirpating drunkenness from their regiments by a very characteristic expedient; viz., declaring it an order of the day, that any man found under arms in liquor should not mount the breach. As honour and glory are the main-springs of action with the French soldier, this threat had a wonderful effect in sobering the men.

In Russia, a man found in a state of drunkenness is condemned to sweep the streets.

In Sweden, the first time that a man appears in any public place in a state of intoxication, he is condemned to a fine of about twelve shillings.

In case of relapse the fine is doubled, tripled, and so on; and if the drunkard prove altogether incorrigible, he is condemned to hard labour.

Any person convicted of having incited another to drunkenness pays a fine of twelve shillings. If the person practised upon be younger than the other, the fine is doubled.

In that country, drunkenness is never admitted as an excuse for the commission of crime. Indeed, so prone are the Swedes to indulge in this disgusting vice, that were this apology received, all criminals would be very liable to escape unpunished.

A man who dies in a state of intoxication is denied Christian burial.

The early French military laws against desertion or cowardice are also very stringent.

If we take a retrospective glance into the history of the French army, we may perceive from the regulations of Pepin, Charlemagne, and Louis le Débonnaire, that a soldier taking flight, or refusing to march against the enemy, not only lost his position, but was declared infamous, and that he was practically considered such, is evident from the fact that his evidence could not be received in a court of Justice.

Under the early kings of France he who had fled in battle was punished with death. Cowards were buried alive in mud, by way of engulphing with them the remembrance of the ignominy with which they had disgraced their nation and country.

We find in the memoirs of M. de Montluc that in the year 1555, a Captain commanding the Castle of Montecalvo having taken alarm without any reason began to beat a parley, and surrendered without making the slightest resistance. His punishment was summary, for Dom Arbre, his General, had him hanged as a coward.

In the Rue du Cherche-Midi all prisoners are made to work, and according to ability, at occupations more or less difficult. Those who have the necessary moral energy, and these are the majority, apply themselves to the acquisition of the more complicated and lucrative crafts. If their term of imprisonment be short, or if they be idly disposed, they are kept at rougher and more simple tasks, and plod on at rope-making, straw-plaiting, and cutting and

pasting of paper bags. Of this latter article no fewer than twenty-five thousand are made within the prison walls in a day. Jewel-boxes, apothecaries' and toy-boxes, are also manufactured in great profusion; and baskets, mats, and brushes are produced in considerable quantities. There are among the prisoners, shoe-makers, turners, carpenters and blacksmiths, and each workshop is superintended by a *contre-mâitre,* whose property the several materials are, and who in fact contracts for the labour of the men he employs, so that there is no danger of any idling being allowed to pass unpunished. Strict silence is maintained during work, and indeed the tongues of the prisoners are only liberated during recreation.

The French soldier is for the most part quick and intelligent, and will acquire any of the trades taught within the prison, in the course of ten days or a fortnight. During his apprenticeship—which it becomes to his interest to shorten—unless he show a determination not to learn, the "captive warrior" earns fifty centimes a day, and as soon as he becomes proficient, his gains are doubled, provided he continue reasonably diligent. He does not, however, receive this sum at the time, neither is it accounted for to him without certain deductions; twenty-five centimes are retained by the administration as an indemnity, twenty-five are supplied to him in the form of improved diet, which otherwise, and as far as the prison regulation goes, is limited to bread and water: twenty-five are deposited to form a "*masse*"

or fund, which only becomes his when he leaves the prison, and to this is added any sum he may have had about him at the time he was incarcerated, and the remaining twenty-five are handed to him in the form of pocket-money, which he may either save, or spend in tobacco, wine, or any of the small luxuries which can be obtained at a tariffed rate at the prison *cantine*.

If, on the conclusion of his term, the prisoner's *masse* be found to have reached twenty francs, that sum is remitted to him to defray the expenses of his journey; if it exceed that amount, the balance is forwarded to the Colonel of his regiment, if he be returning to the army; or, if his period of service be expired, to the major of his *Commune*.

One hour's recreation is allowed in the *préau;* all do not however avail themselves of this privilege, but employ their recreation in a manner which struck us much from its originality, and is highly characteristic of the French soldier.

Out of the few *sous* they have laid by, they obtain permission to purchase some cheap paints and implements, and once masters of these treasures, they devote their leisure to the curious fancy of embellishing their cells. It is amusing as well as interesting to notice the ingenuity they exercise in this occupation, and to mark the originality which suggests, and the versatility of talent which enables them so successfully to carry out their little scheme.

Some have displayed considerable ability, and all a certain amount of drollery, and even humour in

the execution. In most of these decorated cells we observed that the floors were painted, and adorned with a handsome border, to imitate a carpet, while in some a "descente de lit," or bedside mat simply, was simulated. The walls are, in some, marbled, in others sprinkled, and enriched with a border, with pilasters or mouldings. Those who venture into the higher paths of art, have divided their walls into panels, in the centre of which figure medallions containing groups of figures or landscapes.

In one such we observed the representation of a handsome Château—"Peut-être, helas! un Château en Espagne!" suggested we to the courteous Commandant, who was himself our conductor. "Ma foi, non," replied he, "the history of the young man who now owns this cell is a very strange one, and for aught I know, that fine palatial building may be his father's residence, for he is a man of high family, and heir to a large property."

"How, then, came he here?"

"Ah! that is a melancholy episode in his otherwise promising career, and indeed, it is a sad pity; for he is a *garçon* of unusual ability."

"What is his offence?"

"Forgery!" replied the Commandant, lowering his voice: "and he is sentenced for five years, but is behaving so well, that I think he will be discharged at the end of three; he has already passed two years of his time."

"Is he entered under his own name?"

"He is; but out of consideration for his family

we do our best to keep it secret. It appears he always had a propensity for executing ingenious frauds, and began so young that he gained the habit almost unconsciously. His father, however, who is a strictly honourable man, was greatly distressed at his son's turn of mind, and threatened—if when the conscription came, he should be drawn—to purchase no substitute for him unless before that time he mended his ways. No improvement taking place, and the young man happening to draw an 'unlucky' number, his father kept his word, and the youth was suffered to join the army. Perhaps the resolution was not over-judicious, and as might almost have been expected, his manners did not mend in his new sphere; it was not long before he found himself in want of money to supply his extravagant habits, and to extricate himself from his difficulties he drew a cheque on his father's banker, forging his name.

"The old gentleman, finding his son incorrigible, resolved to allow the law to take its course, and the young scapegrace was tried for the offence, and sentenced to the penalty he is now undergoing."

In others of the cells we found represented scenes both facetious and original, and in the corner of one was painted a clock so accurate in its execution as to prove a complete deception. It marked the hour at which the artist had been placed in durance vile!

In the next cell, the poor prisoner, anxious to magnify his resources, had executed a representation of an elegant commode, of the Louis Quinze style—in

somewhat questionable perspective, it is true—but still it served to furnish his bare apartment, and on the slab which covered it, were painted vases of flowers and other ornaments: a bunch of keys hung in the lock of one of the drawers, but the whole point consisted in a tobacco pipe left lying upon it —smoking not being allowed within the prison.

In one of the centres of the mural panels, in another cell, was a pleasing landscape, in the foreground of which stood a group of figures, consisting of a richly dressed burgher, of whom a beggar was craving alms. The wealthy man does not condescend to answer, but points with dignity over his shoulder to a board, on which is painted, "*La mendicité est interdite.*"

Fixed to many of the walls, we observed neat shelves, on which were small volumes, generally of a religious character, and nails, supporting *bénitiers*, chaplets, crucifixes, and small photographs of fathers, mothers, and sisters.

The cells are all locked at night, and watched by sentinels; in each corridor are two dark cells, in case any of the inmates should prove refractory; but these are seldom used. The cells of the "*disciplinaires*" are in a different ward. In the doors, besides a square opening, large enough to admit the prisoner's dinner without unlocking the cell, is a smaller orifice, which may be termed a "*trou Judas,*" through which the prisoner can be observed without being aware he is overlooked. The Commandant bid us peep into one of these, in which was caged—

or, as they expressively term it, "*coffré*"—a Zouave, who had been there "*se rongeant les poings*" for the last three weeks; and perhaps ruminating on some ingenious mode of escape.

The prisoners are allowed to smoke in the "*préau*," but noisy games, loud talking, and singing are interdicted even there.

One part of the building is appropriated to the officials, who are comfortably lodged, and whose little *menages* offer a very pleasing spectacle; each has a bedroom and *cuisine* at least, and those of higher grades enjoy the advantage of a little sitting-room. They have their own corridor, court, and garden, and the ringing laughter and merry voices of the little children frisking about, effectually relieve the gloomy silence of this portion of the prison. The *Personnel* consists of

The Commandant.
An Agent Principal.
One Surveillant des Ateliérs.
Two Surveillants de Comptabilité.

There is one Surveillant to every twenty-five men, and one of these watches in the corridor at night, being relieved at regular intervals. A chaplain is always in attendance, and receives his appointment from the Ministre de la Guerre, but gets no stipend for his services.

The daily regulation obliges the prisoners to rise at six o'clock in summer, and at half-past seven in winter. They are sent to their cells at eight o'clock,

but in summer they are supplied with books, and need not retire to rest until it is dark.

The prisoners of each category are conducted separately to the refectory. They are allowed two meals; meat twice a week, "*soupe grasse*" at eleven, and "*soupe maigre*," with vegetables, at four; one pound and-a-half of bread a-day. There are other articles of food which, if they have the means, they may procure by tariff at the canteen; spirits are forbidden; and no eatables of any kind are allowed to be brought into the prison.

The time is divided into "ten hours' work, two hours' recreation, and one hour's school." The friends of the prisoners are allowed to visit them, but only in the *parloir*, on particular days and hours, which are regulated by the commandant. The number of persons allowed to be in the "*parloir*" at one time is limited to ten. Although a *surveillant* is present during every visit, the "agent principal" is required to assure himself of the identity of the prisoner visited, before the visitor is allowed to leave.

All the prisoners wear the prison-dress. Their own clothes, taken from them when they enter, are cleaned, folded, numbered, and laid by, to be returned to them when their time expires.

Their bedding consists of a *paillasse*, the straw of which is changed every three months; a mattrass, not more than three inches thick; a bolster, two blankets, and a canvas sack, by way of sheets, which is changed every month in winter, and every fortnight in summer.

When a prisoner is condemned to death he is con-

fined entirely to his cell, and is altogether separated from the rest. These have a *préau* of their own, and more favourable regulations are allowed, as to recreation, diet, and visits of friends.

The infirmary is divided into two wards, one for the prisoners, the other for the "*disciplinaires.*"

There is a medical officer who visits every ward daily, and sends such as require it into the infirmary. He regulates their diet, and the *surveillant* of this department is under his orders.

The kitchen is a spacious, airy, commodious, and particularly clean-looking department, with its massive stove actively at work in the centre, and its coppers shining like so many vessels of gold. Certain of the prisoners take a share in the preparation of the food, and the supplies appeared of good quality and sufficiently abundant.

The chapel forms an interesting portion of the building. It is plain, and only ornamented with flags and military trophies, except as regards the altar, which is furnished and decorated in the usual way. The choir—strange as it may seem—is entirely voluntary, and though got up among the prisoners themselves, is of first-rate excellence. All the practising is done during recreation time, and the chaplain having made them a present of a harmonium, the *maestro di cappella,* who is no other than the young Herr whose cell interested so much, has arranged all the hymns and choruses in capital style. His musical talent is of no mean character, and his voice of admirable quality, though among those who

perform, there are several of a still higher order. One counter-tenor has created for himself a reputation which reaches far beyond the prison walls, and will doubtless, when his time is up, procure for him a highly remunerative engagement with some director on the look-out for such a *bonne fortune.*

The particulars of this young man's detention are curious. A native of the sunny south, and possessed of a most magnificent voice, he remained unconscious of the natural gift that was his, until one day, when a neighbour who enjoyed the enviable distinction of having visited Paris, and who had become more knowing than his equals, enlightened him on the subject, and told him that he had a "plum" in his throat. From this moment Paris became the object of all his aspirations; if he could but reach that goal of his hopes he felt his fortune was made, and that there would be a furious competition between all the metropolitan managers as to who should become the fortunate possessor of his unique *ut de poitrine.* So great was his impatience, nothing could allay his eager longings; and although his term of service wanted but a few months of its expiration, so eager was he in the pursuit of his darling scheme, that he could no longer suffer the delay, and accordingly taking one fine morning *la clef des champs,* or, as we should say, "French leave," he started on his adventurous expedition, and before midday found himself at a considerable distance from his quarters. His road lay through Toulouse, and by the time he had reached that city, he began to

perceive that his appetite had considerably sharpened. What was to be done?—He walked into the first *auberge*, ordered his breakfast, which was soon despatched, and fortunately his slender means permitted him to discharge his landlord's claim. Well would it have been had he pursued his way without further exploits, but unhappily seeing a handsome cloak and hat belonging to another guest hanging up in the *salle*, he took it into his head to appropriate the property which came in so handily to aid him in concealing his real position. Thus disguised, our hero lost no time in taking his departure, and without hesitating any longer, turned his back on the hostelry; but his daring measure was not destined to succeed; the owner of the missing property was not long in discovering his loss, and the purloiner was pursued, taken prisoner, tried, found guilty of robbery and desertion, and sentenced to undergo two years' incarceration in the prison of the Rue du Cherche-Midi. Here he became of invaluable service to the chapel choir, and numbers of persons sought admission to the services for the sake of hearing his noble voice

The Commandant, besides inviting us to mass and vespers on Sundays—a privilege of which we subsequently frequently availed ourselves—had on this occasion, with a politeness and attention which we appreciated, assembled all the prisoners composing the choir, and afforded us a considerable musical treat when we reached the chapel. We found the hymnal they have adopted arranged with infinite taste, entirely by themselves, and every piece

performed, gave evidence of great musical skill and scientific knowledge.

During mass or vespers, the prisoners occupy the benches which fill the larger portion of the chapel; a square is reserved facing the altar for the staff, and the Commandant and his family attend and occupy their place there. On either side, and in front of the prisoners, are benches appropriated to the friends of the Commandant, or such persons as he chooses to admit.

On Sundays the prisoners all wear the military uniform, and the whole place is marked by its peculiar character. The word of command is given at the different parts of the service, and is obeyed with true soldier-like precision. It startles one at first to hear the stern exclamations, "Debout!"—"Assis!" "A Genoux!" &c., and one is almost equally surprised to see it followed by the instant and simultaneous performance of the action indicated. Mass is said at nine o'clock, and at the first stroke of the hour the prisoners enter and take their places with the greatest order and regularity, signing themselves and bowing devoutly to the altar. The officers in command each attend with their own particular division.

We were frequently present at these military offices, which were of a most interesting character. The sermon was wisely made into a very interesting address, interspersed with military anecdotes and historical allusions, and always succeeded in engaging the attention of the audience. It was curious to observe their intelligent countenances, whose united

gaze was fixed with a feeling of veneration upon the earnest and impressive figure of the preacher, as he stood before the altar to address them.

When we remembered that these men were all prisoners undergoing their sentence, and needed a peculiar mode of address adapted to the peculiar circumstances of their position—only to be acquired by an intimate study of, and acquaintance with, their tone and habits, we could not but admire the ingenious zeal of the preacher, who, with consummate tact, contrived to reprove and instruct, while encouraging and elevating them in their own esteem.

Unlike the generality of sermons, these popular and well-timed discourses always seemed too short, and there was an unmistakable expression of disappointment observable on all the countenances of the hearers as they drew towards their conclusion. Their attention was equally alive during the remainder of the services, and they appeared to enter into the vocal portions with wonderful *entrain*.

It was very impressive to listen to the manly voices of these military worshippers, among whom was a considerable sprinkling of those desperate and daring fellows, the Zouaves, and to hear them singing, with childlike simplicity, and almost monastic fervour, the praises of the Most High. At the conclusion, all knelt for a few moments in private devotion, and at the word of command, rose simultaneously, and falling into file, left the chapel in the same orderly and respectful manner in which they had entered it.

The prisoners are on excellent terms with the *Aumônier*, and he visits all, but especially those condemned to death, with a zeal worthy of his holy calling. We were much interested in his account of his military penitents; one he pointed out to us as exceedingly hopeful—"C'est un charmant enfant," he said; "he made his confession yesterday, and gave me the greatest satisfaction by his simplicity and the evidently pious tendency of his mind."

Another, whose offence had consisted in exceeding his furlough, and was under a six months' sentence, he told us, was in the happiest dispositions, and had made up his mind to enter his noviciate as a Capuchin on the expiration of his term of service.

He spoke to us of a young Bordelais whom he had lately attended to the scaffold. As they approached the fatal spot, he exhorted him rather to die like a Christian, than a hero, and to avoid all tendency to bravado and false pride in that supreme and solemn hour. "Meditate," he continued, "on the death of our blessed Lord, for He too was executed, but he unjustly, while you only suffer the just penalty of your crime; prove the sincerity of your repentance by offering your sufferings to God in unison with those of our Lord, through whom may they be accepted."

The poor youth was truly penitent, and declared he was reconciled to his untimely fate. He was overcome by the conflict of his feelings, and said little; but when, at length, the fatal moment came, he showed that he remembered the counsel of the

priest, for he stretched out his arms, and placed himself in the form of a cross to receive the fatal shot.

We received from the military *Aumônier* at Lille some edifying anecdotes of the condemned prisoners there. One, in particular, under sentence of death, before his execution not only became a saint himself, but exhibited the most ardent zeal for the conversion of his fellow-soldiers. He begged that a certain number of his fellow-prisoners might be allowed to come daily to his cell with the *Aumônier* to join in his devotions, justly supposing that so solemn an occasion must infallibly impress them with serious thoughts, and withdraw them from too eager a love of the world and its passing vanities. He begged their prayers so earnestly, that many went to mass on purpose to comply with his desire. One plan he was most eager to carry out was, the foundation of an association or *confrérie* among his comrades for special devotional purposes, and he succeeded beyond his expectation in inducing a considerable number to join it. He met his death with a calmness and courage worthy of a Christian hero, expressing but one regret, that of seeing his beloved mother no more.

We might write a series of romances founded on the scenes which often take place within these walls, and some of them would present features of thrilling interest, more stirring far than the harrowing fancies conjured up from the ingenious imagination of writers of fiction, but having nothing real or natural in their detail. For one which we think not only characteristic, but likely to be acceptable to our readers, we

are indebted to M. de Ségur, and we subjoin it in the following pages. The narrator is an *Aumônier* well known "*au régiment.*"

"Last winter," says this venerable priest, "I received a letter from a young soldier whom I had known intimately before he entered the service, but of whom I had lost sight for some time.

"He wrote to tell me that he was detained in the military prison of the Rue du Cherche-Midi; that he was soon to be tried before a court-martial, and he begged me to come and see him in his trouble. I could not refuse such a request, and on the following Sunday, at twelve o'clock, I betook myself to the office where permits are obtained to visit the interior of the prison.

"The hall in which the relations, friends, and comrades of the prisoners await the distribution of these permissions, was nearly filled when I arrived. I sat down on the end of one of those long wooden benches which alone break the monotony of this bare gloomy chamber, and I looked around me. There were there men and women, some from the town, some from the country, but the majority of the men were soldiers. In the midst of all these people, I observed a young woman whose appearance struck me. She was attired with much simplicity, but very neatly. A white cap partly concealed her dark hair, which was braided in smooth and glossy bands. She was wrapped in a brown cloak; and I could not but feel an increased interest in seeing her there, when I perceived that she was about to become a

mother. She held a rosary in one hand, and in the other was a handkerchief, which she often raised to her eyes, and stealthily wiped away the unbidden tears.

"It was easy to see that she had long shed them, for her eyelids were red and swollen. Her whole appearance indicated so much modesty, sadness, and submission, that I was deeply moved, and was, indeed, almost tempted to speak to her, if only to offer her those consolations which religion alone can supply.

"Wherever there is suffering, wherever there are tears, a priest feels himself at home. I abstained, however, on reflecting where we were, and I contented myself with praying for the poor young creature who appeared at once so afflicted and so resigned.

"My turn at length came to receive my permit, and no sooner was I furnished with it than I started for the Rue du Cherche-Midi. The heavy, barred door groaned on its hinges, and the warder on duty showed me into the hall in which the prisoners are allowed to see their friends—a melancholy place —the aspect of which is alone sufficient to chill the heart. Within its grim grey walls there was no furniture beyond a few worm-eaten oak tables, around which the prisoners and their friends were seated on benches, scarcely less ancient; above our heads, out of reach of any human arm, was a little window, which hardly allowed the dull light to penetrate through its smoky panes, obscured by thick iron bars.

"Here I awaited my poor friend. It was not long before he made his appearance. We shook

hands with mutual emotion, and while thanking me for coming to see him in his dreary abode, he gave me the particulars of the offence for which he was incarcerated, and spoke of the punishment he expected would be awarded to him.

"Alas! it was a serious business. Being a corporal, and entrusted with the *ordinaire*, he thought he might with impunity misappropriate a portion of the fund confided to him, and had so far forgotten himself as to spend the money thus retained in pleasure parties, or rather in debauchery with some bad acquaintances he had formed in the regiment, and whom he imitated in their disorderly conduct rather from weakness than from inclination. His intention had been to replace this money, by instalments of payments promised by these loose fellows, who, of course, never for a moment thought of fulfilling the obligations they so readily assumed. His resources, however, were no sooner exhausted, than all his false friends fell away, as might be expected, without the ceremony of taking leave. Complaint had been made to the Colonel, and the unhappy young man was about to appear before a court-martial, to answer for the breach of trust of which he had been guilty. His distress at seeing his career cut short so disgracefully was of course very great, and his sense of his fault, and his repentance for it, was so profound and sincere that I had not the courage to reproach him, and merely endeavoured to console him. My words seemed to sink into his mind: misery opens the heart to God.

"'Ah! Monsieur l'Abbé,' said he, 'if I had had recourse to you sooner, if false shame had not held me back from asking your advice, I should not be where I am!'

Whilst we were conversing in a corner of the hall, I saw the young woman enter whom I had remarked in the waiting-room of the office. She crossed the pavement timidly, with downcast eyes, and took a seat at a little distance from us. A minute or two after, entered a young artillery-man: he looked round searchingly, and as soon as he perceived the young woman, he ran to her, melting into tears as he embraced her, then he hid his face in his hands, and leaning his forehead against the wall, seemed overcome with the violence of his despair.

"I looked at him with emotion, and his distress appeared so profound and so genuine that I was almost unmanned by the melancholy spectacle.

"My companion's eyes were fixed on him too, and turning to me, he said, in a low voice: 'There is another victim of drunkenness, and, indeed, I am sorry to say when a soldier goes wrong, that is most frequently the original cause of his misfortunes. I am certainly in an unhappy plight myself, but that poor fellow is still more to be pitied, and if I could help him I would do it with all my heart.'

"'Are you acquainted with him then?' inquired I, with interest.

"'I have only known him since I have been here,' replied he; 'he came a few days ago, and his misery is so great that it has drawn me towards him,

and I have attached myself to him, hoping to be able to comfort him; but I have had little success; he does not speak, and remains alone, gloomy and silent; only as he perceives that I sympathise in his sorrow, he acknowledges my good will by shaking hands with me morning and evening. All I know of his history is, that, in a moment of provocation, he struck an officer, and that he is here awaiting his trial. I understood he was married, and that that young woman is evidently his wife.'

"'And she is on the point of becoming a mother! Unfortunate young couple!'

"I looked upon them with increasing compassion: the soldier had become calmer, and was now speaking, in low and broken accents, to his young wife. I heard him ask her pardon, which she freely granted. It was easy to see this was her first visit to him in prison.

"However, time was creeping on; the visitors had disappeared one by one, and at last I remained alone with the young pair and my companion.

"'They seem to be looking at you, Monsieur l'Abbé,' said he to me in a whisper—'they perceive that you take a kind and paternal interest in them, and I am sure they would ask you to come and console them, if they dared. If you could go and talk to them as you have to me, you could, I am sure, alleviate their distress. A word from a priest is so acceptable in time of trouble! I will leave you with them. Adieu, *mon père*, come again to see me, and remember me in your prayers.'

"I embraced the poor penitent—so penitent indeed that I almost lost sight of his offence, and I made my way towards the sorrowful young couple, who seemed indeed to invite me by their looks.

"'You appear in great distress, my good friend,' said I to the young artillery-man, as I took his hand: 'is there nothing I could do for you?'

"He found no words to answer me, for his voice was choked, and he turned away his head to hide the tears which filled his eyes; but he did not withdraw his hand, and I pressed it between my own.

"'Ah, Monsieur l'Abbé,' said the young wife, 'God alone can help us now. We have no hope but in Him. Pray to Him not to forsake us.'

"'God never forsakes those who hope in His mercy,' answered I; 'and if He has appeared to forsake you for a moment,' I added, addressing myself to the husband, 'it is perhaps that you have neglected to pray to Him, and to pay Him all the devotion and submission you owe Him.'

"'That is true,' answered he, looking down; 'it is too true! I have been very guilty, and I am justly punished; for I forgot the promise I made to my wife, never to drink, and drink has ruined me, as it has so many others! Listen, M. l'Abbé; you are a priest, and I will tell you the tale of our sorrow, for, notwithstanding my crime, I am a Christian at heart; you shall hear my story in a few words, and you will then see if my position admits of any help. Were I alone, I would accept my sad position without a murmur; when one has done wrong, it

is but just, one should suffer the consequences; but my poor wife—my Josephine, she is innocent, she is a saint! It is for her I would fain be spared, it is for her sake that I ask you to pity us, for she will suffer more than I shall, in whatever may befall me!'

"He wiped his eyes, and continued:—'We belonged to the same village, a little hamlet in Lorraine.. Oh, how I wish I had never left it!.. Our cottages stood close together. We were born almost at the same moment, we have known each other all our lives, for we grew up together, free and happy as village children alone can be. We had always had every thing in common, our games, our walks, our pleasures, our joys, our sorrows. We made our first communion on the same day, and our parents looked forward to our union as an event which would bring a blessing on both families. As long as we were children, Josephine was my sister, and as soon as we emerged from childhood, and I knew I was not her brother, I began to look upon her as my betrothed; she, also, knew that no one but myself could be her future husband and protector, though we never spoke to each other on the subject; but there are things so well understood, it is needless to say them.

"'I had but one brother, older than myself, who had left our province to enter into apprenticeship, and afterwards to establish himself in business at Metz. I was therefore like an only son, and I had determined to follow my father's occupation, which

was that of gardener, for we had a few acres of land, and the produce which I was in the habit of taking to market, supported us in comfort. I have always preferred agricultural pursuits, because they are exhilarating to the spirits, strengthening to the body, and healthful to the mind, and because they admit of working under the blue sky, in open day, and in the fresh air;' and he looked expressively round the spot where we sat, as if he deeply felt the bitterness of the contrast.

"'All went well at first; my father was as fond of labour as myself, and we got on happily and cheerfully together. Josephine helped her mother in their little household, and worked at millinery. We saw each other every evening, either at her father's fireside or at mine. But this was not to last: a *café* was set up in our poor little quiet village, and from that hour all went wrong in many peaceful cottages besides my own. My poor father began to frequent this plague-spot; at first he visited it out of curiosity, and because it was something new; then he went because he began to like it, but for a long time it was only on Sunday evenings; at last he took to going every evening, and finally he was to be found there not in the evening alone, but all day long! Notwithstanding this, my father was a good man, he loved my mother, and he loved me, his favourite son; but example and habit are so powerful. Alas! my father neglected his prayers, but he was severely punished in the end, even as I am at this moment.

"'As you may suppose, with increased expenses and diminished earnings, our circumstances did not improve, and my mother was beginning to feel seriously uneasy, when a severe misfortune came to complete our disasters. One night, about midnight, in dark weather, my poor father, in returning from the *café*, where he had remained unusually late, was knocked down on the road by the *diligence*, which was coming down hill at a rapid pace, and being partially intoxicated, he was unable to get out of the way in time. He was brought home in a hopeless state, and died the following day; but not without being reconciled to God, and making me swear that I would never enter any drinking place. I knelt weeping by the bed-side of the father I had loved so much, and was about to lose so suddenly, and I promised everything; but, alas! you will soon see—sincere as I then was—how ill I kept my word.

"'I do not speak to you of my grief, and of the despair of my mother; it was not diminished when she discovered the disastrous situation of my father's affairs, and that after parting with her cottage and her garden to liquidate the debts he had incurred, we had not a penny left to live upon. I did not lose courage, however, and I began to hire myself out as a labourer instead of working as formerly on my own little piece of land; besides, Josephine's love remained to me, and with that I could not be unhappy.

"'Meantime Josephine had not been exempt from her share of afflictions. Her mother had died after

a short illness, and only a few weeks after the death of my father; a year after, her father married again, having selected a widow much younger than himself, by whom he suffered himself to be completely managed. I need not tell you that Josephine was now thoroughly miserable. She was treated as a stranger in her father's house, and for the most part whenever I met her I could see she had been weeping . . . . . as, alas! she has to-day. It was then that I determined our marriage should take place at once, although we were neither of us twenty, and had nothing to share but our affection for one another. You will say it was an act of folly; many people did tell me so, and advised me at least to wait till I had attained the age of the conscription, for my brother had already availed himself of his position as the eldest son of a widow, and I could not claim the same cause of exemption: but I would listen to nothing. When one entertains a true affection in the heart, it is impossible to see the object of that affection suffer, and not do all one can to put a period to her troubles; and the only mode left me of withdrawing Josephine from her now miserable home was to marry her. I hoped, too, that I might get the chance of drawing a lucky number, or that if I should be obliged to serve, I might enter into a stationary corps, where I might be near my wife and mother, who were able to gain a decent livelihood by needlework.

"'In short, after balancing on the one hand all the arguments that were addressed to me, and to

which I did not pay much heed, on the other my love and the grief of Josephine, I married her, her father having readily consented to any measure which placed her out of the way of his new wife; and I must add that I have never repented of what I did . . . . . until to-day, when, by my own fault, this marriage seems likely to be the ruin of my poor Josephine.'

"'Oh, no, no!' exclaimed Josephine, 'do not say that; happen what will, I shall never regret it, for without you, my good George, I should long since have died of grief;' and she kissed him through her tears.

"I turned away my head, for I wept also. After a moment's silence, he continued in these words:—

"'The period of the conscription arrived; I drew one of the worst numbers. It was impossible for me to obtain a substitute, and there was no alternative but to go. The hour of our separation was bitter, but God was still our support, and we were able to arrange matters better than we expected. I succeeded in getting myself incorporated in a regiment of artillery which had just arrived at Paris. You know that these regiments remain three or four successive years in the same garrison. By the help of my comrades and my officers, who on this occasion shewed me a great deal of benevolence, I found a sufficient number of customers willing to give employment to my wife, and as soon as I could, I made her come to Paris with my mother. I installed them in a small and modest lodging, and I passed two years most happily, devoting to my wife and

mother all the time that I could spare from my duties. Josephine is an excellent work-woman, and she soon obtained more work than she could manage. For my part, I had become very economical, and indulged in no unnecessary expense. I brought her all my allowance, and during the fine weather, with the permission of my superior officers, I turned to account all my spare time, working for the market-gardeners scattered around the *école militaire* near which we were stationed, being thus enabled to add a tidy little sum to our funds at the end of the week. In this way, by the end of two years we had realized a sum sufficient to purchase a substitute; but I had made up my mind to wait till the regiment should change its garrison before I quitted the service. It would thus cost less to find some one to replace me, and our savings would meantime continue to increase, thus enabling us to settle ourselves more suitably when we could get back to our *pays*—who knows?—perhaps to purchase back the cottage in which I was born, and the land my father had cultivated. Such were our projects for the future. Alas! I was reckoning without taking into account the misfortune, or rather without the weakness which has ruined me.

"One circumstance alone was wanting to our happiness, and this was, that God had not granted us children. Eight months ago, however, this blessing was promised us, and from that moment we felt as if our felicity were too great for this world. Josephine knows the care I took of her—how I spared

her every exertion, and warded from her every trial, that might affect her health, and how we daily prayed to God that we might be worthy of the gift he was to bestow upon us, and bring up in His love and fear, the little angel that was to illumine our existence! Alas! When the poor babe comes into the world, I shall not be there to receive it into my arms, to hear its first cry, to wipe away the tears of its mother; and it will be within the walls of a prison that I shall first learn that I am a father! But, alas! it is my own fault; I dare say no more of my sorrows .... and the hour is near when you will be obliged to leave us, so I must hasten on with my melancholy tale.

"'A week ago, two or three of my most intimate companions invited me to dine with them, to celebrate what we soldiers call the '*Grande halte*'—that is the period which marks half the time of service. Arriving at the top of the hill, the traveller reposes and rejoices for a moment before beginning the descent. I had always refused proposals of this nature, preferring to pass my evenings quietly with my wife; but on this occasion my companions insisted so positively, and with so much friendliness, that I thought myself bound to accept. I ran home to tell Josephine, who warned me to be on my guard, and to come home as early as I could; and I went to join my comrades.

"'We were seven or eight at table; too many to dine and drink together.

"'Each contributes to the excitement of the other,

and the folly of each increases the folly of all. This was just how it turned out, and the result was—the destruction, in one instant, of all my happiness and all the hopes I had so fondly cherished for years. The dinner began by being cheerful, then as our spirits rose, and the bottles were emptied, our cheerfulness began to degenerate into folly and intoxication. I thought I was still master of myself, and I had already lost half my reason, as I have since learned. I had drunk more than one bottle before I perceived that I had emptied more than three or four glasses.

"'After dinner we rose from table; we put on our sabres, sashes, and belts once more, and my comrades took me by the arm, saying:

"'Now let's be off to the *Café*, to take our *petit verre*, and finish our evening off gaily.'

"'At the word *Café* my reason instantly returned. I felt a cold perspiration stealing over my forehead. I remembered the oath I had taken beside my dying father's bed, and I determined to refuse. My comrades insisted: I repeated my refusal.

"'Are you afraid of a beating from your wife?' said one, with a sneer. I cannot explain my cowardice and weakness. I blushed, but dared not refuse again.

"'Forgive me, my Josephine, forgive my folly. I might—I ought to have replied boldly that I was not afraid of being beaten by my wife, but that I was afraid of distressing her—that I would not, and could not, violate my sworn promise to a dying father, that I would not break the heart of my widowed mother:

but I was half drunk—I had lost my energy, I had lost my moral sense; and, like a drunken man, I was no longer master of myself, and allowed myself to lie at the mercy of others.

"'I accordingly silenced my scruples, and walked into the *Café* with my companions. It was there that my chastisement awaited me. I drank, I know not how many glasses of brandy, and I ended by completely losing my reason—in short, I scarcely know what passed . . . Do not cry so, my dear wife. I can hardly refrain from tears as it is, and should not be able to finish my recital . . I have a confused recollection of a quarrel we got into with some *bourgeois;* that there was a great deal of noise, of struggling, angry words, broken bottles, tables upset, and then all was a blank.

"'When I came to myself, some hours after, it was dark; I was in prison, without my arms, with my uniform dirty and torn, and I was told that during my intoxication I had threatened and struck a non-commissioned officer who had ordered me to leave the *Café* and to return to quarters. . . . .

"'You know the rigour of the military code. A blow to a superior is punished with death! In time of peace I know there is generally a commutation of punishment; but even then, what a prospect! . . . . And besides, I acknowledge my fault, and at the same time I foresee the destruction of all my hopes, like a cup dashed from my lips the moment I had tasted it. And all for the fleeting pleasure of a few hours. Oh, drunkenness! Oh, bad

company!' continued the unhappy youth, rising and clenching his fist with rage—'inventions of hell—loss of body and soul—source of tears and blood, worse than pestilence, famine, and war. I curse you—you and Satan your author, with all the vigour of my despair!'

"He fell back on the seat exhausted with grief, and remained plunged in a gloomy silence.

"I can hardly describe to you the effect produced upon me by this simple and natural, but powerful imprecation against drunkenness; as his bitter words resounded in the hollow and lugubrious chamber where we were assembled, there was something dramatic in the effect, and I wished the scene could have been witnessed by those who were in a position to fall into similar errors.

"I endeavoured to console the poor young man, and to shew him the future in brighter colours than those under which he now saw it. Up to that time his conduct had been exemplary; he was known to and beloved by his superiors; his position and history, as well as that of his wife, could not but excite an interest in him; and if the court-martial condemned him, for the sake of the law, the Ruler of the State might, if he pleased, forgive him. I advised him to think of God, who only chastises His children in mercy, to employ the long hours, the weary days of his prison-life, in making up for the time he had already lost for prayer, and to turn his heart toward the divine Master, who always forgives the repentant sinner.

"When I saw he was a little calmer, I took my departure, in order to leave him with his wife during the few minutes that remained. As I rose I pressed his hand; he threw himself into my arms and embraced me, as a brother embraces a brother; he made me promise to visit and console his wife, and his aged mother, who was sick at home, and to come and see him again.

"As I passed out, the *Gendarme* whose business it is to stand at the door of the visitors' chamber, and who had followed all this scene from the distance—for I had seen him several times turn away his face to conceal his emotion—stretched out his hand with respectful cordiality, saying—'Let me shake hands with you, Monsieur l'Abbé, for you are a man of feeling!"

"The very next day I went to George's lodging, and there again saw renewed the tears of the day before. The mother was much overcome, Josephine appeared calmer, and hope began to animate her heart. Something told her that her sorrows were not endless, and that the child she was expecting, would not long be separated from its father. The piety and resignation of this young wife touched me deeply, and I prayed from my heart that her desires might be fulfilled.

"Two or three weeks passed away. On each Thursday and Sunday I went faithfully to visit my two prisoners; they were intimately attached, and helped each other mutually to support their grief. A friendship taking its rise amidst tears and repentance becomes a very firm and lasting link.

"One day George informed me that the period of his trial was approaching, and he expected it would take place in the course of the week; he begged me to say nothing about it to his wife, who would, he feared, be desiring to be present at it.

"The fatal day arrived; the poor *artilleur* appeared before the Council; he detailed the particulars of his offence, his drunkenness, his repentance, with a simplicity and a sorrow so touching, that his judges themselves were moved, and more than once I saw their eyes moisten.

"However, the rigour of military justice, and the certainty of the crime, could leave no doubt as to the issue of the judgment. The council condemned the unhappy man to death; but his Colonel, who presided, announced at the same time to the culprit that he would himself address to the '*Chef de l'Etat*' a special petition, to recommend him to his all-powerful clemency.

"George was brought back to the prison in the Rue du Cherche-Midi, and was thence transferred to the Abbaye, where I at once went to see him. He was calm, and full of hope in the benevolence of the council and the mercy of God. I promised to do what I could in his behalf; indeed, I went at once to the Colonel, and related to him, as nearly as I could, the poor fellow's story. The Colonel was touched; for I could not restrain my tears as I related it. He assured me that he would do his best for him, and that he would spare no efforts to obtain his pardon.

"What more shall I add? A few days after, I received a letter from the worthy Colonel, acquainting me with the unexpected success of his endeavours: by an act of unhoped-for clemency the condemned man received his free and entire pardon! The Colonel added, that he would leave to me the pleasing task of announcing the joyful news to my protégé. You may judge of my satisfaction: my first impulse was to run to the prison; but I changed my mind on recollecting that his wife and mother needed consolation more than he himself.

"I scaled the four flights of stairs without taking breath. I knocked at the door. George's mother came to open it; and as soon as I was within, she said in a whisper as she closed the door of the second room,

"'Speak low, Monsieur l'Abbé, Josephine and her child are asleep——'

"I repressed an exclamation of surprise.

"'Yes,' continued the good mother, 'she gave us, last night, a splendid boy. Ah! if my poor George was only here,' continued she, with a sigh, 'nothing would be wanting to our happiness!'

"'If he is not here,' said I, 'he soon will be!' and I proceeded to announce to the good woman the happy news.

"She looked at me for a moment with a stupefied stare, then raised her hands to heaven, muttered some unintelligible words, and fell on her knees.

"'O Lord!' said she, at length, 'O Lord! bless him who has pardoned my son!' She could say no more, her sobs of joy choked her utterance.

"When she had recovered a little from her emotion, I recommended her to convey the intelligence with much precaution to her daughter-in-law. Excess of joy sometimes does more harm than excess of grief; so true is it that in this world of trial and expiation in which we live, man is made rather to weep than to rejoice!

"'This time,' said I, smiling, to the good mother, 'God has been pleased to justify the old adage, which declares that good comes to us whilst we sleep. Her sleep is sweet; for, doubtless, she is dreaming of George: but her waking will be sweeter still!'

"I left the humble lodging, so sad the day before, so happy to-day, and I ran to the prison of the Abbaye, of which the doors flew open before me.

"I entered the visitors' hall, and I awaited the arrival of George with a heart so full of emotion that I could scarcely breathe. A few moments more, and he appeared; by the expression of my countenance he guessed what description of message I brought him.

"'What news, Monsieur l'Abbé?' said he, as I embraced him. 'How is my Josephine?'

"'Josephine is doing well,' said I, 'and your son also.'

"'My son! has it happened then? My son! O mon Dieu!' . . . and his eyes filled with tears.

"'That is not all,' said I, supporting him in my arms, lest his too violent emotion should unsteady him. 'You have your pardon, full and free: your Colonel has sent me to announce it to you. A son

and your liberty at the same time! it is almost too much for one day, is it not, my friend?'

"I shall not attempt to paint to you his bewilderment, his cries of joy, the outpourings of his heart. He was almost delirious with joy, crying and laughing alternately; pressing me in his arms, then falling on his knees to thank God in loud accents, regardless of any observation he might attract. I scarcely knew where I was myself, and wept like a child.

"He left the hall, ran to the warder of the prison, and fell into his arms, exclaiming,

"'I am free! I have got my pardon! My wife has given me a son! I shall be able to see my child, to embrace my wife!'

"'I succeeded in calming him a little.

"'You see,' said I, 'that God will not forsake those who pray and trust in Him.'

"'Yes!' exclaimed he, 'I do see it, and shall never forget it; I shall never forget, neither, that drunkenness killed my father, that it has been within a hair's breadth of destroying my wife's happiness and my own; and I swear, upon the head of my child, that never in my life will I again be taken in such a sin.'

"It is needless to describe the joyful meeting of the young couple, the ineffable happiness of George in once more pressing to his heart his beloved Josephine, and imprinting the first paternal kiss on the brow of his newly-born child, nor his joy at being restored to his loving mother, who looked at him with a tenderness which mothers only can under-

stand. All that may be imagined, felt, guessed—but cannot be told.

"Two or three days after he was set at liberty, I baptised George's child. He desired to have him called after myself, 'for it is to you,' he said, 'that he owes the liberty of his father!' As a touching evidence of sincere repentance, he had begged the 'Maréchal du logis,' whom he had insulted and struck, to be the godfather of his child. That officer had willingly consented; for he had been the first to solicit the pardon of the condemned man, and to rejoice when he had obtained it. When the child had been baptised, his father took him in his arms, and raising him up, said, 'Mon Dieu, I ask for this child neither wealth nor honours, for I know that happiness is not to be found in them! I do not ask for a career of unmixed felicity, for I know that all who follow our Lord must share His sufferings, and that there are tears and sorrows for all such! But I beseech Thee to make him a good Christian, and to preserve him from drunkenness, which was the ruin of my father, and very nearly destroyed me.'

"I replied 'Amen,' with all my heart, and I doubt not that God received the vows of the honest *artilleur*, for never did a more ardent prayer rise to heaven from the lips of a Christian father."

The military prison at Aldershott is a department of the camp well worthy of inspection; it includes the N. Battalion of huts in the north camp, and covers about two out of the hundred acres* occupied

* If we include the Parades we must reckon it 200 acres; 8000 acres is the whole extent of the government ground.

by the camp. It consists of a collection of thirty buildings, being twenty-four "men's huts," one mess hut, and five officers' huts, some of old and some of new construction; the former made to hold twelve, and the latter forty-eight men besides the warder, whose cell is partitioned off at the end. These are contained within a walled inclosure, and the ground is well drained and gravelled.

Between the two rows of these "huts," or houses, which are divided from each other by areas of exercise ground, runs a long walk, covered with a slate roof supported on stout wooden piers, which may be termed the punishment ground; for it is here that the prisoners are subjected to the penance of "shot-drill," the most degrading and irksome punishment inflicted upon them. At the foot of each pier stands a small pyramid of eighteen-pounders; the punishment consists in being obliged to stoop to pick up, and to carry backwards and forwards from one pier to the other—a space of about eight feet—one of the shot; and this for a period of time varying from two to three hours. A wooden block, about three inches in depth, marks the spot on which the shot is to be placed; and by the time each man returns to the pier whence he started, he finds another shot placed there ready for him, by the companion in misfortune next to him.

The men, it appears, hate this punishment, and for our own part we must repeat what we have observed elsewhere of unproductive labour in prisons, that it savours too much of vengeance, and is in every way calculated to demoralize, and deteriorate

the character of the men on whom it is imposed. We should prefer to see them hewers of wood and drawers of water.

If the men are found to behave well while belonging to the class considered worthy of this penance, they are permitted to exchange it for productive labour, and are promoted to the more interesting occupations of oakum-picking, stone-breaking, pumping, digging, trenching, road-making, and a variety of similar operations, or they may employ themselves *au choix* in any of the various *ateliers* with which the prison is supplied, and where several trades are taught and practised. The value of the prison labour is allowed to the government in the case of engineers, road-makers, &c., to whom a certain number of men are lent; but this is the only contract-labour accepted by the prison authorities. The rest of the work done is for the service of the army. The prisoners receive no remuneration of any kind for their labour, neither do their wives; so that there is no encouragement to diligence or activity.

There is a prison library, consisting of religious, historical, and geographical works selected by the War-Office, from which the first-class prisoners are allowed to borrow books; the others are not indulged in literature, and see only books of devotion such as their respective religions require.

This, we presume to think, may be regarded as another instance of mismanagement—surely idleness cannot be a desirable condition for those whose thoughts may be assumed to be already sufficiently

vicious and ill-regulated, especially when, as in all prisons in England, the prisoners are left to themselves during sixteen or seventeen hours on week-days, and for a still longer period on Sundays, being "locked up for the night" on the hebdomadal feast, as early as at three o'clock in the afternoon.

Why they *are* locked up at so early an hour is a mystery, unless it be to save *éclairage*. But surely the man's soul which is thus jeopardized—for we all know the temptations of idleness—must be worth more than a few feet of gas. During the whole term of imprisonment the prisoner is under stoppages, and may be said to be living at his own cost; his pay is received by the prison authorities, and serves to maintain the man; meantime, if married, which, strange to say, is *most* frequently the case, his wife and children receive nothing but what they can earn upon their own account. No women are allowed within the camp but such as have employment there, either as washerwomen, needlewomen, hospital nurses, or otherwise, and these must be the recognized wives of soldiers married with leave: during the incarceration, therefore, of a soldier, his family must depend upon their own exertions. During imprisonment the men wear the prison dress, and their own clothes are put away.

Masks, as worn by the prisoners at Pentonville, were at one time introduced here; but they are of no real use, as they do not answer the intention of preventing the men from recognizing each other; and they were found to produce so depressing an effect

on the prisoners, that they have been abandoned. The term of imprisonment varies from four days to two years, the offences being insubordination, desertion, drunkenness on duty, stealing from a comrade, &c. The majority are in for medium periods.

There are three classes of prisoners. They enter as third class, and work their way up by good conduct, first to the second, and then to the first class.

This prison serves for the whole military district in which it is situated, and it was established in January, 1856. It was at first constructed only for the camp, and the enclosure was accordingly calculated for 150 prisoners. It now contains 400; but in order to accommodate the additional prisoners, it has, of course, been necessary to augment the number of huts; and under the auspices of Major Miller, the experienced and intelligent Governor of these prisons, who after long apprenticeship to this office in Canada, has already had it under his vigilant care for the last six years, a new series of wards have been erected on the side of the enclosure opposite to those at first erected. They are not only on an improved principle in all respects, but have been raised by employing prison labour at a considerably smaller expense to the country. Thus while the tarred wooden buildings with felt roofs, which are, in fact, a repetition of the huts serving for the soldiers in camp, and holding only twelve men, cost the country, *mirabile dictu*, a couple of hundred pounds, the new constructions—which, besides being of higher span, are raised from the ground, entered by two stone steps, and

solidly built of brick, have large windows, which thoroughly ventilate them, are roughly plastered and whitewashed within, and can receive forty-eight men—only cost £180. These, however, were constructed by the prisoners.

Our readers may wonder that it should be thought safe to lock up forty-eight prisoners together in an open ward, and leave them to the chance of evil communication, or, indeed, of any communication at all; but they must bear in mind, first, that they are not very desperate characters; the offences of which they are convicted are of a military, and not of a civil character.

Secondly, the *rule* of silence is enjoined, although, as in most other prisons in England, it is constantly violated, and the violation is winked at; but it serves so far, that when anybreach of the rule which is likely to lead to worse consequences is observed, notice is immediately taken of it, and measures are adopted to enforce its observance, as well as to check other means of communication. We confess, however, that to us the unrestrained opportunities for intercourse seem somewhat hazardous. But we have to add, that—

Thirdly, a warder sleeps in a cell, into which he is locked, at the extremity of each ward or hut, and has at hand a bell, intended to give instant alarm to the sentries without, of whom there are nine constantly watching the prison. The warders are generally pensioners from the army, or they must have served during a certain number of years

as non-commissioned officers. These prisoners cannot be of a very formidable character, for their warder has not even a window through which they can imagine they are being observed; his only means of surveillance consist of two *trous Judas*, through which he can, when he pleases, ascertain what they are about. At night they may be said to be left to themselves, for he is not required to remain awake in order to watch them. The cleanliness of these wards is one of the most remarkable features which characterize the place; fire-irons, scuttles, water-cans, porringers, shine like polished silver; the boards of the floors, tables and benches have the appearance of new deal just laid down. The bedsteads, which are made to draw partly back in a groove, in order to leave a wider space down the middle of the ward during the day, are of iron, and the bedding folded with mathematical accuracy into a neat bundle, and strapped, lies on each bedstead. There is a board fitted to each, on which, except in the depth of winter, the men are compelled to sleep without blankets on alternate nights.

These huts, or wards, being of course on the ground, are not well warmed; there is a very small stove in the middle of the room, but it is extinguished at a fixed hour in the evening, and then the cold is intense, owing to the thinness of the walls and roofs.

The prison diet here was formerly entirely farinaceous, *i. e.* it consisted of a variety of grains made into porridges, which were administered with a certain

quantity of bread three times a day; but the Major soon found, from the altered appearance of the men, that this would not do, and therefore suggested they should vary their "ordinary," by a mess of soup three times a week. With this they have also the meat from which it is made. The difference this has made is almost incredible. It is now found on weighing the men when they are received, and again when they leave the prison, that they have rarely lost an ounce during their term since this improvement was tried.

The prison cook-house is like those in the camp as regards means and appliances. Like them, it is an unsightly building, of corrugated iron. The best-behaved among the prisoners alone, are allowed the privilege of cooking, and assume the culinary duties in turns.

The season appears to have been a remarkably healthy one; the infirmary door stands open, and it is more than nine months since there has been a patient within its walls. When a prisoner has been confined some little time, if he be found to behave well, some of his punishment is remitted; but this indulgence is not found to tell one way or the other.

There is a very excellent school-room for the prisoners, provided with all the necessary apparatus for the facilitation of modern education. Only the first and second class prisoners are allowed to attend, and that only for an hour and a half daily, exclusive of the time occupied in assembling and dismissing

the men. They all gladly avail themselves of the change this affords, and many of them receive here their first rudiments of learning. The master is appointed by government, and is duly chosen for his efficiency.

For the greater facility of the administration of justice in the military department, a certain number of officers are told off to act as justices of the peace, to settle minor differences, and to award punishments for trifling offences; but in England all civil crimes come before the civil tribunals, and a soldier offending, not against the military code, but against the laws of his country, is tried just as if he did not wear Her Majesty's colours.

That this is not the practice in France is well known, and indeed the different constitution of the two armies explains the different mode of proceeding. With us, the service of a soldier is a voluntary service, and while subject to his superior officers in army discipline and in every particular in which he is under obligation of obedience to them, he still continues amenable to the civil law; just, then, as in the relation of servant and master, the master is powerless to take the law into his own hand and to pass by the officers of justice, so neither can the military authorities treat with any offenders but those who have violated their laws, as such. It is to be regretted that the punishment incurred by a military criminal is never brought practically before his comrades, who thus lose one of the most useful and impressive lessons which could be offered to

them, and one which might be incalculably beneficial from the manner in which it should be conveyed.

In a French regiment we know it is long before the touching spectacle of a convict soldier kneeling in front of his comrades to receive the fatal discharge at the hands of perhaps his dearest friends, and then falling a disfigured and bleeding victim at their feet, is forgotten by those who have assisted at it, and there can be no doubt the ghastly recollection often and often serves to check the evil propensities of many a turbulent spirit; but take an English corps from among whom one of their fellows has been carried away to some distant assize town,—a term passes, perhaps, before he is tried, and already he is almost out of mind. Some of the men perchance learn at the alehouse that the "'Tizer" of that day week had a paragraph about the execution of Timothy Wideawake, who unluckily happened to shoot his Sergeant last spring, and if he happen to think of it, he mentions the event as an occurrence of the day to some comrade who he believes knew him; but who ever thinks a second time of Tim? His memory may sometimes elicit an exclamation of compassion, or an admission on the part of his comrades that "after all, he was a jolly good fellow!" but there the matter drops, and Tim's inglorious finale has served no purpose beyond that of shortening his season of repentance. It could not, of course, restore the unhappy Sergeant to his desolate home, but it *might* and ought to have served, not as a brutalizing spectacle to a bloody-minded mob of men, . . . and, alas! of women also, but

as a salutary example to soldiers like himself, exposed to the same provocations, and bound by the same moral and military law.

This is a particular worthy of attention; and, without in any way infringing on the actual state of things, whether civil or military, we would ask why not derive all possible advantage from the punishment of a military offender, and make the most of his example, at all events, by carrying out the execution within a reasonable distance of the garrison, and causing at least his own regiment to attend?

The frightfully frequent occurrence of military murders, bids fair to render our army a byword and a reproach among contemporary nations, and these crimes are evidently the results of an ill-organized system. There must be a screw loose somewhere; and among all the suggestions that have been made by those who have thought, and written, and spoken on the subject, we do not find any distinct proposal which appears likely to bring a satisfactory remedy to so lamentable a practice; for so, alas! it must be termed. The papers have already characterized this phase of military life as "the shooting *mania*," and seem inclined simply to add it to the list of "popular delusions," accepting it as a necessary evil; and, indeed, as long as we admit "kleptomania" to be an unavoidable malady, it would only be consistent to invent the correlative term, and accord the same social privileges to "ktonomania."

Seriously speaking, why should we not try the experiment of suspending some of these assassins

on the spot which witnessed their murders, and endeavour thus, since other means do not appear to succeed, to inspire their companions in arms, and fellows in position and circumstances, with a salutary dread of the ignominious end which awaits them?

The question of punishment is, however, perhaps the most difficult it is possible to discuss. In the French army, punishment is severe: but it is reserved for grave offences.

Death, in many cases, replaces penal servitude, and is the penalty for crimes which, with us, would not be capital; nevertheless, "extenuating circumstances" are often admitted, and the "*Chef de l'Etat,*" so popular with the army, knows how to show leniency when the occasion can be made to justify his merciful interposition.

Thus we read, only a few weeks ago, a military execution *was* to have taken place one morning at the Polygon, in the wood of Vincennes. The criminal, Pierre Dubois, a private in the 89th regiment of Infantry, was sentenced to death by court-martial in Paris on the 18th of October last, for having, on the 3rd of September preceding, being on guard, stabbed Sergeant Muller, his superior officer, in the back with his bayonet, and for having committed the act with premeditation. The wound, fortunately, did not prove mortal. The troops of the Imperial Guard of every arm who were selected to be present at the execution, together with the platoon who were to carry the sentence into execution, were all ready, when at the moment the Imperial commissary, to-

gether with the military chaplain, was about to announce to the unfortunate convict that his last hour had arrived, a telegraphic despatch was received announcing that the sentence was respited. The cause assigned for the respite is that it has been discovered, since the court-martial was held, that Pierre Dubois, who is thirty-two years of age, is married, and is the father of one child. The sentence has consequently been adjourned to afford time for further inquiries into his case.

Breaches of discipline, omissions of the various daily requirements, tendency to insubordination, neglect of duty or of respect, are visited with stern disapprobation, and so many days' confinement: but flogging is altogether unknown in the French army —indeed, it appears abhorrent to the nature of a Frenchman, and is not inflicted even in schools. Among the soldiers the substitutes for it are imprisonment for longer and shorter periods, *corvées* or fatigue-duty—more or less distasteful in their nature—parade and drill of a certain number of hours, carrying the heavy weight of the knapsack, &c.

'There is a class of penal inflictions more severe even than these, but they are limited by a sense of justice, and a superior officer is required to be very careful he does not overstep the bounds of equity. He has to remember that his decision is judged by the remainder of the division, and so long as the punishment is no more than adequate to the offence, it will not only be accepted without complaint by the cul-

prit, but will receive the tacit acquiescence of his fellows. But should it, on the contrary, be characterized by vindictiveness, and should this be repeated, and so threaten to become a system, it is met with so much sullenness and dissatisfaction, that, although no complaint would be made in words, the state of affairs would be very shortly detected by the officers of inspection, and the soldiers would be avenged by being liberated from the tyranny of their Captain.

The French soldier will never object to strictness of discipline—indeed, he prefers to see it maintained; all he asks is justice; and as long as punishment is administered in a spirit of fairness and temperate severity, he prefers it to a laxity which would bring his corps into disrepute, and detract from the honour of belonging to it. Ambition is the weak point of the French soldier, and the wise and intelligent policy of Napoleon has made it the strong point of the French army. There is, in this description of discipline, a tacit appeal to the good sense of the soldier; he is treated as a reflecting, intelligent being, not as a child or a mere machine, and—except, perhaps, in extreme cases, where, from want of success or otherwise, the men have no longer any respect for or confidence in their leaders—must produce a good result, since it raises their self-esteem, and reminds them that they are men, and have the responsibilities of manhood.

When we consider of how many various ingredients the French ranks consist, that every province

of France contributes its quota, and is represented therein, and that the character and attributes of the people are as different as their dialects, we must feel surprise that the same laws and regulations should apply equally to all, and that all should be acted upon by the same incentives. This can only be explained by the mysterious influence of *esprit de corps*, which by uniting their interests, assimilates also their naturally different dispositions.

In England, a soldier only undergoes military trial for offences against discipline, so that if he commit a murder, or any desperate crime, he is answerable to the civil authorities only; a circumstance on many accounts greatly to be regretted, since those who see, and may—nay, who do—take example by the offence, do *not* see, and *cannot* take warning by the punishment. In France, this is a point which is not lost sight of under any circumstances, and whether in civil or military cases, the scene of the execution is always that of the crime. The impression there, is, as we have said, far more deep, solemn and lasting, than when the event is merely made known by hearsay, and the terrible example cannot be expected to affect the comrades of the culprit as effectually as if they actually witnessed the infliction of the penalty. Besides this, an invaluable opportunity for exhibiting the stern justice, and for elevating the power of military law in the eyes of the soldier, is altogether lost, and, indeed, the impression left on his mind is that it is inferior to, and less to be feared than, the civil authority.

In cases not calling for the infliction of capital pun-

ishment, the French army has the intermediate penalty of "dégradation," inflicted with every circumstance which can invest it with terror and solemnity. The system of military punishment is altogether different in England, and in our code there is nothing which, for the dread it inspires, can be compared with this.

We have of late become fearfully familiar in England with "military crimes;" in fact, we are rather surprised now if we have *not* an article or a letter on this subject, or "another military murder," served up for breakfast, in the columns of the daily press. There are so many instances fresh in the memory of all of us, and they are all so sadly similar in their horrifying details, that it would be altogether superfluous to allude to any one in particular; all are marked by a sullen doggedness, offended vanity, misappreciation of the respective position of superior and subordinate, low and cowardly cunning, ferocious disregard for human life, and a remorseless thirst for vengeance—a vengeance totally disproportionate to the grievance which provoked it.

No humane or just man could for a moment admit any justification, scarcely any palliation, of conduct so atrocious; nevertheless, that there have been provocations to which these acts may be traced, is patent, and it would be only just as well as politic to inquire into, and, if possible, reform a system, the details of which can, however remotely, engender such results.

The free access to arms and ammunition allowed the men, is still an open question, and finds as

many advocates as opposers. How, nevertheless, after the men have in so many fatal instances proved themselves unworthy of the confidence thus reposed in them, any man of sense can still seriously support the Quixotic theory of trusting them so unreservedly, seems incomprehensible. With such, discretion must certainly fall far behind valour, and we cannot help thinking them too chivalrous for this practical age.

In France, crimes such as these are comparatively rare; we record an instance of one similar in character, as well as in detail, to those so frequent here, occurring last October twelvemonth, because it exhibits the solemnity of a military execution under the French régime, and shews how much better calculated it is to serve as a valuable admonition to others, than the civil executions of soldiers as necessarily practised under our own laws.

On the day in question, it would seem that at about one o'clock in the afternoon, the 20th of the line, occupying the "Prince Eugéne" Barracks, was startled by a loud report of fire-arms.

A private of that regiment, named Juan Baptiste Ract, had, it appeared, fired at a Sergeant named Midicîlly, alleging as his reason for the rash and fatal act, that the latter had inflicted upon him a disciplinary punishment, which he protested he had not deserved. The ball struck some wood-work, the splinters of which slightly wounded the Sergeant and a grenadier.

Brought before the 2nd Council of War, of the 1st Military Division, under accusation of insubordination, and attempt at assassination, Ract was, on

the 22nd November last, condemned to death. He refused to appeal, but forwarded a petition for commutation of punishment. This request having been rejected, the Minister of War gave the necessary orders for the execution of the sentence. The day previous, about eight o'clock in the evening, the officer of the prison entered the convict's cell, to announce to him that he must prepare for death.

Ract received the fatal news without emotion, and the Chaplain, arriving soon after, offered to pass the night with him. At this offer the prisoner seemed much touched, and accepted it with cordiality. During two hours, the Chaplain conversed with him, and prepared him to accept with Christian resignation, the supreme expiation of death.

At about ten o'clock, the condemned man expressed a desire to rest. He lay down and slept calmly until three o'clock in the morning. The Abbé did not leave the cell. On waking, Ract exclaimed, "The hour must be near." Then he resumed the religious conversation with the priest which his sleep had interrupted. At five o'clock he went to the chapel, heard mass, and confessed. At six o'clock precisely, Ract was conducted to the cellular conveyance belonging to the military equipages. A gendarme and the Chaplain sat beside him, and the carriage, escorted by twenty-five gendarmes on horseback, started for Vincennes.

According to military requisition, detachments of all the different corps composing the army of Paris, had been assembled in front of the Polygon to assist

at the execution; for this is one of the great features, and, indeed, one of the great uses, of military executions. Before these corps stood the "party" told off to perform the execution, consisting of four sergeants, four corporals, two files of soldiers of the 20th of the line, chosen by order of seniority; these were commanded by an adjutant. A few minutes before eight the carriage arrived. Ract, attended by the priest and a gendarme, alighted, and with a firm step walked to a spot pointed out to him. The chaplain bound his eyes; the condemned man knelt down, and raised his arms to heaven. At the word of command, the arms were levelled, and in another second all fired simultaneously. Ract fell, and lay motionless for ever; twelve balls had passed through his chest. Then all the troops defiled silently before the corpse, which was afterwards placed in a military carriage and taken to the cemetery of Vincennes.

We borrow from an unquestioned source the following episode of military life, which may appropriately follow our remarks on the subject of local executions.

"I was once as wild a young fellow," says the soldier who recounts it, "as ever donned a sword; and now that my mind is sobered, my form bent, and my head hoary, I acknowledge all the benefit I then derived from some of the startling lessons I had to learn, and which contributed to tame me, and to teach me to reflect.

"Two or three companies of our regiment," he continues, "had been ordered to Versailles to form

a garrison there for a few weeks, and mine was among the number.

"We had been settled there about a fortnight, when, one afternoon, about dinner-time, a rumour, which filled us all with horror, was circulated in our quarters; and as bad news generally spreads with rapidity, it flew from mouth to mouth, and was soon rumoured in all directions.

"It told of a fearful crime committed by a soldier. A Captain of Carbineers, it appeared, had been assassinated by one of the men of his division. The details, the circumstances, were recounted with every possible variety, but all agreed upon the main point, and upon its terrible reality.

"After the distribution of the soup, I left my room, and directed my steps to the barracks of the carbineers. The whole town seemed filled with consternation. A vast crowd was moving slowly and silently in the same direction as myself; it was plain that every one was pre-occupied with the same anxiety.

"Close to the barracks, the groups of people were more numerous; they spoke in a low voice; the gate was closed; and the very sentries appeared dejected, as if they felt that the frightful and unusual crime was fatal to the reputation of the entire regiment.

"I mixed in the crowd, I listened, I interrogated, and on my return in the evening, after the tattoo, I related to my barrack-mates all I had learned. I listened to the news they had collected, and from these combined rumours we made out that in the

morning, a Captain of Carbineers—an excellent officer, equally beloved by his superiors, his colleagues, and his men—while reviewing his stables as usual, had made some observations to one of the men whose conduct was far from regular. The man returned no answer at the time, and had gone out quietly; but running up to his room, he had loaded one of his pistols, and returning hastily into the stables, deliberately walked up to the unsuspecting Captain, and placing the muzzle of his weapon close to him, discharged it between the unfortunate officer's shoulders.

"The poor fellow instantly dropped, covered with blood; bystanders raised him up, and carried him home; but the moment the surgeons saw the wound, they pronounced it mortal, and certified that all would be over very shortly: the ball had broken the spine. The poor Captain breathed his last sigh a few hours after, amidst the severest sufferings, in the arms of his aged mother; he bore his fate with heroism, giving evidence of a faith and charity rarely met with. He had humbly confessed, and had received the holy viaticum; and imitating the example of the Divine Master, he freely forgave his assassin, and died imploring the wretched man's free pardon with touching earnestness.

"The murderer, who had been arrested on the spot, suffered himself to be disarmed without resistance. The witnesses of the crime could not explain to themselves his extraordinary and brutal conduct, and seemed not to know whether to regard him as a

maniac or a monster. He was dispatched to Paris the same night, to be tried for the crime; and there the council of war of the first division was to pronounce his doom.

"This tragic event, with all its revolting details, was, during many days, the subject of conversation in the garrison as well as in the town: gradually the ferment subsided, we began to talk and to think less about it, and soon the victim and the assassin were alike almost forgotten.

"Like the rest, I had begun to occupy myself with other thoughts, when one evening—it was the 2nd February, 1851—we received orders to hold ourselves in readiness to start the next morning for the camp of Satory. All the garrison of Versailles was to be there, armed. We at once guessed it could only be in order to be present at the execution of the unhappy carbineer who had shot his Captain.

"On the morrow, before dawn, we were on foot, and in marching order; but we started with less alacrity of step, and joy of heart, than if we had been going to take a position from the enemy; for it is a fearful thing to stand by motionless, and in cold blood, to see a man deliberately shot, even though he be a brutal and cowardly murderer! Arrived at the camp of Satory, we waited a long time, standing in the wet chilling mud; but our spirits were so dejected, and our minds filled with such painful reflections, that no external circumstance could affect us, and we felt neither the cold, nor the damp, nor the bleak blast.

"At last the sound of approaching wheels was heard. A cellular van appeared in the distance; it approached, and stopped at the extremity of the manœuvring field. Every eye was directed towards it.

"The door opened, and a tall man came out first, this was the convict; the priest next alighted. I was close to the place of execution, and as they passed me I recognised in the latter, with unspeakable emotion, the excellent chaplain of the *Abbaye*, the consoler of many a sufferer! He was paler than the condemned man himself, and any one seeing them walking side by side, might have thought that *he* was the one about to die.

"The appearance of the culprit struck me forcibly. I expected to behold a monster, or a brute, whose features would betray either frenzy or stupidity; but I saw a man of graceful figure, in whose countenance calmness and resignation were depicted; he advanced with an easy step, wholly free from bravado or swagger; in the mild, subdued expression of his eyes, might be traced consoling signs of repentance and tranquillity. He seemed to be praying with fervour; his countenance betrayed no anxiety—it was placid and almost hopeful—illumined by a certain interior peace and joy; and he listened with respectful attention to the words addressed to him by the priest.

"Arrived in front of the division appointed to perform the execution, he stopped. His eyes were to be bandaged, and he resigned himself tranquilly to the process. His sentence was then read to

him; he pronounced some words which I could not catch, and applied his lips to the crucifix he held in his hands, for they remained free. He embraced the *Aumônier* with gratitude, who retired to pray at a little distance from him: then kneeling down and stretching out his arms in the form of our Saviour on the cross, he awaited his doom.

"'PORTEZ . . . ARMES! APPRETEZ . . . ARMES!' shouted in stentorian accents of command the voice of a non-commissioned officer.

"What a moment! What an agony of expectation! My heart seemed to have ceased to beat! Every breast was oppressed, and the silence was so profound that an insect might have been heard to move.

"For the third time the voice of the sergeant was heard, but this time it was changed, and, despite his efforts, his tones were tremulous.

"'EN JOUE, . . . FEU!' at length he exclaimed resolutely, and with a perceptible effort.

"I had barely time to say inwardly, 'Seigneur, ayez pitié de lui!' and in spite of myself, I closed my eyes when the report followed.

"When I opened them, a second afterwards, all was over! it was only to behold the corpse of the unhappy carbineer—an instant before living, breathing, in the prime of life—prostrate on the ground, weltering in his blood; he lay stretched out on his back, his skull shattered, and his face disfigured by the balls. The priest was kneeling by the side of the corpse. . . . It was a scene for the pencil of Horace Vernet!

"The whole of the troops defiled before the ghastly and mutilated body—a terrible example of human justice—and before the priest, weeping and praying —a touching emblem of consoling mercy.

"Many returned to their quarters that day, to make salutary reflections, and with increased respect for the ministers of religion. For my own part, it was long before I could shake off the impression made upon me by this painful scene, so full at once of horror and of consolation. I had continually before me the image of the good *Aumônier* embracing the convict about to suffer the penalty of his crime, blessing him, forgiving him in the name of his Saviour, and weeping over his disfigured remains as over those of a brother."

The punishment of "*dégradation*" is regarded by the French soldier as scarcely less terrible than death itself, and we offer the following recital to our readers as highly descriptive of the punishment, and of the crime which occasioned it. It is, besides, a "détail de mœurs" in military life:—

"Among places I visited while quartered at Paris," says the writer—a private soldier of the line—"was one, neither attractive nor creditable—it was the Barrière de l'Ecole. What a place! What streets! What misery and degradation! What habitations! and too often, alas! what inhabitants!

"What a city of wine-shops! and within them what ribald songs—what disgraceful scenes—and what miserable creatures do we find! If any place on earth may be looked on as the reflection and ante-

chamber of hell, it is this, on certain days, and at certain hours! Adulterated wine and questionable brandy flow in streams scarcely less incessant than the blasphemies which continue to proceed from the lips of the inveterate drunkards who assemble there.

"Within these blackened walls may be heard songs and jests which a dog, could he speak, would not utter. Everything breathes debauchery and riot; and the atmosphere seems laden with those hateful miasmata, in the midst of which are engendered the crimes and punishments, the misfortunes and tears of soldiers.

"There, too, among others, is to be found a certain Café, within which I have sworn never again to set foot, and of which I cannot even think without a shudder; and with good reason, as you shall judge.

"It was about three weeks after my arrival in Paris, the day we received our pay, and most of the soldiers of the regiment had some silver in their purses. The *Cabarets* of the *Barrière* were crowded to overflowing, and the majority in that multitude wore uniforms, so that the Government pay, scarcely pocketed by the soldiers, soon made its way into the tills of the Cafés and wine-shops.

"Some of my comrades proposed to me to accompany them to the Cabaret, as they said, 'to take something.' In military language, 'to take *something*,' means to take *everything*—from a harmless cup of coffee, or a *petit verre*, to a quart of brandy. I had no great taste or inclination to join a regular

drinking bout, made up for the purpose, and I had good reason to be apprehensive of the result, for I misgave my own resolution, and dreaded the contagion of example; but I had not courage to refuse, and masking my reluctance under a semblance of gaiety, I consented to make one of the party, and we entered the famous Café in question. We were five or six—some habitual drunkards—the others weak, and led away, like myself.

"The Café was so full that the tables almost touched each other. Civilians and soldiers were drinking side by side, with an emulation which it was painful to witness. Coffee, wine, brandy, were flowing in all directions; and as these exciting liquors entered the mouths of the consumers, indecent jests, unrestrained laughter, and indecorous sallies issued therefrom in like proportion. Some talked loud and contradicted each other; others appealed to the waiters, or thumped the tables with their fists; and to complete the picture, a cloud of tobacco smoke enveloped the whole scene in a confused veil of fog.

"It has been said that 'where there are most fools, there is most laughter;' but such laughter is generally the precursor of tears. In penetrating into this Pandemonium, I had a presentiment that the evening would end badly, and now I began to fancy I could discern a tumult at the bottom of every glass. Near the table at which we were seated, there were several civilians, of suspicious appearance and quarrelsome manners. At first they said little, but after

a few glasses, they began to bully our party. Words succeeded—looks and threats followed words. At last the glass of one of these '*pékins*' was—whether accidentally or not—upset upon the nether garments of one of our comrades, and the affair seemed likely to take a serious turn; all were on their feet in an instant. The owner of the damaged pantaloons collared the proprietor of the unlucky glass; the other resisted, called his partisans to the rescue, and the fray became general. Blows followed each other in rapid succession; weapons were raised, and fell like flints. Angry words were exchanged, glasses and bottles flew about; already more than one lamp and more than one pane of glass had been broken, and blood had begun to flow. In the midst of this infernal hubbub, the door suddenly opened, and a brigadier of *gendarmerie*, aroused by the din, entered the Café. He spoke, but was not listened to. He sought to interpose—the strife only increased; he attempted to separate the combatants, and ordered the military instantly to clear the place; but, excited by wine, by the noise, and by the angry epithets they had been bestowing and receiving, they refused to obey, and bade him mind his own business. In the midst of the confusion, one, more excited than the rest, more reckless, and above all, more unfortunate, raised his hand, and not knowing what he did, struck his superior officer on the face.

"This insane act produced on all present the effect of a peal of thunder. Every sound was hushed in an instant, as if all present had been seized with

sudden stupor; the strife was at an end, the tumult ceased, and breathless silence succeeded; it seemed as if each one had received the fatal blow which bore within it the sentence of death.

"The civilians fled, dispersed in all directions, and the soldiers remained sad and motionless around their unhappy comrade, who alone continued infuriated and unsobered.

"The brigadier was not at liberty to leave so great an outrage unpunished. Had he only consulted his feelings, he would have gladly forgiven his aggressor, and kept silence about the matter. For discipline's sake he could not; besides, the offence had been public; two or three *gendarmes, sergens de ville,* and others, attracted by the disturbance, had arrived just in time to witness it. The culprit was arrested, his number and the battalion and company of all the soldiers present were taken; and nothing remained but to arrange our disordered garments, and, with downcast heads and heavy hearts, to return to our quarters.

"The next morning we were summoned to appear. Our unhappy comrade, arrested the evening before, had been disarmed and conducted to the prison of the accused in the Rue du Cherche-Midi. The others were punished more or less severely, according to their previous conduct. For myself, who had scarcely been more than a spectator of the affair, and who had not yet been subjected to any punishment since my entrance into the corps, I was let off with four days '*salle de police,*' in addition to my alarm,

for I made acquaintance that very day with that agreeable locality, of which I will say a few words before I proceed with the history of my unfortunate comrade.

"I began first by donning the uniform which it is compulsory to wear on such occasions, pantaloons, jacket, and capote '*de corvée.*' I was then conducted by a corporal to the place of confinement. 'There's a poor devil marched off into durance,' said some of my comrades as they saw me pass; and truly I was going there, and I was going sadly enough, as I reflected that at this moment another was being carried to prison under the weight of a capital accusation!

"Arrived at the door, my conductor transferred me to the charge of a corporal on guard, who opened the door and said facetiously—

"'Pray take the trouble to walk in; this is the *Mazaro.*'

"I felt very much inclined to return his politeness, and to answer, 'After you, corporal;' but I thought it was not exactly the occasion for a joke, and I remained prudently silent as I entered the gloomy abode. The corporal shut the door upon me, and I found myself fairly boxed up, in company with eight or ten comrades, prisoners like myself.

"The *Salle de Police* is an uninviting place at best, but at the *Ecole Militaire* it is particularly disagreeable. Imagine a dungeon eighteen or twenty feet square, into which you descend by a subterranean staircase, as into a cellar, lighted by a trap-door, so

that the gloom is most depressing. One becomes used to the darkness in time, but at first entering it is difficult to make one's way. It is as dreary a place as can be imagined, and the term of imprisonment is passed without distractions of any kind; even a book may not be brought in, unless it be the '*Théorie Militaire*,' which, as may be supposed, is not very entertaining. Smoking is likewise prohibited, but still it is winked at to a certain—nay, to a sufficient, extent.

"On leaving the *Salle de Police*, the prisoner is compelled to mount guard, and go through the same routine of drill as defaulters, in the punishment square. This amusement lasts two hours; and in summer, when a hot sun is pouring vertically down, the exercise is no joke. As regards the furniture of the place, it consists of a camp bed, with straw mattress and blankets; the prisoners must sleep on it as best they may, and each gets into as snug a corner as he can. If another lodger arrive after all the places are taken, he is unceremoniously sent about his business, and must needs content himself with the floor. It will be seen that the *close* is not altogether a paradise; but, after all, it can't be helped; confinement therein is not intended to be a pleasure; and military discipline is so important and so sacred, that it must be maintained at any price: if apparently rigorous, it is often indispensably so. The soldiers feel this themselves, and never complain when they are justly punished.

"As to myself, I am bound to confess that the

four days I spent in 'retirement' were useful and salutary. I spoke little, but reflected much. I began, for the first time since I left my home, to commune with myself, and to blush for the errors into which human respect and forgetfulness of religion had led me.

"I thought of my mother, of my beloved Antoinette, of their grief and shame if they could know where I was, and what excesses had brought me there; I was still too weak-minded to take the resolution of returning honestly to my convictions and my duties; but, at all events, I made a silent and solemn vow to myself that for the future I would watch more closely over my conduct, that I would avoid drunkenness as I would fire, and that I would shun *Cafés*, *Cabarets*, the *Barrière*—in short, all those excesses and those occasions which lead to the *Salle de Police*, and sometimes alas! beyond it.

"When my four days were up, and the Corporal on duty opened the door for me to go out, as he had before opened it to admit me, I gave a gasp of satisfaction, and looking at the gloomy walls of the *Mazaro*, I said to myself, 'This is the first, but it shall also be the last time you and I shall ever meet;' and stepping briskly over the uninviting threshold, I found myself, with joy unfeigned, in full possession of the fresh air, of my liberty, and also of my privileges as a soldier; for indeed it is deeply humiliating for a *militaire* to be deprived, even for twenty-four hours, of his arms and the right to wear them.

"But to return to the history of my poor friend whom I left on the way to his prison in the Rue du Cherche-Midi. His name was Marcel: he was an excellent fellow, and universally beloved in the regiment. Some of us knew that he was doing his best to support an aged mother who had become a widow since he entered the service, and that he never omitted to send her whatever he was able to save. He had been just now in hopes of obtaining leave to return as '*soutien de famille,*' for she had but one other child, a son aged fifteen, who was as yet unable to earn his own living and that of his mother.

"Marcel had only one fault, but a terrible fault, against which, to do him justice, he certainly struggled with all the energy he possessed, but not always with success. This was love of drink.

"Twice already, since he had been in the service, he had undergone serious punishments for excesses of this nature, and he had only escaped by a hair's-breadth the severities of a court-martial. At these times he had promised himself most devoutly that he would renounce this fatal habit, so much the more dangerous in his case, that when he had taken too much he became furious and incapable of exercising any control over himself. But he had forgotten to invoke the aid of God in keeping these good resolutions. Like so many others, who, however, are wanting neither in faith nor in charity, he had neglected prayer, he had leaned on his own weak nature alone, and when the hour of temptation came, he found himself powerless to resist it.

"As he entered the fatal Café, where so terrible a lesson awaited him, he had, as usual, formed the resolution to drink only one small glass of Cognac: but no sooner had his lips touched the infatuating liquor, from which he had been weaned during the last six months, than his head turned, his determination vanished as snow before the noon-day sun; he forgot all—his mother, his leave of absence, his vows, and began to drink without restraint and without remorse. At the fourth glass he was drunk, at the sixth he was furious. He threw himself like a madman into the midst of the mélée in which we had all been more or less implicated, and when next day, on coming to himself, he was told that he had struck a brigadier of *gendarmerie*, he had no recollection of the act, and remained thunderstruck at the tidings.

"I had only known Marcel since my arrival in Paris, but he had been so kind, and had shown me so much friendliness, that I had taken to him at once, and soon preferred him to all my other comrades. He had related to me the position of his family, the death of his father, his projects and his hopes. He was a skilful artisan, and turning all his thoughts to the period when he should once more visit his native place, he relied upon his known excellence as a workman, and hoped that his name, which would acquire fresh consideration as that of an old soldier, would obtain for him a lucrative and honourable position.

"Like myself, he had left in his native hamlet a

young girl whom he loved, by whom he was beloved, and who had been faithfully awaiting his return during the last five years. He had every reason to hope he should find her still attached to him at the end of his time, and the thought of seeing her again, and settling down for life, filled him with joyful anticipations. He pictured to himself the neat cottage of which his pretty Annette would be the mistress, the cheerful fireside over which his mother would preside, and the pleasure he should have in forming and guiding his young brother, of whom the death of his father had made him the sole protector and guardian.

"Such was the innocent future he had traced out, such the day-dream in which it was his delight to indulge; and we had been talking over the probabilities of its realization but a few hours before the fairy fabric was demolished. Alas! he had forgotten his unfortunate propensity; he had overlooked his liability to fall into the frightful vice which was to be his ruin, and he did not know how weak is man when he attempts to struggle against his passions, in his own strength.

"The first Sunday after I had regained my liberty, I flew to the *état-major*, in the Place Vendôme, to obtain a permit to visit the prison, and making the best of my way to the Rue du Cherche-Midi, I asked to see Marcel. I was searched, according to custom, to see if I was bringing in anything contrary to the regulations; and was then suffered to penetrate into the hall where the prisoners are allowed to see

those who visit them. This long, lofty, bare, and gloomy hall has all the attributes of a prison, and the dingy grey walls receive a sombre and ghastly light, even at mid-day, from the small and barred windows. When I entered the wretched *parloir* I found it more than half filled with military prisoners and their friends. Some were standing up, others sat on deal benches and tables. Some of the prisoners affected to speak loudly and to laugh noisily: but it was too evident this was all assumed, and that it was merely a hollow sham to mask the wretchedness that was undermining them. Others made no secret of their dejection, spoke in a low voice, and seemed ashamed of being seen where they were.

"After waiting a few minutes, Marcel came in; he was lamentably altered; he advanced slowly, and having no idea who had asked for him, looked round vacantly till his eye fell upon me. No sooner had he seen me, than, rushing forward, he threw himself into my arms, and we both wept like children. Up to this time, although we had been on the best of terms, we had never before embraced each other. This instant rendered us reciprocally fast friends, and the affectionate and sympathising cordiality with which we met, was the seal of the brotherly attachment of two friends between whom there is thenceforward a community of interests.

"'I am in a desperate position,' murmured he, as soon as he recovered his composure; 'I am a lost man! I shall be *condemned to death*, and at best, by

commutation, to eight or ten years of the galleys! I shall be degraded before the whole regiment! What a humiliation! What a disgrace! My mother will die of grief; I shall never see her again; and, instead of supporting her, and becoming the comforter of her old age, I shall be the cause of her death! And my Annette! she will be ashamed of me, she will no longer respect me! How can she become the wife of a man who has undergone a disgraceful punishment? She will be another's! My life is crushed! My future is blasted—I have lost all! . . . . *all!!*' . . . he repeated, in a tone of heartrending despair which robbed me of my remaining composure. His words were mingled with sobs, and it was with frantic gestures that he uttered these desponding exclamations.

"I endeavoured to calm this feverish excitement, but could not succeed for some time. He interrupted me at the first word, and seizing me by the wrist with incredible vehemence:—'Abjure drink!' he exclaimed; 'never give way to intoxication! Swear an eternal hatred to brandy! If you value the honour of your uniform—never drink! If you love your mother—do not drink! If you have a betrothed—Oh never—never drink! I, alas! I have lost all! Mother—bride—honour—happiness—life itself! All this was mine, and I have sacrificed all for a miserable glass of brandy!'

"And, hiding his face in his hands, he seemed overwhelmed by the accumulated weight of wretchedness which was crushing him.

"By dint of kind words, of reasoning, and all that friendship and good-will could suggest, I at length succeeded in tranquillizing him a little; but I felt he was right, and that I could afford him no real consolation. I endeavoured to give him hopes, which, alas! I was far from entertaining myself; I tried to depict the future to him under a less gloomy aspect, and I got him to converse more calmly with me.

"He talked to me of the life he had led since he had been a prisoner, and a sad and monotonous existtence it was. In most permanent military prisons in France the moral and material organization is perfect; but in the *maisons de prévention* (houses for the accused) in which the soldiers only pass the period between their arrest and their trial, matters go on as they can. There is within them neither labour, nor solitude, nor order, nor regularity; but by night as well as by day, agitation, idleness, and the evil effects of uninterrupted communication, between prisoners of all classes, and culprits of all denominations. The accommodation affords a court in which they take exercise when the weather is fine, a warmed room to contain them when it rains, and that is all!

"My poor friend had but one change, and but one consolation in this gloomy abode, and this was the presence of the chaplain, who came from time to time to visit the accused, to talk to them of their temporal sorrows, of their miseries, and of the yet more profound distress of their souls. He spoke

to them gently, affectionately, as a friend, as a father, and if all did not follow his counsels, all, at least, loved to see him and hear him, and he was welcomed by all with a cordial shake of the hand. Marcel, brought up by a pious mother, and still retaining his early religious impressions, had received with sincere satisfaction the consolations of the venerable priest. As soon as he perceived him, he ran towards him, listened respectfully to his words, and always felt calmer after he had seen and conversed with him.

"At each fresh visit I paid my poor friend, I observed with joy the change which was taking place in him, under this salutary influence. His despair had gradually been tranquillised, and had given place to a profound sorrow, marked by resignation and Christian peacefulness. Like so many others, he was returning gradually, and by the road of suffering and misfortune, to that good and merciful God whom he had forgotten when in the hey-day and heedlessness of prosperity.

"The good chaplain was in the habit of lending books to the prisoners, appropriate to their respective cases; sometimes they were instructive, sometimes simply amusing, and they served to enliven the monotonous void of the long unoccupied day. Marcel devoured them, and found in the reading thus obtained, a new and powerful distraction; but unhappily this was, and still is, the limit of religious consolation in the prison of the accused.

"At the military prison on the opposite side of

the way, and which replaces the prison of the *Abbaye*, the religious offices are more completely organized. There is, as we have already said, a chapel, a chaplain, a regular mass, and religious offices, and the convicts undergoing sentence of detention have every facility for fulfilling their religious duties.

"I continued to visit my friend regularly on Thursdays and Sundays until the period of his trial.

"'To-morrow,' said he to me, one day, 'to-morrow, my dear friend, I am to pass before the Council: I know the sentence that awaits me, and the only question for me is the nature of the penalty to which my condemnation will be commuted. Pray for me, and come without fail to see me next Thursday at the *Abbaye*, whither I shall be transferred after the trial. I will relate to you what passes, and you, who have so often consoled me, will console me once more.'

"When I was taking leave of him he pressed my hand earnestly, and said with a bitter smile, 'Look at me, my dear Jean, and embrace me once more; to-day I am only an accused man, next time we meet I shall be a convict under sentence of death.'

"'We know what that means,' said I, endeavouring to smile, but I could not succeed, and the tears fell fast.

"The following Thursday I hurried to the *Abbaye*, and although I could entertain no doubt as to Marcel's sentence, my heart beat with violence to hear the result.

"Incapable of uttering a word, I interrogated him by signs; he came towards me, grasped my hands, and then said calmly—

" 'All is over—I have been *condemned to death!* The officers were very kind, but what could they do? Sit down, and I will tell you all about it.'

" 'I had, as you know, undergone an interrogatory as soon as I entered the prison, and the instruction was, as usual, made out in writing. Being unacquainted with any lawyer, I readily accepted the one appointed by the court, an excellent man to all appearance, who seemed to interest himself in the case, and had a concise mode of expressing himself. When I appeared before my judges and felt my fate was about to be decided, I was overcome; I could not see distinctly, and it was with difficulty I could even stand. But I soon recovered myself, and was calm while the usher of the court read successively the act of accusation, my interrogatory, and the deposition of the witnesses. I observed with some emotion that the evidence of the excellent *Brigadier de Gendarmerie*, whom I had so grievously outraged, was as moderate and as indulgent as possible. It was evident that this good man had made every effort to reduce my fault to the smallest proportions without deviating from the truth. It was truly noble conduct on his part, and I hope he may be rewarded for it in this world and the next.

" 'After this had been read, my lawyer rose and spoke briefly and ably. He laid my crime to the score of drunkenness, and tried to prove that in the

general tumult and confusion I had struck the Brigadier without knowing what I did, and without seeing him, and he asked simply for my acquittal.

"'The *Commissaire du Gouvernement* rose in his turn, and confined himself to the facts as they were gathered from the act of accusation and my own confession, and, for the sake of military discipline, demanded the rigorous application of the law. I must in justice say, that he spoke temperately, without bitterness, and like a man who fulfils a painful duty.

"'Before summing up and pronouncing my fate, the president of the council asked me if I had anything to add to my defence.

"'What am I to say, Colonel?' asked I, with a trembling voice; 'I forgot myself and disregarded my duty; I cannot ask you to forego yours in letting me escape unpunished. All that I have to plead is, that I am deeply sorry for my crime, that I cordially thank the Brigadier and M. le Commissaire for having dealt so leniently with me, and that if I dared to implore your indulgence, it would not be for myself, but for my poor mother, who is innocent of my fault, who reckoned upon me to sustain her old age, and who will in all probability sink under the disgrace that overwhelms me.'

"'As I finished these words I felt I could add no more, for the thought of my mother's despair was worse than all, and I fell upon the seat behind me, hiding my face in my hands.

"'The council retired to deliberate, and returned

after a few minutes with a verdict which condemned me . . . to DEATH! I expected nothing less, and bowed in silence before the inflexible severity of military justice; but the president of the council added, that he would specially recommend me in the name of his colleagues to the clemency of the *Chef de l'Etat* in consideration of my antecedents, my repentance, and the position of my family.

"'I thanked my judges for this mark of interest, the only one they had it in their power to confer upon me. I left the council-chamber, and was conducted hither to await my lot, such as it shall please Napoleon to appoint it.'

"After this recital, more than once interrupted by sighs and tears, we conferred for a long time, and I was rejoiced to see that his tranquillity was based on Christian resignation. He told me he had made up his mind to the worst, and that since yesterday he had received two sources of consolation, the one being the pardon of his mother, which had reached him in a letter full of affection and sympathy, and the pardon of God at the hands of the good chaplain, for he had returned to his duty and his religion; and he concluded by assuring me that in the midst of all his troubles he enjoyed an interior peace which he had never known when in the most prosperous circumstances of his life.

"It was in these admirable sentiments that Marcel passed a weary month at the *Abbaye*, awaiting the decision of his fate. At last the final sentence arrived; his punishment was commuted to five years

of the *boulet*. He expected a severer sentence, and received the news with gratitude.

"'I shall certainly not be sent away before Sunday,' said he that day as we shook hands at parting; 'do not omit to come and see me for the last time and receive my adieus.'

"I embraced him, but when I said 'Au revoir,' alas! I little thought I should see him no more . . . till the convicts defiled on the following Sunday, when I happened to be on duty, and found it impossible to procure a substitute, and yet two days after, the terrible ceremony was to take place.

"No!—Were I to live a thousand years I should always remember it with anguish! It was cold, it was in the month of December; the temperature portended snow,—all was gloomy and sad as my own forebodings. The regiment was under arms in front of the *Ecole Militaire*. I was there motionless, silent, absorbed, waiting in speechless anxiety the arrival of the convicts, amongst whom I was to see my most intimate friend. At length the hour struck, and they advanced. I looked along the line till my eye rested upon him; he was chained like the rest, but carried his bullet in his hand, for otherwise his movements would have been impeded. His eyes were bandaged, and I thanked Heaven that thus he would not behold me assisting at his humiliation and witnessing his shame.

"Arrived in front of the regiment, the convicts halted. Their sentence was read, and they were declared unworthy to serve; Marcel started, and

blushed beneath the bandage that covered his eyes. Then came the most terrible moment! An officer approached him, and with a determination as inexorable as that of justice itself, tore off one by one the buttons of his uniform, and all the other insignia of the military profession! At this solemn moment I saw Marcel turn ghastly pale, his limbs trembled so violently that he almost fell to the ground; a deep groan escaped from his lips, and I almost expected to see him expire; but in a few minutes he recovered himself, and although his ashy paleness remained, I perceived by his attitude and gesture that he was once more master of himself, and that he had offered to God this terrible expiation of his fault.

"After the 'dégradation,' the regiment was ordered to march past before the convicts. As I passed Marcel it cost me a violent effort not to quit the ranks and throw myself into his arms; but, thank God, I restrained myself, and following him as far as the eye could reach, I contented myself with whispering—

"'Adieu, my poor comrade! Adieu, my beloved Marcel! May God protect you and preserve you for your friends and for your mother! May He grant to her and to you support and strength to carry you to the end of your trial!'

"We marched away, and Marcel disappeared from my sight. I never saw him again! and doubtless I never shall see him any more in this world; but I know that he is now happy, and that God, who knows how to bring good out of evil, has led

him back to Himself by means of his crime itself. He wrote to me often from Africa, and his letters were full of tranquil energy and resignation. He bore his punishment so nobly, and his conduct was so irreproachable, that at the end of his first year his term was reduced by two years, and on the 15th of August, 1853, he obtained a complete release."

His first duty was to return to his home, where he found his mother still living, and his brother, who had grown up a robust youth, had become an excellent workman. Where shall we find words to describe their meeting?—the tears that were shed on either side as they saw each other for the first time after such painful trials? But when Marcel, interrogating his mother by a look, whispered timidly, and in a low voice, the name of Annette, the good woman shook her head sorrowfully, and as she rose to kiss her son, a tear trembled in her eye.

"'You may as well know it at once,' she said; 'Annette married young Rénaud last spring, and she has just given him a son.'

"Marcel made no answer; this was the last drop which filled the measure of his bitterness. He left the cottage, and crossing the common entered the village church, the scene of so many tender souvenirs; he walked mechanically to the spot where he had knelt—a little rosy child—to lisp his first prayer, and where—a bright and happy boy—he had made his first communion: the friends who surrounded him, the father who had loved him—where were they? The venerable old Curé who had then ad-

dressed him, and whose words still rang in his ears, where was he? . . . . . how well he remembered the day—the gleam of sunshine that lighted up the benevolent face, and gilded the white hair of the priest as he stood before the altar on that happy summer's morn, when he stood on life's threshold, and all was hope and joy! Alas! what changes had taken place since! His whole life passed in long review before him, and when he arrived at the present hour, and remembered the last heavy blow that had fallen upon him, he lifted up his heart to God, and made one great and entire sacrifice of all his trials and disappointments in expiation of his offences and short-comings. He remained long in prayer, and rising from his knees returned slowly towards the village, but when he again opened the cottage door, he was calm and resigned. He embraced his mother tenderly, and said—'It is over, let us speak of it no more: she had a right to do what she has done; I expected it, and I now see it is better for her, as well as for me.'

"From that day he never again mentioned Annette.

"The last letter I ever received from Marcel reached me in the Crimea as we stood before Sebastopol. It made a deep impression on me; it ran thus:—

"'My dear Friend,

"'I have two events of much importance to myself to communicate, and I impart them to you, knowing how deep is the fraternal interest you have always taken in me. My mother died in my arms a week ago,

and I am about to enter La Trappe. When I was undergoing my punishment in Africa, I besought God as the only favour I should ever ask of Him, to let me find my mother still alive, when I should reach my native place. This good Master of an unworthy servant, granted me more than I had thought of asking; I not only saw my mother once more, but I lived with her, and enjoyed her society more than a twelvemonth. I received from her own lips her pardon for all the tears I had caused her to shed, and I had the unspeakable consolation of cheering the last few months of her life, and of closing her eyes after receiving her last blessing. She died piously, holily, as she had lived, and I could almost believe that her dear soul went at once to heaven; I have wept her loss, and shall continue to deplore it to the end of my days, but I mourn her without despair and without bitterness: a holy death-bed is so full of hope and consolation.

"'After we had performed the mournful obsequies, I began to reflect upon my future, and the thought of entering La Trappe, which first came into my mind, during my confinement at the *Abbaye*—which had always been present with me while in Africa, and which filial duty alone had induced me to adjourn,—a thought which had been still further confirmed in me by the marriage of her to whom I had been affianced—became stronger and more imperious than ever. I prayed and reflected, I saw that my brother had no further need of me, and that no duty attached me to this world, so, after consulting our Curé, I at length made up my mind.

"'I have put all my little affairs in order—which was not very difficult: I have given everything to my brother; I have taken leave of all my old friends, and to-morrow I leave for Meilleraye. There, in labour and penance, I will complete the expiation of my faults; I will end my days in a retreat congenial alike to my past misfortunes and to my present feelings, and I will pass my life in praying for my friends, and for you more than all, since you are the being on earth I have loved best after my mother.

"'Adieu, my friend, my good and dear Jean, who, when I was in tears and in prison, came to visit and console me!

"'Never abandon your habits of religion and piety, be regular in fulfilling your duties, whether in or out of the army, and be above human respect; take warning by me: let us live in such a way—you in the world, and I in the monastery—that we may meet one day in heaven in the eternity of divine love!'

"When this letter reached me I had been brought back to the practice of my faith, and had become once more a Christian in heart as well as in name. I read it therefore with respect and emotion. On my return to France, I learned that Marcel had entered La Trappe de la Meilleraye, and that he was living there happy and tranquil, and affording an edifying example by the austerity and sanctity of his life."

Among the punishments in the English army there

are many which seem ill-proportioned to the crimes they are intended to meet. We could not help thinking this, the other day, when listening to the account of an occurrence at Bristol. The offender in this case was a Sergeant, who had been twenty years in the service; and as the best years of his life were passed away, and he was, of course, too old to make a fresh start, being wholly ignorant of any trade, business, or occupation by which he might gain a livelihood—he was naturally looking forward with some satisfaction to the period of his retirement, when he hoped to enjoy the pension he had earned by twenty years of irreproachable conduct. The unkind fates, however, and the laws of England had decided it otherwise.

The poor fellow, as paymaster, was entrusted with a sum of money amounting to about £100, and was incautious enough to allow the circumstance to become known to a Jew, with whom he was but very slightly acquainted. This rascal determined to possess himself of the money, and having enticed the poor Sergeant into a public-house, plied him with drugged liquor till the man, overcome by the narcotic effects, lost consciousness, and the coveted sum became the property of the Jew. The Sergeant's perplexity, if not despair, when he recovered his senses, and discovered his loss, may be imagined. He was a man of integrity, and was overcome with astonishment and shame at his sudden disgrace: but hard as the consequences may seem, there was no getting out of it, and the unfortunate Sergeant—ruined for life—was condemned to the

loss of the pension and privileges to which his long period of service had entitled him.

We quote here, as a paragraph containing interesting statistical information, from Sir Joshua Jebb's latest report on the military prisons of the United Kingdom. It includes the last two years, and shows that "the average number of prisoners (including those in garrison and barrack cells) was in 1859, 10·3 per 1,000 of the force, and in 1860 11·4, the average of the previous twelve years being 12·2 per 1,000. A comparison with the number of sentences previous to the establishment of military prisons gives a still more favourable view of the change that has taken place in the army; in 1843 the number of soldiers in civil prisons at any one time under sentence by courts-martial was 20 in 1,000, and the number of corporal punishments 5·2, making 25·2 per 1,000; but in 1860 the average number undergoing imprisonment was but 11·4 per 1,000, and the corporal punishments 2·9, together 14·3, as compared with 25·2 in 1843. The committals last year for *drunkenness, which is, perhaps, the most fertile source of military crime*, were 0·74 per cent. on the average force in England, only 0·34 in Scotland, and 0·84 in Ireland, but a few years ago the per-centage in Ireland was double what it is now. The committals for desertion last year (2,799) were 2·66 per cent. of the average force; in the thirteen previous years they were only 1·93 per cent., but 2·53 in the last six years of that term. The governor at Weedon remarks in his report, the lowering of the standard of the exigencies of

the service have brought into the army, men of a class that at one time would not have been admitted; but many of the worst characters are being discharged. The Dublin medical officer says that there are numbers of men, incorrigibly bad characters, kept on, because if drummed out of one corps they will re-enlist in another; and he thinks it desirable that the letter 'I' be marked upon them indelibly in Indian ink, and that they be got rid of, for they are useless as soldiers, acting as focuses of crime and insubordination, and infecting the waverers among the young soldiers. The total number of prisoners admitted to the military prisons at home in the year 1860 was 6,719; 3,927 Englishmen, 490 Scotchmen, 2,302 Irishmen. The expenditure of the prisons was less than the pay and beer money of prisoners, not issued to them. The second and third class prisoners are required to sleep accoutred as if on guard. Prisoners try hard to pass as much of their time as possible in garrison hospital, for the sake of the association and superior diet and comforts; and many men are known purposely to sow the seeds of disease immediately before trial, in the hope of passing nearly the whole sentence without any real punishment. A prison-governor suggests that a few cells should be attached to the large hospitals, properly arranged, but yet of such a character that malingerers, and those who are wilfully protracting their cure, may feel that they cannot be treated like their better-conducted comrades."

In the English army, flogging is the staple pun-

ishment ;* but of late so much repulsion and even horror has been manifested in consequence of its frequent and excessive administration, and so much has been said and written to shame the country out of it, in the teeth of those who so strictly maintain its necessity, that certain modifications have taken place in its infliction, and there has been some talk of abolishing it altogether. Whether or not it has a degrading tendency is still an open question, and there are nearly as many opinions for, as against it, on this ground. Be this as it may, however, we are inclined to ask ourselves, first, whether in an army so peculiarly situated as ours, and unquestionably requiring severity of discipline, it would be *possible* to dispense with it; and then, on the other hand, whether it may not itself be one of the exciting causes of desertion. Whatever promises may have been made, it is as yet far from being done away, however; on

* Corporal punishment exists in the Danish army ; at Copenhagen, recently, four dragoons received each 150 blows from a stick, and one, 100, for having been concerned in a riot got up to rescue some comrades from custody ; but the castigation was not administered all at once, the four men having had seventy-five blows inflicted per day ; the other, fifty, till the score was paid. In addition to this punishment, each man is condemned to bread and water for thirty days.

In 1822 General Potieniskine, who was in command of Semenovskay, the second regiment in the country created by Peter I., had abolished corporal punishment in Russia, and was adored by the men. He was removed, however, by the celebrated Araktchief, and was replaced by Schwarz, who passed for a quondam German corporal, and who, unwilling "to spare the rod," restored things to their former state, so that the soldiers were once more subjected to the castigatory system.

several occasions during the year, and as lately as at the end of October last, fifty lashes were awarded to an offender, Joseph Taylor, a most desperate fellow it is true, for he "bears the character of being one of the very worst men in Her Majesty's service, all attempts to reclaim him having failed." He has been a soldier about three years, and during nearly the whole of that period he has been under punishment, passing most of his time in prison. He has been tried by no fewer than eight courts-martial for various crimes. On a later occasion, it was administered to a man for deserting and making away with the whole of his regimental necessaries, which he sold for a trifling sum. He is already branded with the "letter D," and in addition to his flogging, he is sentenced to 168 days' imprisonment, and to be placed under stoppages until the value stolen has been refunded; when his sentence is completed, he is to be discharged from the service. A similar case was tried at the same time.

Several others have occurred since, and more are announced as about to take place.

At Chatham, in the beginning of this very year, Francis Brady, apparently a most desperate character, who struck his sergeant, and when sentenced, outraged the president and members of the court in the most violent manner, besides assaulting, with murderous intent, the warder of his prison, was sentenced to fifty lashes; however, on the execution of his sentence, he fainted after the first twenty-five had been administered.

There is little doubt that Francis Brady would have been shot, had he been a French soldier; but had this sentence been considered too severe, though he might have been degraded and dismissed the service, he certainly never would have been whipped.

At the end of last December, four executions of this nature took place at Shorncliffe, the prisoners being under arrest for assaults on officers of their regiments.

The sentences in two of the cases, those of Privates Watson and Connelly, took them and the whole brigade by surprise; for, seeing the triangles erected, the look of the first-named prisoners, who marched up with a very confident air, seemingly anticipating fifty lashes and a few years' penal servitude, was suddenly, and not unnaturally, changed to one of intense dejection, when the Brigade Major, Captain Carleton, read the sentence, which was, that the prisoner, Private Watson, be shot to death by musketry, adding, "Her Majesty has been pleased to approve and confirm the same." On hearing this the prisoner's chin sunk on his breast, and his countenance became livid. The Brigade Major then read that Her Majesty had been pleased to respite the capital punishment on the prisoner, and that he was sentenced to penal servitude for the term of his natural life. The second prisoner was then brought forward and received a like sentence, with a like commutation.

Private Darkens was next brought forth, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, and Private Chatley to penal servitude for two years, and to re-

ceive fifty lashes. The prisoner was at once fastened to the triangles, and received the latter part of his punishment, during the infliction of which a heavy fall of snow took place. He bore the punishment without a groan, and was marched to the general hospital, whence he will be transferred to Aldershott District Military Prison, there to undergo the remainder of his sentence. The three other prisoners were sent under military escort to Milbank Penitentiary.

A letter to the Editor of a London Journal, from a Private in the 19th Regiment of Foot, quartered at Benares, is significant as an illustration of the evil results of too free a use of the lash, especially, as it appears that in this case the misdemeanor by no means justified the application of a punishment which, if resorted to at all, should certainly be reserved, *in terrorem*, for the gravest offences.

. . . "The whole of the officers and non-commissioned officers and privates of the 1st battalion of Her Majesty's 19th Regiment of Foot," says the writer, "were on Saturday, 8th October, assembled in the Ball Alley, Benares, to hear read, the finding and sentence of a district Court-Martial recently assembled at the officers' mess, for the trial of Private William Grundy, of Her Majesty's 19th Regiment of Foot, arraigned on the following charges, viz.: 1st. For having absented himself from barracks for twelve hours without permission from his commanding officer. 2nd. For having, during the period of his absence, designedly made away with or lost by neglect the following arti-

cles of his regimental necessaries:—One pair of sheets, one summer tunic, one pair of coat-straps, one mess-tin and case, and one shell-jacket. The court acquitted the prisoner of making away with the tunic, sheets, and coat-straps, and found him guilty of the first charge, and that part of the second charge of being deficient of a shell-jacket and a mess-tin and case; and taking into consideration his bad character, sentenced him to suffer a corporal punishment of fifty lashes, and, further, to be imprisoned with hard labour for a period not exceeding 365 days, the first week in every month, solitary. After the finding and sentence of the court were read, the usual ceremonies were gone through. With 'Strip, sir; drummer, do your duty,' he was pinioned hands and legs to the triangles, and the bloody business commenced. The soldier in question was a smart young fellow, and would, in all probability, have been a good soldier, and a credit to his Queen and country, had it not been for the tyranny of ignorant non-commissioned officers in barracks, in the beginning of his service. Before he had been six months a soldier he became thoroughly disgusted with his profession, from the manner in which non-commissioned officers are allowed to domineer over good soldiers and intelligent young men. This makes the fourth time for Grundy to be flogged, and in all he has received 200 lashes. Do you think, sir, it has made him a better soldier? No; he is worse now than ever, and more hardened. The facts are these, sir; the injudicious selection of the most ignorant men

in Her Majesty's service for non-commissioned officers, has already succeeded in disgusting and alienating almost every intelligent young man in the regiment; for promotion goes entirely by favour in Her Majesty's 19th Regiment. But a still greater evil exists than this favouritism, which is no other than allowing a lance-corporal to put a man's name in a drill report without an order from a commissioned officer, and compelling respectable men to stand at attention for a lance-corporal, who cannot actually tell A B from a haystack. A soldier could not do more for His Royal Highness the Commander-in-chief if he entered the barrack-room. How long are these left-handed systems to be tolerated? or are the laws of Old England and the rules and regulations of the British army never to be anything better than flimsy cobwebs?

"Yours, obediently,

"JACK BLUNT, 19th Regiment.

"Benares, 15th Oct. 1860."

On Monday, 17th March, upwards of 2000 soldiers assembled in Plymouth citadel, the gates of which were closed against civilians. They consisted of ten companies of Royal Artillery, and all other men off duty from the 12th Regiment, Royal Marines, 53rd, 61st, &c., and were under the command of Major-General N. Hutchinson, commander of forces in the west, aided by Capt. J. B. Kirk, Major of Brigade, and Brevet Lieut.-Col. J. B. Manntown Major. Sentence of Court-Martial was read against eight

prisoners, privates, belonging to various regiments. One had taken the bounty in several different places; he now belongs to the 53rd. Various proportionate terms of imprisonment were awarded to him and four others. The remaining three were sentenced to be flogged, and it was to witness the execution of the punishment that all these soldiers were assembled.

The first "tied up"—Beddington, Private in the 12th Regiment, recentlyreturned from India—had twenty-five lashes at the Cape of Good Hope, on the voyage home. His present offence is of a disgraceful character, for which he received fifty lashes, administered by two drummers.

The second, Webster, belonging to the same regiment, received the like punishment for robbing his comrades of regimental clothing.

The third, a Private in the 61st, had fifty lashes for striking the Adjutant of his regiment. After being released from the triangles, the prisoners were immediately dressed, placed under guard, and marched back to their barracks behind their respective regiments.

A return laid before the House of Lords as recently as in April, 1861, of the corporal punishments inflicted in gaols, in the course of the last three years, gives a list of 834 cases in England and Wales, 268 being inflicted by "cat:" a large proportion of these floggings were ordered by visiting justices. The return for Scotland states that 145, and for Ireland 63 offenders were punished with the "cat."

During the first week in August, there were con-

stant rumours about Andover that a soldier had been flogged to death in the barracks. The report was, however, only so far true as that there had been a military execution, but the fatal results which were suspected had *not* taken place.

The facts of the case, which are quite bad enough without any addition, were these:—Private Maer, the name of the "patient" in question, of the 3rd battalion Rifle Brigade, had been guilty of desertion three times; the last time he had been "absent" for two years, and was in a good situation in London, and had been, as it were, given up by the military authorities as not to be discovered, when a sister-in-law betrayed his secret, and he was again tried by court-martial, and sentenced to receive fifty lashes. The sentence was ordered to be carried out last Monday morning, and fearfully it was executed. The man, on being tied up, implored mercy in the most piteous terms. This was unheeded by the stern executors of the sentence, and his punishment proceeded: at the fifth stroke of the "cat" he fell as in a swoon; the surgeon lifted the man's eyelid, ordered him water, and then permitted the punishment to proceed. The remainder was administered while in a state of insensibility, ceasing only at the forty-ninth stroke, when the "cat" broke, and the wretched sufferer was carried off to the military hospital, from which, if he emerges alive, it will be with a frame shattered and debilitated for the rest of his days.

In August last, a private soldier named Sunder-

land, belonging to the 3rd Light Dragoons, who was recently tried by court-martial for desertion, underwent the punishment of fifty lashes.

He was a fine soldierly-looking fellow, and bore the inhuman infliction with considerable sang-froid, saying as it terminated—"It is not worse than six months' imprisonment." The Colonel of the regiment and nearly all the men were present, and as the blood streamed down the back of the patient many a comrade's heart was throbbing with indignation. He was marched up to a piece of padded canvas, secured to a wooden frame, his hands and feet were fastened, and after the sentence was over he was carried to the hospital.

Neither does this punishment appear to produce the results that are sought from its infliction.

Three weeks consecutively has corporal punishment been inflicted at Aldershott, and it is sad to think that each time it has been called for by fresh symptoms of the mania at present existing for shooting and otherwise attempting the lives of non-commissioned officers: again we have to record the case of Private John Sullivan, 84th Regiment, who on the night of the 29th August, for two hours or more, kept the whole of his hut in a state of nervous excitement. He was determined, he said, to take the life of his Colour-sergeant, who had ordered him to be placed in the guard-room for being drunk. At tattoo, Sullivan went to the arm-rack and took his bayonet, swearing he would run the first man

through with it, who came near. He then seized his rifle and fixed the bayonet, repeatedly calling for Colour-sergeant Lawler, whom he designated as a "Cawnpore hangman," and swore he would never give up until he had taken his life. For two hours no one could approach him, the officers who were outside the hut thinking it wise to keep the men out of danger, although there were several who volunteered to rush upon him. He was at length made prisoner, and conveyed to the guard-room under a strong escort. On being brought before the district court-martial, of which Lieutenant-Colonel Westrop, 29th Regiment, is president, he was found guilty, and sentenced to undergo corporal punishment of fifty lashes, and 168 days' imprisonment with hard labour. At seven A.M. the next day the prisoner underwent the infliction of the corporal punishment, and was afterwards conveyed to hospital, where his back was dressed, to be removed, when considered in a fit state, to the military prison, to undergo the imprisonment awarded.

There can be no doubt that punishment of some sort is absolutely needed in all these cases—the question is not so much as to the propriety nor as to the degree of punishment, but as to the *kind*.

The advocates of the flogging system consider fifty lashes (inflicted on another, not on *themselves*) "very mild treatment," and look upon "flogging" in its "*real* sense" as an obsolete usage. Perhaps these

humane individuals would be glad to feel the caresses of pussy's claws on their own backs.

Of military crimes, or rather of civil crimes committed by men under arms, we have supplied an ugly array in a previous chapter. Melancholy to say, it is nevertheless a fact, that while these pages are passing through the press, nearly as large a number more have come before the public; in fact it seems impossible to keep pace with the rate at which, hardened by this treatment, the men offend against the laws of their country; we fear there is but too much foundation for the assertion that the service supplies a larger proportion of criminals than any other class of men. At the present winter assizes at Winchester, out of fifty prisoners on the calendar, twenty-eight are soldiers, and six sailors.

Several of the other cases before us are worthy of note: thus Joseph Whitmore and Joseph Pike, John Leonard, John Swann, and Charles Campbell, William Peters, James Rich, and John Boots. Thomas Chandler (assisted by Mary Williams, a woman of bad character), and George Stoneham, and Thomas Morris, were all indicted for highway robbery in different parts of the country respectively, under circumstances of greater or less atrocity. The two latter, when sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour, impudently thanked the Judge, and informed him that "even that was better than soldiering."

James Howard and Robert Franklin (18th Hussars) were charged with stealing a bell.

Henry Gillings was indicted for burglary.

Charles Jacquet, accused of robbery and acquitted, was recognised as an old offender and convict, and was re-apprehended on the spot for desertion! He had been a follower of Garibaldi in Italy. "*Tel Maître, tel Valet!*"

Josiah Williams, with an alias, was charged with deserting from the 60th Rifles.

Sappers James Bryan and James Cordell were tried for desertion under very aggravated circumstances. A parade of the companies of Royal and Indian Engineers at head-quarters, Chatham, took place at Brompton barracks, to witness the carrying into effect the sentence of the two district courts-martial passed on these prisoners. The prisoner Bryan deserted from head-quarters five years ago, and subsequently re-enlisted into the Royal Artillery, on which occasion he defrauded the Government of the sum of £5 10s. 6d., his bounty and the value of his outfit, by falsely stating that he had never been in Her Majesty's service before. The Court sentenced him to eighty-four days' imprisonment with hard labour, and to be placed under stoppages until the sum of which he had defrauded the public was made good. Cordell, the other prisoner, deserted several months since, but was not apprehended until a few days ago, when he was sent up to head-quarters for trial. The Court also sentenced him to eighty-four days' imprisonment with hard labour. Both prisoners, after hearing their sentences, were handed over to a strong escort, and marched to Fort Clarence military prison, to undergo their punishment.

Henry Warner (17th Lancers) was tried for desertion before the enemy.

Thomas Blizard, a discharged soldier, now a labourer in the barrack department at Aldershott; George Morrison, a Sergeant in the Army Hospital Corps; Richard Castle, a Sergeant, 3d battalion Military Train; and Arthur Allum, a general dealer, Bagshot, Surrey, concerned in a wholesale robbery of Government stores, were examined before Mr. F. R. Thresher, sitting in petty sessions at Aldershott. During the last month it was discovered that some shirts and other articles were missing from the canteen stores, and by order of the principal purveyor, a general stock-taking took place on the 19th and 20th. It was then found that numerous articles were missing, such as 150 pairs of ankle-boots, twenty-one table-cloths, and ninety-seven dinner knives, &c. The prisoners were committed to Winchester for trial, the whole of them reserving their defence. It was asserted that several more persons, supposed to be concerned in camp robberies, would be apprehended before the next court-day.

John Nixon and — Hart figure not very creditably in the Divorce Court, and John M'Grath is, by way of variety, charged with incendiarism. The magistrates in petty sessions at Colchester have been engaged in investigating this charge of arson against the prisoner in question, drummer of the 88th (Connaught Rangers) Regiment, stationed in Colchester Camp. On the night of the 30th of October, about nine o'clock, the alarm of fire was raised in the camp,

when it was discovered that some farm premises, not 100 yards from the camp wall, were in flames. There were at the time in the barn, and other outbuildings, twelve fine cows, four very valuable cart-horses, and 140 fat hogs, the whole of the value of more than £1,000. By the timely arrival of the fire-picket, with three engines from the garrison, the flames were subdued, and the whole of the stock was saved. Next morning the prisoner surrendered on his own confession of having caused the fire; but when taken before the commanding officer he denied it, and, there being no evidence to support the charge, he was returned to the ranks. On Friday last, however, after a quarrel with some of the non-commissioned officers, the prisoner rushed out of the camp, surrendered to the police on the same charge, and described the manner in which he caused the fire. The reason he assigned for the wanton act was a *desire to get out of his regiment.* This he repeated in a preliminary examination before the Mayor, but before the magistrates on Monday he again denied the charge, and said he made the confession to escape the consequences of a court-martial for a military offence of which he had been guilty. There was, however, such a contradiction in his assertions, that the Court determined to send the case to another tribunal; and the prisoner, whose character as a soldier is very bad, was accordingly committed for trial at the next assiz s.

Those who revere the military memory of the Iron Duke—and who does not?—will scarcely have for-

gotten the terms in which he expressed himself on this vexed, or rather vexatious, question, when it was discussed many years since in the Lords. "There is no flogging," said His Grace, "in the French army, and who will affirm that the French soldiers are not infinitely superior to ours in a moral point of view?"

This remark, be it observed, was made at a time when the tone of the French army was very inferior to what it at present is. What *must* the English army of that day have been, to fall so much below *that* standard!

General Sir de Lacy Evans, who had been on the commission of 1836, emphatically pronounced his opinion, in a recent debate, that "corporal punishments were not only useless and inefficient, but absolutely detrimental to the best interests of the service. Their tendency," he affirmed, "was to degrade and harden, but not to reform the offenders, while they disgusted spectators, and outraged public opinion." He expressed his regret to find that corporal punishments were on the increase. He quoted from a return which stated that "in 1847, forty-two men were flogged, and the number of lashes was 2,200; in 1852 there were fifty-five men flogged, and the number of lashes was 2,250. In 1858, including Militia, Royal Artillery, and Engineers, there were 218 flogged, with 9,338 lashes; in 1859 there were 512 flogged, with 22,655 lashes. The average number of lashes per man was, therefore, in 1858, forty-two; in 1859 the average per man was forty-four and a quarter."

This punishment is not confined alone to the army and navy, in England. A recent correspondence in the *Times*, shews that it is inflicted on juvenile criminals, as well as on civil offenders of maturer years, and we find that children of not more than eight years of age received as many as twenty-four lashes.

We fear it will be found flogging is not synonymous with discipline—indeed it does not appear calculated to promote it; and if it succeed in making men obey, it will be with servile sullenness, and not with cheerful compliance.* It almost forces upon us, the conclusion that an Englishman must be strangely constituted if this be really, as some seem to say, the only way of dealing with him.

A novel mode of *curing suicides*, and which was recently communicated to us, was tried with success at Aldershott, by an officer who must be something of a wag. A man was brought before him, charged by his Sergeant with having repeatedly threatened to hang himself. No notice had been taken of his sullen menaces for some time, till at last the Sergeant, thinking it bad for the man that he should continue

* Other punishments of an equally brutalizing tendency are resorted to in England, which we do not think would be tolerated in the French army, such as shot-drill, or, again, harnessing men like beasts of burden, to a roller, and making them drag it a certain number of lengths, over a gravel road, &c. In the infliction of the corvée, or fatigue duty in France, due regard is observed for the feelings of the men, which it is always desirable to elevate rather than to degrade.

to familiarize his mind with this gloomy idea, brought him one day before the Military Court.

"Well, but you don't *mean* what you say?" said the presiding officer, when he had heard the charge.

"Yes, I do," replied the prisoner doggedly.

"With all my heart, then," retorted the officer: and turning to the accuser, he added, "Well, Sergeant, I don't see why we should interfere with this man's amusements; you need, I think, only put him under stoppages, and keep back a shilling a-day to pay for his coffin."

The prisoner would have replied.—"Take him away," continued this modern Sancho, authoritatively, "and bring on the next case."

A few days after, our friend, not relishing his sentence, put in a petition, promising that if the course of his pay might but flow smoothly as before, he would never talk of ropes or razors again, and expressing his contrition for his past indiscretion, which was never repeated.

CHAPTER III.

MILITARY HOSPITALS.

ORIGIN OF MILITARY HOSPITALS.—HOSPITALLERS.—SISTERS OF CHARITY.—FORCE OF PREJUDICE.—FRÈRES DE LA CHARITÉ. — BOYER'S OPINION OF THE BROTHERS. — OBSERVATIONS OF THE DUC DE RAGUSE. — OF MARÉCHAL DE MOURMONT. — REPORT ON THE CONCORDAT, BY PORTALIS. — MILITARY HOSPITALS IN ENGLAND.—THE FIRST ERECTED IN FRANCE UNDER CARDINAL RICHELIEU. — ORGANIZATION AND PROGRESS. — AMBROISE PARÉ. — LE BLANC. — DESGENETTES. — LARREY.—THEIR IMPROVEMENTS.—HOSPITALS IN ALGERIA.—IN THE CRIMEA.—AT CHALONS.—SANITARY CONDITION OF THE BRITISH ARMY.—MORTALITY AMONG THE MEN.—DIFFICULT TO ACCOUNT FOR IT.—LORD HERBERT'S MEASURES. — BARRACK HOSPITALS.—DEFECTIVE ORGANIZATION.—STATISTICS OF MORTALITY.—IMPROVEMENTS.—DEFECTIVE HOSPITAL REGULATIONS IN THE PENINSULAR WAR.—HINTS TO BE TAKEN FROM THE FRENCH.—INTERIOR OF AN AMBULANCE.—HOSPITAL AT VARNA.—CONTRAST BETWEEN THE HOSPITALS OF THE TWO ARMIES IN THE CRIMEAN WAR.—AUSTRIAN MEDICAL ORGANIZATION.—DEFECTS OF THE SYSTEM PURSUED IN THE ITALIAN WAR. — SOLFERINO. — VERONA.—NEW BARRACKS ON AN IMPROVED PRINCIPLE PROMISED IN ENGLAND.—HEALTH OF THE FRENCH ARMY A CONTINUAL STUDY.—IMPROVEMENTS IN THIS BRANCH OF THE SERVICE OPEN TO COMPETITION. —MEANS OF TRANSPORT FOR THE WOUNDED. — COMMENTED ON BY PÈRE DAMAS. — THE "AMBULANCES." — MODE OF CONVEYING THE SICK FROM SEBASTOPOL TO CONSTANTINOPLE.—CHAPLAINS.—ABOLISHED UNDER LOUIS PHILIPPE IN THE ARMY AND NAVY.—RESTORED IN THE NAVY BY NAPOLEON III.—VIRTUALLY RESTORED, UNDER CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES, IN THE ARMY.—

THEIR PRACTICAL UTILITY.—THEIR WANT, NOW FELT.—THE AUMÔNIERS IN CHINA.—ABBÉ TREGARO.—THE SŒUR DE CHARITÉ.—HER MINISTRATIONS DESCRIBED BY THE "TIMES" CORRESPONDENT.—HOW APPRECIATED BY THE SOLDIERS.—GENERAL AMBERT.—THE SŒUR DE CHARITÉ AND THE SOLDIER.—STORY OF NO. 23.—UNIVERSAL MISSION OF THE SISTER OF CHARITY.—THE SALPÉTRIÈRE.—INCIDENT AT THE TIME OF THE CHOLERA.—ORIGIN OF THE NURSING SISTERS.—THE PLAGUE AT BARCELONA.—AT MARSEILLE.—ANALOGY AND GOOD UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN THE SŒUR DE CHARITÉ AND THE SOLDIER.—OBSERVATIONS OF A CRIMEAN OFFICER.—ANECDOTES OF THE SISTERS IN THE HOSPITALS.—THE SŒUR DE CHARITÉ THE OFFSPRING OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.—HOW THEIR INTRODUCTION HAS FAILED WHEN ATTEMPTED BY OTHER RELIGIONISTS.—THE SISTERS OF CHARITY IN CONSTANTINOPLE.—ANECDOTES.—THE SISTERS AND THE SULTAN.—INFIRMIERS AND ORDINARY HOSPITAL NURSES.—UNINTENTIONAL BLUNDERS.—WANT OF TACT.—DISINTERESTEDNESS AND DEVOTEDNESS OF THE SŒUR DE CHARITÉ.—THE "LADY VOLUNTEERS."—GENERAL AMBERT'S OBSERVATIONS.—WORKS FOUNDED BY S VINCENT DE PAUL.—CARDINAL WISEMAN ON THIS SUBJECT.—RELIGIOUS FEELING DEVELOPED IN THE SOLDIER.—HIS REVERENCE FOR THE SACRAMENTS.—GARRISON HOSPITALS.—A SKETCH, BY M. DE SÉGUR.—CHEERFULNESS, RESIGNATION, AND EQUANIMITY OF THE FRENCH SOLDIER.—GRATITUDE OF CONVALESCENT SOLDIERS.—WAR, AN EVIL TO BE DEPLORED, UNHAPPILY NOT TO BE AVOIDED.

CHAPTER III.

MILITARY HOSPITALS.

"L'ordre des Sœurs de Charité n'est pas une institution, c'est une inspiration. Ce n'est pas la réalization de la pensée d'un miñistre, c'est la révélation d'un Saint."

Le Général Ambert.

"Here a Sister of Charity hovers about the bed, bathing the wretched soldier's face, while a Monk, in the brown habit of the Franciscans, is solemnly administering the last Sacraments."

Times Leader, 18*th July*, 1859.

THE art of warfare must be one of the most ancient known to man; for if we are to credit the language of historical poetry, no sooner were the distinctions of wealth recognised, than envy, strife, contention, and bloodshed came to disturb the peace and harmony of the world.

". . . . . prodit bellum quod pugnat utroque
Sanguineâque manu, crepitantia concutit arma."

Early, however, as must be the date of the first existence of war, and disastrous to human life the result of every engagement, it is strange to note

how very imperfect and insufficient have always been, until within a few years of our own age, the precautions taken and the alleviations provided in behalf of the sick and wounded.

In early times, all such cares were left to the voluntary charity of the religious orders, who, it is true, performed their self-assumed task so efficiently, that it never occurred either to governments or commanders to appoint an official institution either for the wounded on the field, or for the sick in garrison.

Indeed, although, since that time, hospitals have been founded by governments, municipalities, and private benevolence, it has been found impossible, whether in civil or military institutions for the sick, to dispense with the aid of religious, whether *Frères*, or *Sœurs de la Charité*, and it seems almost superfluous to dwell on the contrast there must necessarily be, between lay and religious attendance on the sick, if we for a moment consider the motive by which either are respectively actuated. Services of a nature in themselves tiresome and repulsive, assumed in a spirit of disinterested benevolence and love to God, and through Him to His creatures, cannot but be rendered with a conscientious fidelity and a generous self-devotion which it is impossible can ever be acquired by the most pliant and well-disposed of hirelings.

"That is quite a mistaken notion," once observed to us the head physician of a large metropolitan hospital in reply to a remark which embodied much

of the above; "*my* experience does not corroborate your opinion: *pay your nurses well, promise them a gradually increasing salary,* and you are sure to be satisfied with them."

Why, the man did not perceive that his very speech was self-condemnatory. He might have said, in other words, make it the interest of the grasping menials to do their work, and they will do it *for the sake of the gain.* This is all very well, were the work of any other description, but, despite the asseverations of our professional friend, we maintain that *such* work can *only* be properly executed when it is a labour of love.

We confess our conviction was by no means disturbed by the contradiction it had evoked from the learned M.D., and we must proceed to inform our readers that a little further conversation, as we pursued our stroll through the wards, did not inspire us with much respect for the profundity or the accuracy of his reflections.

"For my own part," continued he, "I altogether disapprove of Sisters of Charity; I don't like two influences in an hospital, and never knew any good come of it." (What his experience was, of course we do not presume to know.) "For instance," added he, "there is the Salpétrière; now *one* reason, if not *the* reason, why that institution is so badly managed, is due to the pernicious interference of those sisters."

We started with surprise, but wishing to show him how utterly hollow his argument was, simply

determined to nail him, by inquiring whether he was quite sure he meant the Salpétrière, which we ventured to affirm we had always understood to be a particularly successful establishment, although on so gigantic a scale.

"Sure? Oh, yes, quite sure about that—indeed it is the proof I *always* adduce when I hear the succour of Sisters of Charity advocated in hospitals; and as to the mismanagement which reigns there, it is a matter of fact."

"In that case," rejoined we, "it would be well to make some inquiry before you repeat the use of an argument which has no foundation whatever. There never either have been, nor are there at this time, *any* Sisters of Charity at the *Salpétrière*. It is entirely a municipal institution, completely under lay and parochial control; and, beyond the three Aumôniers, who answer to your chaplains, and are also appointed by the *Ville*, there is no ecclesiastical influence whatever."

We further elicited from this gentleman that notwithstanding the unbounded confidence which he considered might be placed in these "well-paid" nurses, more than one lamentable disaster had occurred within the ward under their charge. On one recent occasion a lunatic had committed suicide, and a short time previously another had perpetrated a murder; that the nurses admitted on both occasions they *had* heard an unusual noise within the cells, but that they had not considered it worth while to go and see what was the matter!

We affirm this would not have happened under the system of voluntary nurses.

In testimony of the efficient attendance of "Religious" on the sick, we may quote a great authority, Boyer, head-surgeon to the Emperor Napoleon I.

Boyer, although only the son of a tailor, succeeded by dint of natural intelligence and determined perseverance, and by real merit, in attaining the high position his name occupies in the scientific world. Appointed at the outbreak of the Revolution, surgeon to the Hôpital de la Charité in the Rue Jacob, Boyer took the place of the monks, who, up to that time, had had the management of that institution. It might be supposed that Boyer's first act, scientific as he was, would be to set aside all that had been organized by his predecessors, but we may infer the very reverse—listen to the words of his successor, Dubois, surgeon to the present Emperor.

"The Brothers," says he, "were obliged to give up the administration of the institution to their lay-successors, but we must state that Boyer always retained for them sentiments of respect and attachment. He ever spoke of them with veneration, recalling their zeal, their devotedness, their medical treatment, and above all, their tolerance.

"As soon as a new patient arrived," Boyer would say, "instead of that utter indifference with which the sufferer meets in the ordinary functionaries of a charitable establishment, the Brother on duty immediately went to meet him, presided over the first attentions that were bestowed on him, and when

the sick man was rested and had become familiarized with his new situation, the monk used to sit down beside his bed and say :—' *Mon frère*, whatever may be your belief, I must beg you in the first instance to offer a short prayer for the repose of the soul of the charitable person who founded the bed in which you now rest. If your sentiments are those of a Christian, you will do more, you will ask for a confessor before you begin to be treated for your disorder. This exhortation, *mon frère*, I make for the good of your soul ; but it is the only one I shall permit myself to address to you. Your good sense and right feeling will, I am sure, induce you to take it in good part,' "

But it was not only to their charity, that Boyer paid this homage, he also thought highly of their skill and success in nursing the sick, and did justice to their knowledge and their intelligence.

A Maréchal of the Empire, the Duc de Raguse, as great in war as was Boyer in science, studied the subject of military hospitals with great interest.

"If," says he, "the functions of those who nurse the sick and the wounded, were elevated, ennobled and recompensed by public opinion, and by the enjoyments to be derived from the exercise of charity and pious sentiments, great benefit would result therefrom to the patients. The plan by which this end might be attained would be to leave to a religious body, duly instructed in the subordinate functions of surgery and medicine, the care of the military hospitals. They need have nothing to do with

the funds, but should have the monopoly of the nursing department.

"A staff of brothers-hospitallers engaging themselves for life or for a term to be agreed upon, having superiors to control them, should be charged with the care of the wards and the different services required by the sick. Paid auxiliaries should be appointed to execute under their orders the more laborious and irksome duties, but these are not to exclude the *readiness* of the hospitallers to do these things themselves, in case of necessity. The spirit of charity would sustain them in their duties. A detachment of these brothers, having once been appointed to a particular destination, should never quit the individuals confided to them. Their presence should be the hope and consolation of the sick, and their holy ministry exercised for the benefit of all,—friends and enemies—would become their safe-guard with all the armies of Europe, should the chances of war cause them to fall under their care.

"Their own interior satisfaction, founded on the holy motive of love to our fellow-creatures in return for God's love to us, and the peace of their own consciences, should be their reward. . . . . Thus, the service of the hospital would be accomplished by three corps.

"1st. Men of medical science, *i. e.*, physicians and surgeons.

"2nd. The administration which provides the *matériel*, dispenses the funds, and superintends their disbursement.

"3rd. The Brothers-Hospitallers, to whose care would fall the attendance on the sick, and whose whole attention should be directed to the welfare of the patients."

When the Maréchal Mourmont drew up this prospectus, he must have had in his mind's eye—whether or not he identified it with that name—an institution of "Frères de la Charité;" for his "Hospitallers" are nothing else.

Portalis, in his "Report on the Concordat," bears honourable testimony to the efficiency, usefulness, and other peculiar advantages of the voluntary system in the nursing department of hospitals.

"On a fait," says he, "la triste expérience que des mercenaires sans motif intérieur qui puisse les attacher constamment à leur devoir ne sauraient remplacer des personnes animées par l'esprit de la religion; c'est-à-dire par un principe supérieur aux sentimens de la nature, et qui pouvant seul motiver tous les sacrifices, est seul capable de nous faire braver tous les dégoûts et mépriser tous les dangers."

In England, military hospitals were not even known until the middle of the last century; but, although established at an earlier period in France, the first we hear of, was only called into being under Cardinal Richelieu, who caused a building to be erected at Pigernole for the reception of sick soldiers. Its arrangements, however, we have reason to believe, were by no means perfect; and for a long time its organization left much to be desired.

Launay tells us in his "Traité des Subsistences

Militaires," that Leblanc did much towards the improvement of army-surgery, but it is to Ambroise Paré, Percy, Larrey, and Desgenettes successively, that the French army owes the perfection of its hygienic economy; the present Larrey is a worthy descendant of him, of whom Napoleon the First declared to posterity, that "if ever the army should raise a statue to Gratitude, it must be dedicated to the Baron de Larrey; for," said he, "he is at once the most intelligent and the most conscientious man I ever knew."

This remark contained a gratifying tribute to army-surgery in general, and to him who may almost be considered the father of it, as regards its modern phase in particular.

To the Baron Desgenettes the army is scarcely less indebted. During the Egyptian campaign, nothing escaped his penetrating intelligence; and his mind seemed perpetually at work to improve every detail of the medical system. When the plague visited Jaffa, its ravages were terrific; despair was in every countenance, for the frightful disease was decimating the ranks. Desgenettes, who studied the men till he knew them more intimately than they knew themselves, saw that it was necessary to raise the drooping spirits of the troops by an act of courage worthy of the days of antiquity. In the presence of General Bonaparte, and of the *Etat-major* of the army, in the midst of the dead and the dying, Desgenettes inoculated himself with the plague! The result of his

heroism answered his most anxious expectation, and brought the reward he sought.

In those great conflicts of nations, those gigantic struggles which brought the armies of the world face to face with each other, it was necessary for France that she should possess such men as Larrey, Percy, Desgenettes, &c., who alone, perhaps, reached the standard of science and self-sacrifice required by their great and noble mission.

Before the time of Larrey, the wounded soldier was exposed to the greatest disadvantages. However pressing his danger, he had to run the risk of long delay before he received the first succour, which, of course, often came too late, when he did at length obtain it. Larrey saw in a moment the disasters of so defective a system, and the extent of the mischief thus needlessly produced—he saw also the remedy; and proceeded at once to introduce an entire reformation. To his ingenuity are due, among other valuable improvements, those *ambulances volantes*, carrying on their functions under the very fire of the enemy; and from his time the military chirurgery of France has had its recognised value upon the battle-field.

It is but recently that the French army, in the name of its rights and of civilization, planted its colours upon the walls of Sebastopol, and, in the midst of those trying epidemics which thinned their ranks, the French medical staff, which did such good service in the Crimea, had the gratification of hearing

the great and noble tribute of praise and admiration addressed to them by General Canrobert.

As regards the colonies of Africa, over which the French flag has now waved nearly thirty years, it is to the strict observance of sanitary laws that may be attributed the conquest of those provinces, the value of which was rendered so questionable at the outset by the difficulties of acclimatization on an essentially unpropitious soil. Many causes contributed, for a long time, to maintain the alarming mortality which, in the first instance, almost forbade all further pursuit of the possession; but now that, by the suggestions of medical science, those colonial cities have been rendered salubrious, and the marshes have been effectually drained, the healthiness of the soil is pronounced fully on a par with that of the mother country.

On the Crimean plains, the French medical inspectors were continually consulted upon important hygienic questions, relative to encampment, to clothing and provisioning the men. In the midst of those epidemics, which proved more fatal than the fire of the enemy, decimating the troops during so considerable a portion of the Eastern campaign, the voice of the doctors was always listened to with attention; and, thanks to those changes of position—to those provisional encampments upon spots removed from the sources of miasmata—to that strict daily supervision over the wants of the army and the reforms necessitated by events, the number of victims was diminished from day to day.

This principle has been made paramount in the

installation of the camp at Châlons, destined by the Emperor to become a permanent school of instruction for the army, and the present Baron de Larrey has been consulted in all questions relative to encampment, clothing, and food. His wise and enlightened counsel has always been, under all circumstances, adopted with alacrity by the ruling power, and we should, perhaps, surprise the general reader and superficial thinker if we were to lay before him the minute detail to which his care extends. No mother could be more scrutinizing in the minutiæ of nursery vigilance than is the Baron Larrey in superintending the habits and practices of his grown-up children, whose very tooth-brushes are not considered too unimportant an item to demand his solicitude.

"The health and well-being of an army," says the writer of a paper on sanitary regulations, in a London periodical, "ought to be a paramount consideration with the entire nation, and of all public bodies the army ought to show the very largest amount of health and strength. The members of it are men picked for physical soundness and elastic frame; the recruit cannot pass unless he has a firm and straight spine, a chest that will expand freely, joints that will work well, eyes that will see well, a voice that will resound well, ears that will hear well, strong limbs, a distinct utterance, a healthy throat, muscular hands, an arched foot, and so on. Even sound teeth and straight and supple toes are required, and all signs of old disease are a cause of rejection. Men who set out with bodily advantages like these, ought

to have health and long life, apart from the perils of the battle-field, which destroy a very small proportion of the soldiers who die. There is every reason for confidence that the soldier will flourish henceforth: the causes of the great mortality are now detected and in course of rapid removal; and, as we see, there are already places to which we can point as showing the fine state of vigour to which the soldiery of England and her dependencies can be brought. The State having done what it can, the rest will depend on the individual soldier. If he eschew excess of every kind, and indolence, he may pass a long life in comfort and vigour. If, moreover, he has a patriotic heart, or knowledge enough to be aware what it is to be at once a citizen and a defender of Old England, he may have a life of that higher order which is seasoned with a temper of heroism, and exalted by a severe spirit of honour. There is no reason why every private soldier and sailor should not be a 'happy warrior' as well as a Wellington or a Nelson."

It is only since the close of the Russian war that the British authorities have evinced any anxiety about the health of the army at home and abroad, or that they appear to have concerned themselves as to the arrangements by which its sanitary condition is affected. Public opinion, however—whether roused by consideration for the well-being of a class in which so many are individually interested, or actuated by a national feeling of mortification at finding that they manage these matters so much better in

France, has now exercised a salutary pressure upon those whose business it is to regulate them, and, as is usual in all matters of public investigation, the natural consequences, comprising committees, commissions, blue-books, and reports, have succeeded each other in due course. Papers of inquiry, and meetings, however, though very proper as preliminaries, will not supply the place of practical resolutions and active measures, and strange as it may seem, the revelation of evils long suspected and too well known in a general way, though never before officially published, has not as yet sufficed to effect the much-needed reform; even our barrack-dormitories are not yet placed under proper and necessary regulations; in fact, the simple process of ventilation is still as great a desideratum as ever, and from this we may judge of the rest.

It is curious, on the one hand, to listen to the apparently just complaints of those who suffered under the mismanagement, neglect, garbled official returns, and other discreditable subterfuges by which not only the public, but the authorities who were bound to know better, were kept in the dark as to the actual state of the army at Scutari and Constantinople, and on the other, to mark the position of our allies at the same moment.

We are not desirous of raking up the grievances of the Eastern campaign, and it is with reluctance that we remind our readers of the hardships to which our brave soldiers were needlessly exposed, in the unsatisfactory nature of every article of supply—

stores in a state of decomposition—insufficiency of food and clothing—the "shoddy cloth boots"—the "brittle tools,"—the "green coffee," &c., &c.; in short, the inferior quality and irregular transmission of every article contracted for (nevertheless at exorbitant prices). We will not dwell upon these humiliating recollections, and we will only allude as slightly, to the bungling inadequacy of the arrangements and appliances, upon which the comfort, the health, and even the lives of the men so greatly depended. It is painful even to think of the lamentable history of "the hospital tent, the ropes of which had been *forgotten!*" of the total absence of proper surgical instruments discovered—in the midst of emergencies which rendered them indispensable—to have been sent *by mistake(!)* to another place—of the lamentable deficiency of the simplest medical accessories, so invaluable when life is at stake, and operations requiring their aid are imminent at every instant—of the absence of the most ordinary drugs, and of the utter misapprehension of those hospital contrivances borrowed from the French—among whom they succeeded so admirably. This unmethodical, unsystematic way of proceeding must, alas! have converted intended alleviations into aggravations of the distress and suffering the poor fellows were doomed to undergo.

In fact, it is now no secret that the utility of the whole medical department of the Crimean army was marred by the most lamentable mismanagement; and, sad as must be the retrospection to the bereaved relatives of those whose dying moments were thus

cruelly embittered, it is in vain to attempt to conceal the fact, or to deny that a fearful amount of human life was thus heartlessly sacrificed, partly to the rapacity of contractors, and partly to a flagrant and culpable inadequacy of method and organization.

So much for our care of those who shed their blood so bravely for us on the battle-field!—as for our barrack-hospitals at home, are they much better? Alas! we fear they may be numbered among those national institutions of which we have little reason to be proud! Loud indeed have become the (most justifiable) complaints which have long been inly murmuring, not only among the sufferers themselves, but in the houses of parliament, and in the public prints, on the defective construction, insufficient ventilation, ill-judged proportions, and imperfect arrangements of our military hospitals; and the commission of inquiry into these objectionably-managed institutions has pointed out, hitherto without any satisfactory issue, the various evil results to the health and lives of the unfortunate men compelled to sojourn within their walls. We can but hope the time is now come when, as they can scarcely be worse, a change must be made which will give the nation a little more show for the liberal grants she is always ready to vote for her army.

The late Lord Herbert, among other excellent reforms which he introduced, did much towards removing the scandal which till then attached to the military hospital-regulations in this country, and doubtless the "shewing up" which preceded his

active measures; had the effect of startling the authorities, and of bringing this important department under somewhat more efficient supervision. We hope to see very shortly a real amelioration in this matter, which has long called so loudly for improvement. Already a party of non-commissioned officers and men from the Army Hospital Corps have left head-quarters, Chatham, for the Woolwich Hospital, where they will supersede the soldier and pensioner nurses and orderlies hitherto employed to perform the duties incident to attending on the sick troops. The organization of all general hospitals in future will include a governor or commandant, selected by the Secretary of State for War, on account of special qualifications for the duty; a principal medical officer, an apothecary, a purveyor, a paymaster, a captain of orderlies, and a superintendent of nurses, in hospitals where nurses are employed.

To Lord Herbert, indeed, the army is indebted to an extent to which no other benefactor of that body in our own times can lay any similar claim. In order to estimate the advantages which his intelligent exertions have procured for our soldiers, let us look at their sanitary condition, before the late indefatigable Secretary for War took the matter into consideration, and with that promptitude which distinguishes the prudent and practical man, insisted on the immediate adoption of his improved theories. Until that time the mortality prevailing in the Foot Guards had been 20 in 1,000; it fell in 1859 to 9. In the Infantry of the Line, at home, the rate had been 18

in 1,000; it fell to 8. The number of deaths annually occurring among all arms of the service, at home, used to be 17 in 1,000; the average number among all the troops at Aldershott and Shorncliffe, in the years 1857-8-9, was 5 in 1,000. From the colonies also some striking results are reported. In Newfoundland the military death-rate has fallen from 11 in 1,000 to 4; in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, from 16 to 7; in Canada, from 17 to 10. At the Cape* the deaths have been reduced by about 25 per cent. In Bermuda they have dropped from 34 in 1,000 to 14. In the Mediterranean also, improvements have been effected, though not to the same extent. The mortality in Gibraltar has been greatly lessened, and that station no longer figures as an unhealthy one; but the death-rate in Malta and the Ionian Islands is still higher than it should be. Over the Indian army, the Secretary at War had no direct control, but the sanitary condition of that vast force has been made the subject of formal inquiry, and, as the mortality in Ceylon has been already reduced from 42 in 1,000 to 32, we may reasonably anticipate good results for India.

Here are facts which need no comment; they show that the mortality of the British army has been reduced at home, and in some foreign stations,

* It is a curious fact, but the truth of the statement has been tested by recent experience, that of the British soldiers now in China, the men who have been least able to resist the effects of the climate, are those who have passed the longest time at the Cape; and yet few localities are in themselves more favourable to health.

by fifty per cent. The long-existing evil and its removal are patent to everybody, and, as far as the reform has been carried, nothing can be more satisfactory. Let us hope that although the lamented Lord Herbert did not live to finish his important work, others will be found worthy to succeed him, who will continue what he so successfully began, and who will remove the opprobrium which must still hang over the military authorities, until every army hospital in the empire and every barrack has been in like manner cleansed and reconstructed, and until the admirable sanitary regulations introduced by him shall have been universally adopted.

After all, the only wonder is, that in an age of progress like the present, these most essential reforms did not suggest themselves at an earlier period; and we are amazed that so much evil, which only required a simple and obvious remedy, should have been accepted as unavoidable.

Strange, indeed, does it seem, that for so long a period, no man thought of asking how it was that soldiers—picked men to begin with—lodged in barracks, and, as the country which supported them then supposed, *well* lodged, besides being well fed, well looked after, and well exercised, should die off of fever and consumption, at twice the rate of hard-worked, under-fed, and half-clad agricultural labourers.

No sooner, however, did it occur to any one to make the inquiry, than the answer suggested itself: It was not *one* reform alone that was needed. Every

department of the soldier's life wanted looking into. The air he breathed, the food which sustained him, the house he lived in, his exercises, occupation, recreations, habits, and propensities; each and all needed supervision and alteration.

To gain an accurate idea of what has been effected by the deceased nobleman's exertions, we have only to compare the condition of our soldiers in the Chinese and the Crimean expeditions respectively.

During the interval which elapsed between the Peninsular and Crimean wars, the shortcomings and defects of our system seem to have been observed, commented on, and deplored: but, alas! nothing more. Since that time it is that nearly all the improvements we now rejoice in, have been brought about. The Camp-Hospital at Aldershott may be pointed out as one of those in which a better system, on various points, is being gradually introduced; but if we go back a few years, *e. g.*, to the Spanish campaign in 1809, we shall see all that there was to do to bring our hospital system even into tolerable order, and we shall be astonished that the sufferings endured by our soldiers then, in consequence of defective arrangements, want of common foresight, and neglect of the most ordinary precautions, did not suggest to the authorities the introduction of any active measures to ensure the non-recurrence of similar miseries and aggravations of the horrors of war.

"The morning after the battle," says a staff-officer in his report of one engagement at Talavera, "was employed in removing our wounded and dying,

who—sad to say—had been lying in the field all night(!), into the convents and churches, now converted into hospitals. By requisitions of beds and blankets, *within three days,* and principally through the exertion of the head of the medical staff, Dr. Frank, all the patients were supplied with mattresses. Nurses and orderlies were selected to attend, and Sir Arthur (the Duke of Wellington) visited the hospital himself.

"The number of deaths from wounds which proved mortal, obliged immense burial-parties to be employed, during the first three or four days, in removing the bodies from the hospitals. *Even in the case of officers, it was only through the attention of their brother officers, who read the service themselves,* that the usual funeral forms were used, while the *men were interred without prayers,* being generally placed in ditches, and the banks dug in upon them. It was a melancholy business indeed!"

As for religious consolations to the dying, whence were *they* to come? What a boon would the gentle, persevering, paternal attentions of the *Aumônier de Régiment* have been to these poor creatures, dying like heathens, and buried like dogs!

"One of our officers," says another writer from the same scene of woe, "found a French officer badly wounded: and on offering to seek aid, the poor fellow remarked, he had no right to expect it until our own numerous wounded were housed and dressed. On returning to the spot. he was found to have expired where he lay."

"We were prevented," continues this writer, "from moving after the enemy, not only on account of our many wounded, but from want of provisions. Our difficulties on this head greatly increased after the battle; and were felt to so great an extent, that the army became partially disorganized from the ravenous demand for food overpowering all other considerations. While it was said comparative plenty reigned in the Spanish camp, our troops were driven to seek and take provisions by force wherever they could find them. This led to such straggling from the camp, and general irregularity of conduct, that, on the 2nd August, the rolls were ordered to be called every two hours." (Any other kind of *roll*, we presume, would have proved more effectual in arresting a mutiny so excusable.)

"Arrangements were made respecting the hospitals; and Colonel M'Kinnon was left in their charge, with but thirty-four medical officers (all we could spare) to attend 5,000 sick and wounded."

Since we have mixed in the field with the French troops, have had occasion to observe their system, and to profit by their example, a visible amelioration, and that rapid beyond expectation, has taken place; and it now only remains for us to carry our searchings and our amendment into all the details of camp and barrack life, and "reform it altogether." "Fas est et ab *hoste* doceri:" surely, therefore, we need not be ashamed to borrow a hint from our friends and allies.

The *Journal des Débats* of the 20th Oct. 1854,

furnished a very interesting, but at the same time a most distressing account of the sufferings of the wounded among the Russians and English during the Crimean war.

Accustomed as the English are to study comfort in all circumstances and conditions of life, we are surprised to find the principle on which they proverbially act on all other occasions, entirely lost sight of in their military medical organization. Surely if ever it could be excusable to consider ease and convenience, it is where the sick, the suffering, the wounded, and the dying are concerned. We are at a loss, therefore, how to account for the utter failure of our hospital arrangements in the east, and can only attribute the neglect from which the unfortunate soldiers suffered—especially at the commencement of the campaign—to want of experience—perhaps we ought to say of practice—in this most important branch of the service. We must, however, do ourselves the justice to add, that we were not slow to avail ourselves of the example afforded us in the experience, the forethought, and superior practical knowledge of our allies, which we not only generously recognised, but, with that good sense which so eminently distinguishes our race, at once adopted.

The precautions taken by the French medical staff, even before the troops were embarked for the seat of war, were the subject of surprise and admiration at the time, and strongly impressed the English public, to whom the very minute detail of the arrangements,

and the nicety to which the probable amount of every supply required, was calculated, was a novelty.

At a later period, which, however, was not long in arriving, when all these adjuncts came into requisition, and every object which had been provided found its place, the "foolish virgins" who had taken no oil in their lamps, began to find themselves wofully out in their reckoning, and were fain to borrow from those who had had the wisdom to foresee their needs, and to organise preconcerted measures for meeting them.

Their mode of provisioning their troops, their sanitary laws and hospital regulations, were, there is no question, vastly superior to our own, the mismanagement of all of which has yet to be accounted for. The country knows it to its cost, and if the nation deplore the vast sums mis-spent on the occasion, how many bereft families, saddened fireside groups, and mothers made childless, might rise up in judgment against the culpable negligence of those whose duty it was to be better prepared for the emergencies of war.

Although we have forborne any detailed allusion to the condition of our miserable hospitals of Crimean memory, out of regard to the feelings of those whose husbands, sons, fathers, or brothers were so cruelly denied in their dying hour the few wretched alleviations of which their case admitted; nevertheless, much as we may desire to see all that savours of a national disgrace blotted from the page of history, we must not altogether pass over the matter, for it is

a lesson full of serious and solemn warning, and will, we hope, serve to abate a little of our national pride, and to remind us that there are matters in which even *we* may acknowledge our inferiority.

If, however, the French are—we may now almost say *were*—superior to us in this important branch of warfare, it may somewhat soothe our wounded vanity to know that the Austrians appear to fall even below ourselves in the sanitary measures they adopt for their troops.

At the Solferino, for example, many instances of mismanagement were observed, especially in the early part of the campaign. Thus it would often happen that one part of the army had not breakfasted when an attack began, so that they were compelled to continue fasting, and to fight fasting, while even the remainder had nothing to eat after seven o'clock.

At Verona, instead of serving out wine to the men, they had money given them to purchase it; but there was none to be had!

On the day of the battle, beds were prepared in the hospital at Verona for 1,000 only, and the place was not provisioned! We must, however, in justice add, that these faults were quickly repaired, and the Austrians certainly exhibited considerable prudence and wisdom when the hospital fever raged in the hospitals in Lombardy, where the heat was intense; and whilst at Milan, a fortnight after the battle, there were 12,436 men in hospital, and about 5,000 at Cremona—they escaped these additional disasters by

sending their wounded to the interior of the empire by rail.

In these days the importance of the well-being of the army cannot be overrated. Our prosperity at home and abroad, our national dignity and importance, our peace and harmony in the great family of European nations, are all compromised by its inefficiency; the sanitary condition of our troops, therefore, is a matter of primary consideration throughout the country, and the man who vigorously applies his energies and his intelligence to arrest the formidable mortality which was diminishing our army at so fearful a rate, must be looked upon as a public benefactor and a true patriot. The plan organized by the late Lord Herbert appears most perspicacious and complete, and certainly ought to prove effectual.

Under the new system, an exact account is kept of the diseases of every soldier from the day he enters to the day he leaves the army, or dies on the pension-list; and the returns are so arranged as to exhibit the diseases of every regiment separately, as well as the amount of disability, invaliding, and death produced by each malady, and, as far as possible, by each conspicuous cause. At the end of every week the Director-General receives a return from each corps of its state and of its changes. The contrast at Aldershott, on trial, was found to be remarkable in different regiments, and clearly demonstrates the utility of publication. The variable sanitary state of the army is thus brought clearly before the eyes of the Medical Department, the commanding officers,

the Commander-in-Chief, and the Secretary of State, so that evils, instantly known, can often be suppressed as they arise. The books are now made portable, and so simplified that they will work in the field as well as in barracks. The annual report is to contain a classification of all the observations of the year, in the form adopted by the Registrar-General.

We hear of new barracks in course of erection in different parts of the country; in these, all the new and improved principles are to be carried out, whether as regards the moral or physical comfort of the men; and we sincerely hope that the barrack hospitals, which, important though they be, are for the most part in a highly improper condition, will receive their due share of attention. As a sample of the mode in which the plans are being worked, we subjoin an account of the new buildings in course of erection for the troops at Nottingham, and again at Colchester:—The former will stand about two miles from the town, between Bulwell Lane and Cavendish Hill, Sherwood, on a farm belonging to His Grace the Duke of Newcastle. A parliamentary grant of £13,000 has been obtained, and the site, an area of twenty-four acres, purchased with part of the money. The situation is extremely suitable. From the summit of the hill a magnificent prospect takes in a wide sweep of the country, and the fine air, with the wind in certain quarters, will blow from over Bulwell Forest and Bestwood Park without obstruction. The site has been surveyed, and its boundaries defined with stones, on which are engraved the government

arrow. Naturally, the drainage is good; but one of the first operations will be the improvement of this essential requisite in the most approved manner. The boundary-wall was to have been erected this autumn, but it will not be proceeded with until spring. The architects whose plans have been approved by the Government Board of Works, are Messrs. T. H. Wyatt and H. Digby Wyatt. The designs include officers' apartments, barrack accommodation for the men on a greatly improved principle, an armoury, magazine, hospital; an extensive range of stabling, and every appurtenance necessary for a cavalry regiment. The total cost of the building is estimated at £100,000, and on the re-assembling of Parliament it is expected that the estimates will include a further instalment beyond the sum already voted. Two or three years will elapse before the works are finished. At present, Government are engaged in the erection of barracks at Colchester on a somewhat similar scale, and, when finished, the two establishments will be as complete in proportion to their size as any in the kingdom. The approach to the new barracks from Nottingham, known as Bulwell Lane, is at present much neglected, and will require a considerable amount of labour to make it good. Contracts will shortly be taken for the execution of the necessary improvements, and the expense, which will fall upon Basford parish, is estimated at £700 or £800.

Various and continual have been the modifications of hospital arrangements in the French army. This

important branch of the service has long been a subject of special solicitude to the military authorities and the government, and it has always been open to competition to suggest and introduce any measure calculated to improve its efficiency. There is no doubt that the experiences of the Crimean war were of invaluable service to the army in this, as in many other particulars, and served practically to demonstrate the insufficiency of many means of succour to the wounded, which had till then been considered sufficient. It will doubtless be remembered that at the commencement, or rather during the preliminaries of that war, a striking impression was produced on the public mind in England, by the detail of the multiplied and varied preparations made by the French for the succour of their wounded, In 1856, M. Philippe, head surgeon at Djidjeli, introduced an improved system for the transportation of the wounded, which he designated as "Hyppo-narthécie," and the chief characteristic of which consists in the mode in which the patients are borne two at a time on either side of a horse (as the name implies), though mules are sometimes applied to the purpose.

Litters of an elongated shape are manifestly those most desirable for the removal of the wounded: the "Cacolet" therefore, which had been borrowed from the Algerian army, and which was an iron seat obliging the patient to hold himself upright, could be neither the most beneficial nor the safest machine for carrying him off the field. M. Philippe, however,

who was at Algiers in 1853, and was struck by the need of some reform in this matter, although he saw the defects of the plan then in use, was anxious, while modifying it, to preserve the "Cacolet" itself, as being the vehicle most easy of transportation and the least expensive which had as yet been discovered. It became necessary therefore to invent a surgical apparatus which could not only be added to the seat of the "Cacolet," but which should admit of the patient's being placed as much as possible in a recumbent position. This new idea was submitted to the Governor-General, together with a report of its success at Batna, where it had been tried in October, that same year; but, although a decided improvement on the old method, it did not satisfy the inventor, who, after devoting considerable attention to the subject, and submitting it to many experiments, at length succeeded in producing a litter which combined all the requisites. This was brought into use at Djidjeli in March, 1855. It is only those who have witnessed the sad occasions on which such apparatuses are called into requisition, who can appreciate the benefits and advantages of a vehicle thus contrived. Without going into detail, we may mention that it not only adds materially to the comfort of the wounded, who sometimes require attentions of the minutest character, to enable them to be carried to the hospital, but it has on many occasions been the means of saving life.

A letter written by the *aumônier* Père Damas, and dated Constantinople, 5th March, 1856, describes

with minuteness the measures taken for the relief and succour of the sick and wounded in the military hospital at that place.

"The authorities," he writes, "I am happy to say, are making incredible efforts to improve the situation of the suffering portion of the army—no expense is spared, and the sound among sailors as well as soldiers, are always ready to devote themselves to the relief of the sick.

"In each division are organized *ambulances* to receive the wounded, and the fever patients from the earliest symptoms of their malady. During the first winter, the only accommodation for the sick, consisted in what they could obtain within tents pitched side by side, and the only substitute for beds were a few sorry mats spread on the ground. At the present time the tents are almost entirely replaced by huts sent from France; they are far more comfortable, and the patients no longer repose on the ground. The dampness of the soil is excluded by a stout flooring. Experienced medical men devote their time, their energies, and their knowledge to the sick, and render to the army, services, which, if noiseless and unobtrusive, are not the less invaluable to those they benefit.

"But this is not enough; these flying hospitals would probably not suffice for our needs if they were the sole refuge of the suffering; there are protracted disorders and cruel operations, requiring prolonged care. There are certain infirmities requiring in their treatment a calmness difficult to secure amidst the

activity and stir of a camp, and consequently numerous hospitals have been founded in Constantinople. I do not know them all, but, to judge by those I have seen, they may be said to rival our hospitals in France."

The military hospital of Pera especially is strikingly magnificent, it stands on a height which commands the Bosphorus; its proportions are noble, and its architecture full of grandeur. It consists of a quadrangle, of which the interior court is surrounded at every story by a broad, glazed cloister or gallery, for the exercise of convalescents. The wards are from nine to ten metres in height, and the windows are large and numerous.

It is interesting to observe the method adopted for transporting the patients from Sebastopol to Constantinople.

"On the day fixed for the departure," says an officer, to whom we are indebted for the account, "a considerable number of mules are stationed from early dawn around the *Ambulance*. Every mule bears a pack-saddle, very ingeniously organized. On either side of this saddle is contrived a little seat, on which are placed those least able to bear the motion; for those who have undergone amputation, and who are too ill to sit up, small couches or reclining seats are fixed, and, once laden, the melancholy cavalcade sets forth, each mule being led by the bridle by an able-bodied man. There is something touching in the aspect of this long file of men, still young, but their countenances worn with suffering, enveloped in

blankets, and jogging on at a slow pace across the arid and barren plains on which we were encamped. Now and then, some sad episode would painfully break the monotony of this dreary march.

"As far as possible, fine weather is selected for the transit of these invalid caravans; but in this climate the weather is changeable, and at a moment when least expected, a frightful tempest will overtake the procession; the snow falls, and the wind whirls it about with frenzied violence. Then the cold and damp reach the poor patients, and if the storm continue, their sufferings become very severe.

"Arrived at the port, they have not even the means of reaching the vessel prepared for them; the sea is often rough, and the embarkation dangerous. In such cases they are placed under tents erected on the shore, and wrapped in blankets, each trying by attention and kindness to compensate them for the disasters under which they are labouring."

One day, when in the midst of a whirlwind of snow and sleet, a priest was assisting the *infirmiers* of Kamiesch to dismount a sick man from his mule, the soldier, with characteristic simplicity, observed, as he eyed his new friend—"Only see! these chaplains are ready for every turn." Many incidents might be recorded, showing that the priest was often a welcome attendant at the bedside of the dying. We must add that bad weather was rather the exception than the rule; and when the summer season returned, the change was pleasing to behold.

The sick were placed in roomy boats, called *cha-*

lands, towed by a sloop. A sufficient number of sailors descended into the *chalands*, and with gentleness and intelligent precautions, received the wounded one by one, carrying them carefully on board. Had we then visited the batteries fore and aft, we should have found ourselves in a floating hospital, improvised as if by enchantment. Those most dangerously ill were in bed, while others not so seriously affected reposed on paillasses and mattresses. The officers were located in separate cabins: a period of thirty or forty hours carried them across the Black Sea, and gliding between the coasts of Europe and Asia, the broad Bosphorus passed, the patients found themselves at their desired haven, safely consigned to the guardianship of the gentle and devoted Sisters of Charity. An able medical staff accompanied the convoy, which was supplied with all the comforts and solaces their condition required; 300 at a time were conveyed on board the "Christophe Colombe," and bore cheerful testimony to the care and consideration they had met with from the captain, officers, and crew. Night and day the attendance upon them was unremitting, and not one was suffered to die without the consolations of religion. Little cabin-boys would run to the *Aumônier's* cabin door, begging him to come and visit one who was found suddenly worse, and had desired his presence; but this was not all: these little fellows constituted themselves *enfans de chœur*, and assisted at the administration of the sacraments, exhibiting remarkable fervour, and maintaining the most respectful demeanor.

"Maréchal Bugeaud," says Louis Veuillot, in his eloquent and striking work, "L'Homme de Guerre," "whose excellent heart and elevated mind endeared him alike to his subordinates and superiors, was the first Governor who suffered a Chaplain to follow the great expeditions. So long had the army been unused to be thus accompanied, that it is a fact, the first Chaplain who offered his services was regarded rather as a curiosity, or as an official appendage, than as of any importance or utility; there were many who grudged him even the horse he rode, and the bread he ate, and who only reconciled themselves to the idea of his presence, by way of concession to the whim, or as some termed it, the 'prejudices' of the Bishop. But times altered, and the day came, when the *Aumônier de Régiment* was looked upon in a different light. Experience spoke, and the Maréchal was not a man to neglect its voice. He saw the weak encouraged, the sick comforted, the dying supported; the cause of religion was won in his noble heart, and Maréchal St. Arnaud, following in the same path, profited by his experience: by what has since occurred in the French fleet, and in the Dobrutscha, in the Constantinopolitan Hospitals, and the Crimean plains, we may judge how valuable are the presence and ministrations of priests among the soldiers."

A minister of war under Louis Philippe, having been solicited to restore the naval Chaplains, replied, "To what purpose? there are no women on board." Ten or fifteen years ago, the majority of French

officers would perhaps, with similar thoughtlessness, have made the same reply. Disciples of an infidel philosophy, feeling in themselves no need of a religion, or not knowing that they felt it, they never imagined that religion might become a source of energy and courage, a consolation at once to the soldier, and to his bereaved and sorrowing relatives.

In their hard and short-sighted policy, the rulers of those days alleged economy as a sufficient reason for disregarding so sacred and important a duty. In the desolate camps and fatal garrisons of Algeria, it would have cost far less to maintain a few priests, who would have raised the tone of mind, and supported the drooping spirits of the soldiers, than it did to supply the wine, tobacco, and strong liquors, which, after temporarily stimulating, only served to demoralize and brutify them; for the reaction has been known frequently to produce despair, insanity, and suicide.

Without such salutary ministrations, death must come in all its naked ghastliness; and familiarization with it must tend to demoralize, and not elevate the soul. Thus writes an officer fighting in Spain under the Duke of Wellington.

"Habit gradually hardens us to such scenes, and death, far from creating serious reflections, is often laughed to scorn. On the evident approach of a general action, we notify its probability to each other by unreflecting remarks, such as 'There will be more hats than heads before to-morrow night;' and none of us, even during action, conduct our-

selves with the proper proportion of sober sadness which I have no doubt you excellent people in England suppose natural, and perhaps think necessary, in an affair of life and death. I have heard some very free jokes escape, under fire; and as hearty a burst of laughter, at seeing a beau of an officer covered with dirt, or dust, from the splash or blow of a cannon ball striking near him, as would take place at any absurd accident in common life. On our advance to Orthes, when opposite Sauveterre, waiting for orders, and hardly out of common shot of the enemy, on the other side the Gave, the officers of the third division amused themselves by leap-frog, and other romping boyish games.

"I recollect at Fuentes de Honor, being goose-quilled on the superficial skin, if not thrilled to the inmost soul, by an officer of the Adjutant-General's department, well known for his fun, depicting to me, in the following words, the state some of us might possibly be in, within the course of a few hours.

"The truthfulness of the description made it very disagreeable, particularly as, at the moment, the balls from the skirmishers (in evidence of what was coming) were already flying over our heads. 'You will be astonished,' he said, 'to find yourself overturned by a sharp blow on the breast, and on evincing an inclination to rise, being convinced by the total diminution of your strength, that some very unpleasant accident has happened to you. Thus satisfied as to your incapacity of movement, you lie quietly on the ground, with certain very unpleasant

forebodings in your mind, till one of your friends brings you a surgeon, who, opening your coat, finds you are shot through the lungs, and to satisfy himself (not you), says, 'Spit, sir, spit!' In the attempt your mouth fills with blood—what your medical friend, (no longer, alas, your adviser), wished to ascertain—who putting a bit of lint on the wound, shrugs up his shoulders, and leaves you to be suffocated, while he goes to congratulate your juniors on their promotion!'

"I have almost done with this subject. The sight of the dead bodies is not so painful as that of the wounded. We see the first are inanimate, and know they are beyond all earthly suffering; and the passing a corpse, far from exciting grave reflections, that the poor wretch's troubles are at an end, or that he is gone to his last account, more often draws forth from some of us, grown callous by habit, jocose observations, such as, that 'he will have no further occasion to draw his rations,' or the old military saying, that 'he has stuck his spoon in the wall,' meaning it can be no longer of use to him; but the sight of the latter, badly hurt, borne in agony to the rear, in blankets dropping with gore, or on a bearer, or door, or shutter, strongly excites commiseration."

To come to our own day. "Since the entrance of the allies into Pekin," says an officer writing from the seat of war, "Chinese Catholics spring up on all sides, and press eagerly round our *Aumônier*, M. l'Abbé Tregaro, who, be it said, is idolized by the soldiers. Religion—awakening as it does in us the recollections

of our early years—is always welcome to those who know they may at any moment be called away from this earthly state. It is a consolation to such, on the threshold of the world they are leaving, to meet with one who will prepare them for that with which they are about to make acquaintance.

"The Abbé Tregaro, in all the battles in which he has held his post, has made it his care to walk over the gory plain, and, thanks to this humane precaution, has often picked up wounded sufferers who must otherwise have perished uncared for and abandoned. To satisfy this paternal solicitude, he has been known to disregard his own safety, and to brave even the fire of the enemy's guns."

"He does his work in earnest, and no mistake," said some of the soldiers, admiring the energy and address with which he accomplished his self-imposed task; and an old soldier observed to him, "This will never do, M. l'Abbé; it is not for you to exhibit so much courage, that is *our* business; you are poaching on our grounds."

"Be easy, my good fellow," replied the *Aumônier*, "there is room for both of us. Am I not a soldier even as you are? To your lot has fallen the exercise of temporal, to mine that of spiritual arms, and when our respective Chiefs give the word, it is ours to obey."

The mention of the *Aumônier* naturally reminds us of his valuable auxiliaries, the *Sœurs de Charité*, and this is, therefore, no inappropriate place to make a few observations upon nursing.

The surgeon's skill is, no doubt, of primary importance to the bleeding soldier as he is borne, mangled and mutilated, off the field of carnage, and the physician has his appointed place beside the sick man, whose spirit is hesitating between life and death; no military hospital ought, therefore, to be without medical science of the first order. But, let us ask, what would the wards be, bereft of the succour of those ministering angels whose gentle voice, calm presence of mind, and ready attention inspire repose and confidence in the breasts of those cast down by suffering and agitated by apprehensions; whose cheering presence, hovering about the uneasy couch of the fevered patient, alone can make him forget the yawning distance at which he is chained from his home, his wife, or his mother?

She, indeed, alone can replace those to whom he would naturally look for earthly comfort in the hour of his need. And again, what is a hospital deprived of the presence of the Messenger of God and the spiritual aid and consolation he alone can bring, when every other hope has failed and the interval between time and eternity has become a question of minutes?

"Painful," observes the writer of a graphic "war-article," in the *Times*, "is the sight of a military hospital, where side by side lie the dead, the dying, and the convalescents. Here, in a corner, shrouded in a coverlet, is one whose soul has already passed away; next to him a pale, wan soldier raises himself on his straw pallet, and feebly asks for water; beyond,

a tall bronzed warrior, whose head is propped on pillows, points to his recently amputated limb, and asks a kindly Sister of Charity, who with cheerful alacrity attends to the wants of all, whether blood is not trickling from the seared stump." And, indeed, what the devoted, courageous, and intelligent attentions of the Sisters of Charity are to the inmates of the sick ward in these supreme moments, none can say but those who have personally experienced their indefatigable care and tender succour.

Many no longer live to tell us how deep a debt of gratitude they owed to these, their guardian angels upon earth; but the few words they were able to utter before their lips were locked by the icy finger of death, have recorded their admiration for the holy zeal, and their value for the priceless attentions of which they were the object.

General Ambert, an excellent man and distinguished officer, gives us the following interesting picture of the ministrations of the *Sœur de Charité*, and the happy results by which they may be, and we hope often are, followed:—

. . . "I went into the ward," says he, "to visit a poor soldier, whom wounds and disorders, contracted during the service in Africa, seemed to be leading, by sure but lingering steps, to the grave.

"Science, acknowledging herself baffled, passed by the bed of the helpless and lonely sufferer without so much as stopping to observe him.

"His family absent, dispersed, or perhaps gone before him, had never visited his solitary couch.

Friends or comrades were never seen near the bed of this poor fellow, who had passed the best years of his life in distant lands, in the service of his country.

"He was alone in the world; none pronounced his name, few even seemed conscious that he was there.

"He was simply known as 'No. 23,' and the two figures which alone designated his identity were painted in white on a black board, and hung upon a nail over the head of his bed: two numerals which had so often served, and were destined to serve so often again, merely to distinguish one sufferer from another. Alas! where were all those over whose heads that little panel had successively hung!

"I looked at it, and at him! What a wreck he was! I had known him in all the vigour of youth and health. A spirited cavalry soldier, he was once the life and soul of our marches; fierce and courageous in action, he was always full of gaiety and good humour. I loved him well, for he had on many occasions proved his attachment, formed under circumstances of great emergency.

"And now!—I stood at the foot of his bed; his vacant eye rested on my face, and yet he knew me not! Intelligence no longer beamed from his countenance; through his half-open lips, motionless and dry, the short, irregular, feverish respiration passed with difficulty. His wasted hand, blanched and cold as marble, did not even feel the contact of mine.

"As I looked round the vast and silent ward—the abode of affliction and the ante-chamber of death, I

thought of the immense Cathedral in which, the evening before, I had been listening to the voice of Père Lacordaire. I mentally compared this weary mass of suffering humanity, whose minds and bodies alike were exhausted and crushed, with the living crowd of the previous evening, eager and interested, and revelling in all the pride of intellect; drinking in, with rapt attention, the mighty thoughts of the eloquent Dominican.

"I addressed the sick man in a loud tone, but he remained passive and motionless. His gaze continued fixed on my face, and yet it was too plain he saw me not. The spirit still dwelt in that body, but it was buried in its most hidden recesses—so deeply, that God alone could search it out. The senses, those mysterious interpreters of the soul, were all slumbering. It was a touching and melancholy spectacle.

"A light sound, delicate as that of the leaf ruffled by the breeze, reached my ear. This breath, scarcely perceptible to myself, however, made the sick man start. His eyes relaxed their gaze, and turned in the direction whence it proceeded; his brow became less contracted, his lips seemed to open into a smile, and the blood circulating more freely, as if by a sudden impulse, sent life into his poor weak hands, which he raised and crossed upon his breast. My eye followed the direction of his, and I saw near me a Sister of Charity; the hand-maid of God had succeeded in awakening to consciousness that mind, but now so lethargic, even as the unseen dew of morning re-animates the withering plant.

"Approaching the bed, the gentle girl bent over her feeble patient, and as she wiped the cold perspiration from his forehead, she said to him, in soft and sympathising tones—'Joseph, how are you?'

"In this abode, where the poor fellow was nothing more than 'No. 23' to his fellow-patients, he was —as he had always been—the '*cavalier*' Meyer for me; but for her, he was 'Joseph.'

"Joseph!—His mother had called him thus, under the village thatch; in that name, almost forgotten by the poor soldier himself, were wrapped up all the dearest associations of his life: his careless childhood, passed in the forests of Alsace—the games and sports, the caresses, the joys, the sorrows of family-life!—None had called him 'Joseph' but his mother, father, brothers, sisters, or schoolfellows! It was in the little hamlet alone, that he remembered that name—his name in heaven!

"The 'Cavalier Meyer' had not recognised his Captain; but 'Joseph' knew the Sister of Charity as if by an electric touch.

"After considering his countenance for some moments, as a mother watches the changes of her dying child, the Sister opened a white napkin she carried in her hand, and taking out some beautiful flowers, she scattered them over Joseph's bed. The sick man started, his eyes beamed, and his hands sought the fresh leaves with their perfumed blossoms.

"The Sister now seemed, for the first time, to perceive me, and recognising my military character, she felt there was a common link between the three;

for, without further preamble, she remarked, with a glance at the fresh flowers—'Joseph was a gardener before he served in the army.'

"The act I had witnessed was simple—the words I heard were its natural explanation, and yet I was struck dumb; there were for me volumes in that trifling act, and in that natural remark.

"Who, thought I, told this unsophisticated girl, that nothing would be so acceptable to this poor fellow—whom the world and all its treasures have ceased to interest—as these artless but engaging gifts of God, bringing with them their own sweet perfume, and the recollection of his days of happiness, of occupation, and of health? What prompted her to think of this? Not science, not medical knowledge, not genius, not learning, not philosophy—no, it was the divine voice of charity whispering to her feminine tact and delicacy of perception.

"I expected she had brought some medicament, or balm, to alleviate the sufferings of the body, or some religious sentiment to direct the soul to heaven; I expected to find in her visit the reflection of the prescriptions of the doctor, or of the cares of the confessor; and instead of all this, I found charity, or rather—if I may be allowed the expression—the poetry of charity.

"Surprised to meet in the sick ward of a hospital such profound knowledge of the human heart, I persuaded myself that the Sister before me must be one of those delicately-nurtured women in whom the

refinements of the mind have been cultivated, so as to impart to it a new sense, of which rougher natures are unconscious, and I looked at her with interest and curiosity; but there was nothing to justify such a notion. Her large, characteristic head-gear, white as snow, her grey habit of the coarsest material, the rosary hanging from her waist, and her wooden crucifix—in short, the aggregate of the popular costume of St. Vincent, too well known to need any particular description, covered an ordinary human being, about whose history there was no ground for casting any halo of romance. She may have been about five-and-twenty, but she looked as if prematurely aged by labours and watchings, and her complexion was of that transparent and delicate hue, induced by a life of privation. In her eyes I observed that remarkably pure and limpid aspect, with which the painters of Italy delight to invest their Madonnas.

"My unhappy soldier was the pretext for a short conversation, in which I informed her that Joseph Meyer was formerly one of my Spahis, and I, in my turn, learned that she was Sœur Marthe, the daughter of an agriculturist, with no pretensions to birth or education. Charity alone had inspired her. I took my leave; my destiny called me to traverse distant lands; and although Joseph was often in my thoughts and prayers, I only remembered him as one who must have passed from the troubles of this world.

"Twelve years after this, travelling in Alsace, I was overtaken by the shades of evening in an un-

frequented road, among the Vosges mountains; my horse wandered on as he listed, and I, contented with keeping to the road, for I had lost my way, was in hopes of soon coming upon some village or even a lone cottage, for I knew the hospitality of the honest Alsacians. I was not deceived in my expectations; another turn in the road brought me before a small thatched road-side chapel, within which a '*Calvaire*' had been placed to animate the piety of passers-by, and few travellers went on their way without being arrested by the gentle appeal to turn aside for a few moments from the world and its engrossing pursuits, to remember Him to whom we owe our interest in life. A wood-cutter, bending under his burden, was just rising from his knees as I approached—'My good fellow,' said I, 'I fear I have lost my way, can you tell me who lives in that cottage?' and I pointed to a little moss-grown roof embowered in trees, and round which the flowers seemed to vie with each other as to which should perfume it with the greatest luxuriance. The windows peeped through their frame of ivy, the swallows fluttered around the thatch, and it looked like a little nest among the foliage. A stone bench stood on one side of the door, on which was seated a peasant woman at her spinning wheel, while two or three beautiful children played around her knee, or ran to their father, who was working a little distance off. Here, thought I, is a picture of rustic happiness, and I felt sure of a welcome, before I asked their hospitality.

"'That house,' said the old woodman, 'goes by the name of "the House of Charity." It is inhabited by an old soldier, and never is any poor man turned away from his door.'

"The answer was reassuring — 'I, too, am a soldier,' said I, as I advanced. At the sound of my horse's steps, a curly-headed child with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes ran towards me, at the same time calling to his father. The man threw down his spade, and as he approached me, what was my surprise to recognize my old soldier, Joseph Meyer!

"He approached respectfully, and would have taken the bridle of my horse, when I jumped down and embraced him heartily. He knew me now, and I saw the tears running down his cheeks while his rough hand trembled in mine. I can scarcely express all I felt, when, surrounded by this excellent and happy peasant-family, I was drawn into the cottage. I shared their frugal meal, seasoned by fatigue; I visited the kitchen garden, the flower-beds, the dairy, the bee-hives, the granary, and the presses full of linen, woven by the busy hands of the good wife. As night closed in, a fresh faggot was piled on the ample hearth, and the bright brass vessels, each in its place, reflected the blaze like so many mirrors. We soon fell talking, and with a little one on each knee, I listened to Joseph's artless history. He told me how, as it were by a miracle, he had escaped from the clutches of death, and how his life had for fifteen long months been the object of a toilsome struggle

for Sœur Marthe, who would not let him die, and to whose indescribable care and attention, and not to medical skill, he owed it, that he had ever left the hospital alive: but this was not all; not content with preserving his life, she had taught him, during that time, how to use it, when he should regain his strength; she had sown in his hitherto neglected mind, the germs of that charity of which he was now experiencing the fruits.

"Sœur Marthe had taught the wounded soldier what is the duty of man here below; she had spoken to him of labour, of industry, of order, and method; of self-discipline, of sacrifice; and she had taught him the motive by which he was to aim at fulfilling his duty, and sanctifying his simplest actions. The seed was cast in a fruitful soil—military discipline had prepared the way, and all he wanted was the suggestion he received from her.

"His life was that of a saint. God had blessed the work of the Sister of Charity; He had blessed the career of the old soldier. Twice a-year Joseph might be seen leading his team out of the forest into the neighbouring village. At the beginning of winter his waggon was laden with the wood of the poor—after the harvest it was with the corn of the poor.

"His alms were thus distributed twice a-year, but his charity was dispensed daily. 'Alms we can only give to the *poor*,' said Sœur Marthe; 'the deeds of charity may be bestowed on rich and poor alike. 'Charity,' she would say, 'may consist in nothing more than a kind word—a benevolent look.'

"I had heard many sermons on charity, I had studied the philosophy of the Malebranches and the Spinosas, but Sœur Marthe, the servant of the poor, and Meyer, the peasant-soldier, seemed to me, in the practical embodiment of their simple and expansive principles, to entertain a truer appreciation of charity than philosophers and *savants.*"

We can scarcely name a corner of the world into which the Sister of Charity has not penetrated. No dangers deter her from her purpose; neither perils of travel, nor barbarous hordes, unhealthy climate, nor want of needful accommodation. Mountains and plains, forests and deserts, populous towns and solitary islands she traverses alike, whether by sea or by land, at the call of human woe. On the very confines of civilization, and in the midst of raging fever which drives away all other human aid—there, where the Sister of Charity is most needed, call her, and she will obey the summons; and when all the wealthy, all the physicians, all the nurses have forsaken the sufferers and fled, there will she be found remaining alone with the poor and the diseased. But we need not travel so far as to the tropics to convince ourselves of this; we have but to retrace the annals of modern history as far as the period when the cholera visited Paris with all its horrors. The hospitals were overwhelmed with applications for admission, the wards were overflowing; for, rapidly as the patients were carried away, there was always an accumulation of others ready to fill their places. The Salpétrière was at

that time, as now, served by lay attendants, and it was there that the scourge was felt most cruelly. The patients dropped off one after another, and death and desolation reigned unchecked. The wards presented the ghastly aspect of a charnel-house, and the gasping victims about to resign their breath, lay mingled with blackening corpses which none had the courage or the energy to remove. Patients, chained to their beds by other diseases, and for whom rest, and quiet, and constant attention were necessary, became the horrified beholders of the awful spectacle, which impressed itself with fatal effect upon their disturbed and fevered imaginations; and there they lay in helpless woe, unattended and forgotten, simply waiting for the releasing hand of death!—For where were the nurses? . . . . Alas! they had fled!—fled from the post of danger! fled from the scene of horror! fled from the onerous, responsible, and perilous task committed to them, leaving their hopeless charges to their fearful doom! —And why should they not? After all, it was but just. They had agreed to serve for money, and the moment they forewent their remuneration, they had a right to withdraw their services. "The hireling fleeth because he *is* an hireling;" and why should we expect a human being, unsustained by grace, uninspired by religion, and whose vocation is unsanctified by a solemn dedication to God—to resist terrors and temptations, to which unassisted nature could not fail to yield. The wonder would have been in a contrary result. And where was the

Aumônier? Reader, *he was* at his post, he had *not* abandoned his flock when the wolf came to scatter it. . . . .

" Onward
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling, and blessing, and cheering;"

and when the medical officers came to make their accustomed rounds, they found no other human help at hand. They looked round aghast at the awful scene, and sought a solution of the difficulty in each other's countenances.

At length a young *interne*, a native of Brittany, ventured an opinion; "I see but one hope," said he, "we must get some Sisters."

"Sisters, yes, indeed, that would be the remedy; but we cannot call them into existence by magic. Whence could they be procured?"

"I think they might spare some from the Hôtel Dieu."

"Nay, they must be already overtaxed there, for the cholera is raging with fearful severity."

"Leave it to me; I will go to the Superioress and represent the case; she will not, she *cannot* refuse to come to our aid in so forlorn a moment."

The proposal was carried out, and, though much wanted within their own wards, a small detachment of Augustinian Sisters was sent to aid the patients of the Salpétrière, and in a few hours the place assumed a new aspect. Hope once more revived, and the arduous task, assumed with so much cheer-

ful willingness, was not abandoned till all danger was over.

We might relate and dilate on many similar instances occurring in mediæval times, whenever the plague visited a district. Indeed, it was the appearance and continuance of this scourge which first suggested the idea of nursing sisters, or "*Sœurs Noïres,*" as they are called, no others being found to give assistance to the poor victims; and those who followed proved themselves worthy successors of their courageous forerunners, when this fearful epidemic once more visited Barcelona in the early part of the present century, no less than when the city of Marseille was similarly afflicted at the time that Monseigneur de Belzunce showed himself scarcely second in self-devotion to S. Charles Borromeo.

While the Sister of Charity is ready to act thus in her own country, let us shew that she fulfils with equal ardour the same responsible and perilous duties in foreign climes. In Algeria she may be seen whispering hope and consolation into the ear of the dying soldier, calmly conscious that in her turn she also must yield her life a sacrifice to her exertions for others. She dies in silence; like him, she drops at her post, and when we visit the spot, we find the grave of the Sister of Charity side by side with that of the soldier.

"I usually dined in front of my tent," says an officer in his Memoirs of the Crimean Campaign; "one evening after I had finished my meal, I saw what appeared to me a celestial vision; I thought it

must be an illusion of my imagination; it proved, however, to be a welcome reality. I perceived on the road leading to the cemetery, two Sisters of Charity, wearing the peculiar coif, which seems to give wings to their external form. With downcast eyes, and arms folded across their breast, and hands concealed within their coarse wide sleeves, they were walking with that firm, steady step which seems to be the type and figure of their pure and unswerving path through life, and my eye instinctively followed them till they were lost in the grey distance.

"My first wound," he continues, "was dressed and cured by the tender and skilful hand of a Sister of Charity, and it is no vague or poetical sentiment which attaches me to these pious women, but the solid link of profound gratitude; gratitude for their goodness to myself personally, and gratitude for their devoted services to human nature, and especially to my brethren in arms. Never did the two homes which we are often led to confound in one common sentiment of affection—the earthly and the heavenly—appear to me more worthy of being brought into comparison than at that moment.

"Varna had only possessed Sisters of Charity a few days. Into that Mahomedan land where every vivifying influence is struck with barrenness by the monstrous degradation of woman, our society and our religion had sent that which is at once the most delicate and the most powerful. As I looked on these two women, unconscious that any eye but that of God was upon them, it seemed to me as if

they shed around them that solemn serenity which a solitary cross suffices to cast over a whole landscape.

"'We are saved, we are saved!' exclaimed a young soldier when the arrival of the Sisters was announced at Varna; 'now that we have got our Sisters, we shall recover and all will be well.'

"'Ah! ma Sœur,' said another, with simplicity, to one of these holy women who was consoling him, 'you remind me of my mother.'

"A third expressed the same idea in words more touching still. 'Come often, ma Sœur,' said he; 'every time you enter the ward, I seem to see France and my mother, in this far-off land!'

"'What!' exclaimed a wounded Zouave to the Sister who was attending upon him, "have you come so far on purpose to nurse us? You have given up your country, your family, and all you love, even as we ourselves!' and the poor fellow's eyes filled with tears, for he understood the full extent of the sacrifice, and knew it could only come from heaven. He thanked God for the blessing he enjoyed, and entreated the Sister to send for the priest who was to reconcile him to Him."

We might record many touching death-bed scenes, no less among the men than among the officers, and we think they are in a great measure to be attributed to their intercourse with the Sisters of Charity, who know how to exercise a silent, unobtrusive, but powerful influence over their patients.

Beyond the elevating tendency of their conversa-

tion, especially of the consolations they are able to offer to the sick, there must needs be an insensible refinement, inseparable from the mere presence of women among a number of men accustomed to the rough usages of barrack-life, and from whose language and habits the restraint of female society, even of their own class, has been removed since they left their homes, and ceased to be controlled by a mother's affectionate watchfulness. The Sisters, though taken from all ranks, cannot be mere ordinary persons; they are raised above their own level, and at the same time above the circumstances which affect human nature, by the charity which sanctifies their vocation; and their whole being, spiritualized by the life of sacrifice to which they have freely given themselves, they cannot come into contact with their fellow-creatures without leaving upon them the impress of their holy calling. Hence the incalculable value of "religious" in hospitals, and especially in military hospitals, where there is happily already so strong a prestige in their favour. The men are unanimous in their admiration of, and veneration for them; there is not one who would utter, or suffer another person to utter, in their presence an unseemly expression, and this reserve is a great point gained. The Sisters, indeed, may be said to be a *trait d'union* between them and heaven; they are not only a link uniting the soldiers in one feeling common to them all, but they readily win their confidence, and the men speak to them as they do, and as they can, speak to no one else. Many are there,

who, but for the calm, gentle, and sanctifying influence of these devoted women, would have gone out of the world as heathens, and who made the most edifying end, reconciling themselves with God by His appointed means, offering Him their lives, and passing their last days in peace and joyful hope.

"I only knew the Sisters, as yet, through the report of my comrades," said a French soldier who had passed through the chances of the Crimean war, "and even then I admired them, but it was only on hearsay (*de confiance*); but when, however, my turn came, and I had passed through their hands—when I had been not only the witness, but the object of their devotedness, my love for them knew no bounds. No," continued he with growing enthusiasm, "words cannot convey an adequate idea of all that has inspired the holiness, the charity, the self-annihilation, the contempt for danger and death of these pious women; nor is it possible to realize to oneself, until one has seen it, their goodness of heart, the delicacy of their attentions, the simple, natural manner with which they render the most unremitting, and at the same time, often, the most uninviting services. None but a soldier can know the respect and veneration they deserve, and inspire. They are more than sisters—they are mothers to all who suffer, and need help and sympathy. Tender and compassionating as women, brave and energetic as men, never do they shrink from a sacrifice, even if it were that of their lives. Neither the sight of putrifying wounds, nor the repulsive process of dressing ulcerous

sores, nor the contagion of mortal diseases, can check their ready service; and amidst the severest trials, constant activity, sleepless nights, and fatigues which appear beyond human strength, their gentle gaiety is always the same, and no more forsakes them than does their courage."

This cordial and genuine eulogium on the part of a simple soldier, is worth a volume of panegyric, and he wound it up by adding—

"For my part, I declare from my inmost soul, that a Sister of Charity and a true Priest of Jesus Christ, such as we saw them in the East, are the strongest evidences of the divine origin of religion. The fact of their existence suffices to fix my belief—a belief which, alas! I have not always had—in the truth of Christianity, and in the divine nature of the Catholic faith.

"The Catholic church alone has been able to give birth to those master-pieces of human nature, or rather of divine grace. It is enough for me; and if I did not believe God to be there, *Eh bien, I confess I should not believe He could be anywhere.* Shew me any other religion that can produce a like result."

Instances of the benign influence they have been able to exercise over the hearts of their patients are innumerable. One poor creature remained for some time under the care of the Sisters; he had lost both arms, and it was necessary to feed him like a little child. One day when giving him his soup, the Sister asked him whether he did not find time weary?

"Oh no, *ma Sœur*, I never was so happy; I have only really known God since I have been here, and I can always think of Him."

A soldier — himself confined to the hospital — wrote to a friend — "In the same ward with myself was a poor young fellow, whose body was covered with ulcers. I often felt inclined to address to him a word of friendly comfort, but was astonished to find him always smiling, good-humoured, and cheerful, continually praying with fervour. On the eve of his death, the *Aumônier*, who came to see him every day, admiring, as I did, his serenity, asked him whence he drew his consolation—'It is,' said he, 'from the thought *ma Sœur* constantly keeps before me, that from head to foot I resemble Him I love, and Who I hope will soon grant me the happiness of seeing and possessing Him.' I confess," continues the narrator, "at this sublime answer I could not contain my emotion, and approaching his bedside I said to him respectfully, 'Oh, my saintly comrade, when you are in Paradise think of me!' Near him was the sick-bed of a young *Chasseur* who had been wounded in the shoulder. The Sister leaning over him was holding a glass of water to his lips, and endeavoured to console him. 'Oh, *ma Sœur*,' said he, holding in his hand the crucifix of his rosary, 'our dear Lord suffered much more, and He was innocent!'"

We ought not to omit mention of an officer who, already covered with the cold dews of death, re-

proached himself with having murmured at his sufferings, and confessed it as a sin.

Another, whose knowledge of sacred history had lain dormant since the days when he had ceased to attend the *catéchisme* of the village *Curé*, listened with rapt attention to the recital of the Passion of our Lord by one of the Sisters. The story seemed to flash upon him all at once in all the depth of its touching detail, and he—probably for the first time—understood the extent of the sufferings and of the love of his Saviour. The tears flowed unchecked down his cheeks, and as he realized to himself the fact that the divine victim received the insult of a buffet on the face, and that his patience did not disarm his tormentors, he could no longer restrain his indignation, but called out—"Ah! les scélérats—mais c'est trop fort ça . . . . . Ah! Si seulement j'avais été là avec ma baïonnette!" *

A wounded soldier lay pale and gasping upon his camp-bed; beside it sat a *Sœur de Charité*, watching and soothing his expiring moments.

"Offer your sufferings to God, and accept what-

* The *naïveté* of this anachronism reminds us of the story once told us by a Curé de Paroisse, of a lad of the genus *Gamin* he was catechising, and who on his asking him how our Saviour was put to death, replied, scratching his head—"Ma foi, c'est les Juifs qui l'ont *fusillé*, je crois." "Mais songe donc, mon enfant, y-avait-il des fusils dans ce temps-là?" "Ah! c'est vrai, je n'y pensais pas; ils l'auront donc *guillotiné*!" replied the little scapegrace, only half doubtfully.

ever He sends you, as an act of submission to His will," she whispered. "You will thus suffer your purgatory here, and spare so much of it hereafter."

"Are there any Sisters of Charity in purgatory?" inquired the dying man eagerly, as the thought of his future state presented itself to his mind.

"Alas!" answered she, smiling, "I very much fear there are; we are so far from what we ought to be, that few of us can hope to die in such a state of holiness as to be fit for the presence of God without previous purification."

"In that case I no longer apprehend it," rejoined the poor fellow; "the Sisters are so good they will be sure to find some way of easing the position of the rest."

"Ah, ma Sœur," said another, to a Sister who was dressing his wounds, "que vous êtes douce et bonne, il me semble que j'ai encore une fois auprès de moi, ma mère."

"At the sight of our Sisters," says M. de Ségur, "our good friends, the English, struck with admiration by their humility, self-sacrifice, zeal, and aptitude for their task, were provoked into emulation, and made a well-meant effort to carry out a similar mission. Alas! they overlooked the difference between the two systems; they mistook the broken, sapless branch, from which they hoped to raise an equally rich crop of fruit, for the living stock!

"They thought to prove that what the Catholic Church can do, Protestantism is also able to effect; they attempted to extemporize Sisters of Charity,

and they sent some admirably-disposed ladies to the Crimea. Did the scheme succeed? Ask our soldiers, who saw them at work; the most polite will only answer you with a smile. Ask these excellent ladies themselves; some will tell you that they discovered their mistake, and that the bare attempt opened their eyes, and made them ultimately Catholics; the others, that they returned unsatisfied and discouraged to England. One alone persevered, imitating from afar our humble and holy daughters of St. Vincent, from whom she asked counsel in the management of her undertaking, while admiring their superhuman conduct and incomprehensible success; and she remained as a glorious exception, to prove, by her earnest and strenuous but vain endeavours, the radical powerlessness of Protestantism, beside the inexhaustible fecundity of the Church."

That they were impressed by what they saw is plain, no less from this attempt and its results, and from the observations of the men and officers, than from the numerous conversions which took place among the Protestant nurses who volunteered their services on the occasion, in a similar spirit, but on a different principle.*

* We have very recently heard of the reception into the order of St. Vincent de Paul of one of the seven "lady volunteers," who became Catholics on practically comparing their own system with that of the *Sœurs de Charité* in the Crimean hospitals.

No doubt their demeanour must have been striking to such as were not of their religion; for we know that the soldiers themselves were overcome by their presence, and welcomed them with boundless gratitude.

The honest, the large-hearted, and the intelligent among them, soon perceived what was wanting in *their* system; and that as there was only one religion in the world that could produce a St. Vincent de Paul, there was only one—and that the same—which could give birth to Sisters of Charity.

The Turks, who had already made acquaintance with their holy and consoling labours at Constantinople and at Smyrna, seemed to have acquired an increased veneration for them, on witnessing the toils and the hardships of the reinforcements which new disasters of war and pestilence attracted to the scene of danger.

A detachment of Sisters was asked for in a hospital belonging to the Ottoman contingent. As soon as they arrived, all hearts were filled with joy, their presence in the ward was like the entrance of a sunbeam into a dungeon. A soldier, approaching the Mother Superior, timidly laid hold of the crucifix suspended to her girdle, saying with enthusiasm, "*Permets moi de baiser ton Mahomet!*"

An equally striking and even more interesting incident occurred at Constantinople.

A Mussulman of an inferior class had been condemned to death for an offence which would seem slight with us, but which is there punished with the severest penalties. To add to the misery of his position, the unhappy man was father of eight children. The Sisters heard of it, and were much distressed. "We cannot let this man perish," said they; "we *must* save him by some means or other."

But how?—a direct appeal to the Sultan seemed both the shortest and surest mode. There was no way but to ask for an audience. Two Sisters presented themselves at the palace, where their presence might, at first sight, seem strange: the audience was more difficult to obtain than they expected, but their perseverance triumphed over all difficulties. At length they were introduced into the presence of the Sultan, whom they found smoking, after the Turkish fashion.

Abdul Medjid was a man of elevated mind, in whom gracefulness of manner was blended with dignity of sentiment. He received the Sisters with benevolence. They explained the object of their petition to the Sultan, who listened to them with smiling affability.

"I grant the pardon," said he. "How could I refuse anything to the holy zeal which inspires such expedients? The religion which puts into your hearts sentiments such as those prompting all your actions, must be of Divine origin. If you will be good enough to follow this officer," continued the Sultan, "he will conduct you to the prison. You shall yourselves enjoy the satisfaction of liberating your *protégé*, and of restoring him to his family, for you certainly have earned it." As they retired, touched by this conduct, and stammering their thanks, he added, "Do not forget the way to this palace: whenever you have anything to ask me, come boldly, and fear not; all the doors shall be opened to you, who are the angels of mercy."

Sisters of Charity had been asked for at Smyrna; the danger was pressing, they were expected with anxiety. Their arrival was not long delayed, but as soon as they were perceived, they were welcomed with shouts of joy by the soldiers, who exclaimed with one voice—"Now we shall no longer dread the hospital!"

There was much to be done; but done it was. A Protestant, struck with surprise and admiration, said: "I do not understand how such delicate women can support so much fatigue."

"Il ne sait pas," answered one of them; "que notre Dieu qui nous soutient, s'appelle le Dieu des forts."

It is doubtless now pretty generally known that the young and beautiful daughter of Abd-el-Kader, struck by the devotedness and endurance of the *Sœurs Grises* at the bedside of the sick soldiers in the hospital of Constantinople, desired to know more of a religion which could produce such heroism. Dogmatically instructed in the faith which had excited her interest, she shortly after begged her father's permission to embrace Christianity. Abd-el-Kader, though not disposed to abandon the religion of his race, was a man of earnest temperament and practical mind, and entertained the profoundest reverence for the Christian religion, which he had often declared he looked upon as destined to become the civilizing force of the world. He at once granted his consent, and the young *houri*, having been sent to Marseille to determine her choice of life, decided

to enter the order of St. Vincent, and to exercise under that rule the spirit of charity which had so favourably and deeply impressed her mind.

The Sister of Charity, it will be seen, is an invaluable aid to the Aumônier. She advances his work as no other could; for, with the tact peculiar to her sex, she takes advantage of her position to introduce serious thoughts discreetly and opportunely, without wearying or irritating the patient. She smooths the way for the visit of the priest. She persuades the doubtful, and strengthens the weak, she decides the wavering, and encourages the humble, while she warns, without alarming, all those who are in immediate peril.

The favourable effect of the attendance of "religious" as hospital-nurses upon the sick, generally, and whether the patients are simply indifferent, and vacillating, or undisguisedly opposed to the faith, is universally acknowledged; but by the sick-bed of the soldier, the efficacy of their intervention is invaluable. There is a sympathy between them which seems to draw them together, and to penetrate them with the same feelings; and, indeed, are they not the offspring of the same principle, nurtured in the same ideas, actuated by the same spirit of self-sacrifice, inspired by the same faith, and supported by the same energy? Both have accepted the vow of obedience, both have left all to follow the call of duty, both wear coarse garments, submit to rude privations, and accept wearisome occupations—both have an enemy to combat, though their weapons are

different; for the cross is to the one what the sword is to the other. All this they do, not for themselves, but for their fellow-creatures. One watches at the post of danger, the other holds her vigils beside the bed of suffering. The sick soldier feels all this, as his aching head rolls uneasily from side to side, while his weary eye follows the gentle, yet busy movements of his ministering guardian, and he is filled with a religious and sympathising veneration for her courage and abnegation.

"No sooner," wrote Père Parabère, "does a Sister enter the wards than gloomy countenances brighten, murmurs and complaints are hushed, unseemly conversations cease, and even the attitudes assumed are indicative of respect and consideration. If a patient consider himself aggrieved by the medical officer, whether in respect of diet or treatment, one word from the Sister suffices to calm him. His stubborn and inflexible nature, which before had piqued itself on its inflexibility, becomes at once docile and supple at her word, like that of a young child. One of the Sisters, on being asked how she got on with those whose wills must be so much stronger than her own, replied that she found those men so fierce in battle more easy to manage than her class of little girls whom she had left, to come to them."

We can readily appreciate the degree of repose and satisfaction of mind experienced by the sick at finding themselves in a position in which female tact and gentleness, skilful manipulation and generous self-devotion combine to soothe their sufferings; and

when we think of the contrast afforded by the aspect of affairs which preceded the arrival of the "religious," their value may be understood.

In hospitals where there are no Sisters, the attentions they so well know how to bestow devolve on a class of military attendants called *"Infirmiers;"* and, were not the subject too sad to excite our mirth, we should find the scenes which sometimes take place under their auspices, highly ludicrous. Some of them, it is true, are trained to the service of the sick-ward, and have been taught the more obvious duties of a nurse. They may perhaps know how to dress blisters and bind up wounds, to compound a mixture, prepare an infusion or shake up a bed, and some have even a vague idea that their step should be light, their voice low, and their hand gentle; a few are perhaps seriously disposed, and can appreciate the moral anxieties as well as the physical sufferings of their patients, apply a well-timed consolation, and fulfil their duty in a spirit of religion and charity; but these, alas! are the minority, and we find not many who recall to us the type of S. Jerome Emiliani or St. John of God. As to the rest, they are often mere recruits, who have no experience of a sick-room, and when they are disposed to be kind to the poor fellows under their care, they handle them as they would their arms, calling them "poor devils;" to cheer them, talking or singing to them, under the notion of "raising their spirits," at a time when calmness and repose are not only congenial but indispensable, and by way of exhorting them or recon-

ciling them to their approaching death, telling them "it will soon be over," and that it will not be long before they "kick the bucket," or "cut their stick."

"Allons, courage! mon vieux," we once heard one of these tender-hearted but rough-handed nurses exclaim, as he tried to comfort a dying man, hoisting him up in bed as he would a sack of corn. "Tu vas bientôt passer l'arme à gauche;" and then turning to us to *explain* the somewhat technically-expressed phrase, he added, "C'est que le pauvre diable est en train de faire son pacquet!"

Others, again, get fretted with watching, and weary with the tedious, and to them uninteresting occupation; or they are inconsiderate, hasty, or neglectful, forgetting the directions of the surgeon, and concealing from him important circumstances, either through indifference, ignorance, or forgetfulness; and as for the soul, that, of course, is very rarely thought of, when even the more refined of material attentions are overlooked.

A letter, dated Constantinople, and speaking of the Cholera Hospital at Varna, says, "It is to this scourge that we are nevertheless indebted for the presence of the 'Sisters' in the military hospital, which, but for that, would doubtless have continued under its former *régime*, without order, without cleanliness, and, above all, without spiritual help."

That they were invaluable to the Crimean army there is no doubt, and that their services were minutely appreciated by those in whose behalf they went, they had the satisfaction of knowing. But

for their gentle intervention, many would have gone out of the world in godless desolation or frightful blasphemy, who died the death of saints, blessing the God they hoped to meet, and humbly resigned to His Holy Will.

Such were the results and such the sole reward they sought; true daughters of the noble but lowly St. Vincent, humbly, modestly, and noiselessly they entered upon, and silently, thankfully, and thoughtfully they returned from their glorious, but, to them, simple and congenial mission.

They were not numbered, they were not named; no special correspondent followed their steps to record their acts; no newspaper trumpet sounded their praise; no memorials spread abroad the recital of their labours, nor exalted their individual—no, nor their collective—exertions; and no public ovation welcomed their return. No crowned heads invited them to their tables, nor presented them with ornaments of gold and precious stones, to be worn in honourable testimony of their heroism. No public collections were made in their behalf, and no hospitals will be built in their honour, named after their names, and remain as so many monuments of their courage and self-devotion. Oh, no! under the coarse, grey dress and snowy "*cornette*," uniform with the thirteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine* others scattered over the world to visit their Lord in the person of His sick, none knew which

* The number of the Sisters of St. Vincent now amounts to 11,000.

was a princess, which a peeress, and which a peasant. Their habit effectually and intentionally concealed their identity from the curious eye of the world. Their right hand knew not what their left hand did, for thus was it they sought to earn the rich reward; theirs already in faith, prepared for those who "do their alms in secret." They are content so that their deeds of mercy be accepted—not by an earthly sovereign—they are too ambitious to be satisfied with that, but by the KING OF KINGS. It is His favour alone they court. It is to His palace they seek to gain an entrance, and that, not for a momentary audience, or the transitory visit of a guest, but to remain there for ever as the children of His love, and the heirs of His glory. A jewelled ornament which must perish like the hand that gave it, will not meet their exalted desires; they aspire after an immortal crown, bestowed by the eternal hand of God, and whose gems will glitter for ever upon their brow.

Speaking of the self-devotion of the Sister of Charity, General Ambert affirms, that the sight of one of these always recalls to him that ejaculation of the Abbé Maury, in his panegyric on St. Vincent de Paul,—"Come unto me all ye who are heavy laden, and I will refresh you;" and truly, not only was this good man's life passed in succouring others, but he has left behind him a system which daily grows in vigour, by which relief and sympathy are afforded to every description of woe which can afflict human nature.

"Neither Greece nor Rome, great and glorious as they were," continues the General, "ever held this language; neither Greece nor Rome had their hospitals, whether civil or military; neither Greece nor Rome could have given birth to the Sister of Charity. Civilization may produce heroism, which enlightens and inflames, but Christianity alone can engender charity, which warms and kindles."

Numerous indeed, and touching, have been the tributes of admiration paid by the greatest men, of all nations and all creeds, to the boundless charity and ingenious organization manifested by the humble founder of the noble order of charity.

Our own English Cardinal, when preaching one day, with his wonted eloquence, on the invaluable legacy bequeathed to suffering humanity by the great apostle of charity, employed a most happy illustration to express the enduring—nay, the imperishable—nature of his works. While likening the valuable foundations of the self-devoted St. Jerome Emiliani, and St. John of God, to majestic, imposing edifices, constructed with a solidity calculated to brave the assaults of man, the fury of tempests, and the ravages of time; he compared those of St. Vincent to a magnificent tree, which not only stands vigorous and flourishing, to carry down a living tradition from generation to generation, but which—ever fruitful in its season—is continually sending forth fresh germs, which in their turn, as soon as they have reached maturity, supply new sources of fruitfulness. Indeed, such is the charity

with which St. Vincent has inspired his disciples, that in time there will be no corner of the earth in which the name of their great originator shall not have spread, and no people among whom his benevolence shall not have been experienced.

Indeed, already it is almost impossible to enumerate the different *œuvres* which overspread the civilized world, all, owing their existence to this prolific source.

As one walks through the spacious wards of a military hospital, and contemplates those countenances still in the prime of life, masculine in their expression, and strongly marked, whether by the large moustache, the fiery eye, or the traces of human passion contending within, one asks oneself, whether such men would not be—at best—indifferent to the softening influences of religion?

Wait a little, however, and see the priest approaching the various beds. With one he converses gently but earnestly, to another he presents a book or a little picture, to a third he offers his services as scribe, and proposes to send his mother a letter, to say he has seen him; and so far from any antipathy observable from the soldier to the priest, we perceive that a cordial good understanding reigns between them; and the roughest trooper, "bearded like the pard," still retains within his heart a latent spark of that heavenly fire which sanctified his infant years.

Many are the instances which might be given: and we find a singular proof of it, in the fact that in these institutions, where, on Sundays, there is

mass, instruction, and catechism, attendance at which is voluntary, all who are able, contrive to drag themselves to the chapel. It has been repeatedly observed that none absent themselves but those who are absolutely unable to leave their beds.

An instance, illustrative of the serious thoughts often occupying soldiers' minds, was mentioned to us by an *Aumônier*, who had been preaching in the chapel of the military hospital. Entering one of the wards a little time after the sermon, he found a poor fellow who was keeping his bed, eagerly listening to the conversation of two others, seated beside him. On inquiry, he found they were repeating, as well as they were able, to their bed-ridden comrade, the substance of the discourse he had just delivered.

Many preachers have remarked the peculiar aspect of a military congregation; silent and motionless, they sit as if they felt they were there under arms. The grand and prevailing idea of military discipline, seems never to leave them, and they are actuated by it, even when wearing the hospital dress.

They seem penetrated with the idea of "duty," and the obligation to be ready for "call," is always present with them; there are in the career of the soldier, for those who know how to seize them, numberless opportunities for impressing him with the practical duties of religion, by analogies as valuable as they are striking. To them, a priest, whether at the altar or in the pulpit, is "on duty," precisely as their Colonel is,

when he holds a review. They entertain similar ideas of reverence towards the *Curé*, when visiting the sick, or administering a dying man, and rarely does a soldier, however irreligious, manifest any marks of disrespect toward the ministers of religion when exercising their sacred office.

When a soldier is really impressed with religious feeling, his piety is generally great, his faith strong, and his religion practical. One day, in the military hospital, a little book was given to a young soldier. He looked into it; and finding in it some devotions well suited to his state of mind, he told the *Aumônier* that he should go to the chapel every day and say his prayers from that book. He was a drummer of the 74th; and as long as he remained in the hospital he continued faithful to his promise.

When the blessed Sacrament is carried to a sick man, an event, occurring, of course, nearly every day, all the men in the ward uncover their heads as the priest passes. Those who are not in bed, kneel; some approach the bed of the patient about to be administered, and profound silence reigns; for they all understand that at that solemn moment they are mounting guard before the Divine Presence.

A touching sight was witnessed in the military hospital at Vincennes a few weeks ago.

It was five o'clock in the morning, when, through the twilight of that still hour, two Sisters of Charity, followed by a little child bearing a lighted taper, might be seen entering the ward. The Chaplain followed them, wearing his stole and surplice, and

bearing the holy Viaticum. All the patients, aroused by their entrance, sat up in bed, and uncovered their heads. The little group stopped at the bedside of a poor soldier, whose last hour was at hand. He belonged to the 37th of the line, and was a married man. His wife, the *Cantinière* of the regiment, had obtained the favour of being allowed to remain with her husband, and sat weeping beside him; the little fellow who had made his appearance with the Sisters, was his son, and an *enfant de troupe*. The poor father, so soon to be called away, was a Breton, and a man of piety. He had desired that those so dear to him should share and witness the closing scene of his life, about to be solemnized by a Christian act. He placed his little child on his right hand, and bade him remain there during the ceremony, receiving the last sacraments with so much resignation and piety, that all who witnessed the touching spectacle were moved to tears. He survived but a few hours; and from that day the little orphan has never omitted adding to his simple morning and evening prayer, a "De Profundis" for the soul of his father.

We will now advert to the condition of military hospitals in garrison-towns in France, and cannot, perhaps, better describe life within one of these institutions than by a little sketch, for which we are indebted to M. de Ségur, whose well-known name, familiar to those who study the pages of history, is yet more familiar and more welcome to the ear of the soldier, whose friend and benefactor he may truly be called.

"It was on a bright afternoon in summer, that a venerable priest might have been seen passing through the streets of Paris, supported on either side by the vigorous arm of a stalwart young soldier, and followed by a third, all conversing together with animation. The passers-by turned round to look at them, slackening their pace as they pursued their way in order to keep the little group longer in sight. Some asked who could be the greyhaired delinquent, who looked so gentle and peaceful, whom these soldiers were leading to prison, and that with an air of respect and reverence. Others, perceiving that there was neither delinquent nor prison in the case, were only astonished at seeing the cassock and the uniform in such close proximity, and, apparently, so intimately united. In their narrow, superficial view, they did not understand, and were incapable of appreciating the fact, that between the priest and the soldier there are and must be profound, intimate, endless relations, which no prejudices can overcome, and no bigotry can destroy—that the soldier is, so to speak, a priest in the secular and material world, as the priest is a soldier in the spiritual order of things; and they each represent that which is greatest in this world; that which constitutes at once the strength and harmony of society; the one is the type of order, maintained by discipline: the other, of authority, represented by the hierarchy; both, of the safety of all, secured by the self-devotion of the few.

The party at length reached the hospital, towards which their steps were bent—and having entered its

gate, they ascended the broad staircase, and proceeded to seek out the patient they had come to visit. The search might have been long and difficult; for the hospitals of Paris are miniature cities, inhabited by sickness, invaded by suffering in every form, and daily visited more than once, by the gaunt presence of death.

"It is impossible to walk through these long wards, in which the various maladies are classed in categories, and, as we may almost say, lodged in districts and in streets, without feeling practically the truth of that axiom which proclaims health to be the greatest of all the blessings which God has bestowed on man. But when we reflect that among this population of sick, there are a great number who have voluntarily lost this inestimable gift, and have wantonly thrown themselves into the fathomless abyss of suffering, one is filled with compassion for human weakness and human folly. - Then it is that we would fain raise our voice within the walls of the barrack and the garrison, and with all the eloquence of Christian charity, exhort the young men who people them, in the name of their souls, of their mothers, and of their country, to shun idleness and bad company, as they would pestilence, dishonour, death itself; for debauchery is all that, and, worse still; it is to be false to God, to one's mother, and to one's colours. 'Behold,' we might say, 'your comrades languishing by thousands in the prisons, in the galleys, in the penal servitude of Africa. What has brought them there? Debauchery, with

her twin-sister, drunkenness! Think of your present position, and compare it with what it might be; think of God, who created you with an immortal soul in a pure body, and think of the responsibilities of one who has received such gifts; for He who bestowed, will one day ask for an account of them.'

"Whilst crossing the courts planted with trees, which separated the different portions of the building, many of the patients might be seen enjoying the balmy air of the garden, leaning against the wall, walking together at a gentle pace, or seated in the summer houses and on the benches. All wore the hospital dress, consisting of a loose grey cloth dressing-gown, cotton cap, and white neckcloth. These convalescents seemed to exult in the new life to which they were liberated after a longer or shorter period of confinement within the weary wards, and to rejoice in their returning vigour after being 'tossed on the thorny bed of pain.'

> "The budding trees, the air, the skies,
> To them were opening paradise."

"Among these young soldiers, basking in the afternoon glow, was one who was immediately recognized as a comrade by the older of the two who had accompanied the priest; he was seated on a bench at a distance from the rest, and seemed lost in a reverie. His countenance wore a melancholy expression, and his eyes looked dim, while a hectic spot

on either cheek-bone, contrasted suggestively with the pallor of his complexion. His friend approached him without being perceived, and taking his hand, expressed his surprise at finding him there, asking him with interest what ailed him?

"'I was sent here nearly two months ago; I have been, and still am very ill,' replied the young soldier, shaking his head mournfully. 'I have a weight on my mind which crushes me, and seems to impede my respiration. Alas! all their medicine is of no avail; there is only one remedy that can restore me.'

"'I understand,' interrupted Kernidec, 'a visit to your native village, is it not? It will come, comrade, one of these days. Cheer up and get well, and then you can try and get a *congé*.'

"The sick man shook his head.

"'You will get leave of absence on a proper application,' continued his consoler; 'but you must bear up and have patience till then. If you pine to death, that is not the way to get back to your mother and your village.'

"The young soldier only answered with a sigh, and a melancholy smile passed over his pale face. After remaining some little time with him, and using all his endeavours to raise his spirits, with words of hope and consolation, Kernidec left him to rejoin his companions. The *Curé* had been struck with the countenance and manner of the youthful patient.

"'He looks very ill,' observed he to Kernidec; 'what is his disorder?'

"'It is called consumption,' answered the soldier,

'but it really is the *mal du pays*, or *nostalgie*. All he wants is a plaster compounded of his native air, and if he does not get that, he will certainly not recover; there are many fellows like that in the army, and they make sorry soldiers. For my part, I cannot understand a man who gives way to the feeling to that extent. It is all very well to regret our village and our early home, and to weep at leaving one's mother, and one's *payse*,' he added, with a sigh—for the French soldier has a dash of sentimentality in his nature—'and I am not ashamed to say that all I left behind me cost me many sad hours; but good sense ought to enable a man to reason himself out of these regrets after a while; and, on the whole, a soldier has much to reconcile him to the separation. Why, to see these home-sick lads, one would think they reckoned for nothing the honour of carrying a firelock and wearing the epaulette; that they looked upon seven years' service as a sentence of transportation, and regarded the military uniform as the dress of a convict.'

"'Bravo, Kernidec!' said the Curé, laughing; 'I declare you are quite a philosopher; we must give you the charge of the 'nostalgiques.'"

"'*Je m'en charge*, M. le Curé,' said Kernidec, and all laughed.

"The party had now reached the fever ward, in which lay the patient they had come to visit. It was unusually full; the beds standing side by side along either wall, were all occupied. Some of the patients, just able to leave their beds, were stretching their

weary limbs by a gentle walk within the glazed gallery. The *infirmiers,* with white aprons over their red trousers, came and went, whistling, singing, sweeping the floor, or carrying *tisane* to the bedsides, with somewhat more animation and somewhat less tenderness than as many Sisters of Charity; and as it was visiting-day, there were many soldiers in uniform, chatting with the patients they were visiting, as they either sat on their beds or stood beside them.

"The chaplain of the hospital, who accompanied our friends, walked first, conducting the Curé and his companions. As he passed along, those of the sick who were able, sat up, and raised their hands to their foreheads to salute him. He returned their friendly recognition with a nod and a benevolent smile, stopping here and there to speak to those who most needed attention, and asking how they had fared since his morning visit, for every patient is visited each day by the *aumônier;* promising a book to one, giving a little picture to another, and addressing to all, words of encouragement and sympathy. He was like a good father in the midst of his children, and we might say of him, *pertransivit benefaciendo.*

"At length they reached the bed of Jean Pierre, whose countenance brightened up as he caught sight of his visitors, and who appeared almost overcome at finding himself the object of so much attention.

"'What! have you come all this distance to see me, Monsieur le Curé?' said he, pressing the hand of

the aged priest. 'Indeed, this is too kind,' and his eyes filled with tears of gratitude.

His malady was not serious; he was already on the list of convalescents, the doctor had promised that he should leave his bed in a couple of days, and that soon after, he should be altogether released. There was a long chat between the friends, and many cheering and affectionate words passed on either side, accompanied by many a cordial shake of the hand, until the hour for departure arrived, and the visitors reluctantly left the ward, promising to come again as soon as they were able.

"The *Curé* inquired of the *Aumônier* whether he was always well received by the patients, and if, among those who died, the majority accepted the aid of religion. He was gratified to learn that the result of this good man's ministry among them, which seems to be most assiduous in its constancy and paternal in its benevolence, almost invariably produces gratitude to God as well as to himself, and it is rarely that any of these soldiers either leave the hospital convalescent, or are carried out of its wards to their long home, without first making their peace with themselves, with their neighbour, and with their Maker. Thus is good often brought out of evil, for there are many who, but for such events in their lives, might never become acquainted with the responsibilities and duties of life."

Various are the *bon-mots* which pass with truly French vivacity from mouth to mouth among the convalescent patients, to the infinite amusement of

their invalid comrades, who, however languid, will raise their heads from their weary pillow and join in the laugh.

The French soldier possesses an extraordinary vocabulary of characteristic phrases, all highly expressive in their way: of these, one we hear continually applied to all circumstances, is, "*Je m'en charge*;" and when once he has said this, he may be entirely relied upon. Whether, therefore, he be ordered to sweep out a yard, or to make a reconnoissance upon the enemy, provided he reply, "*Je m'en charge*"—those who have given the order know that it may be looked upon as already executed. It is equivalent to the answer Napoleon I. was so delighted at receiving from a soldier formed by himself, and who turned out after his own heart—"Sire, si c'est possible, c'est fait:—si c'est impossible, cela se fera."

So readily does the expression we have mentioned find its way to the soldier's lips, that it has often happened when a penance has been imposed upon a soldier in the confessional, he has mechanically, but promptly, expressed the earnestness of his intention, by the answer, "*Je m'en charge.*"

An anecdote was related to us lately, as having occurred in the department of the Allier, which shows that this expression sometimes bears a more serious meaning than might be supposed. Two Gendarmes, of the brigade of Lurcey, were travelling through the forest of Champroux to arrest a wood-cutter, who had been condemned to pay costs in an action, but was wholly unable to procure the necessary means.

Knowing something of the poor man's circumstances, they bethought them of the expedient of taking, on their way, a factory belonging to the locality, in which masters and men are remarkable for their piety and charity. In a few minutes a subscription, organised by the workmen, and in raising which they took no small part, produced a sum sufficient to meet the demands of the creditor, and to leave a surplus wherewith to assist the wood-cutter, who had three young children to support. Arrived at the poor fellow's cottage, the Gendarmes were on the point of announcing to him their scheme and its success, when they found a brother workman already there, claiming another debt from the unfortunate woodman.

"*Je m'en charge,*" exclaimed simultaneously the two officers of justice, who, without consulting each other, had, nevertheless, determined not to infringe upon the sum they intended the man to start afresh with, his debts being cleared off.

Another phrase they are fond of using is—"*Ce n'est pas trop tôt.*" We once heard this appropriately employed by a poor fellow, in whose thigh a ball, received at Solferino, had remained sixteen months. When the surgeon at last extracted it—"*Ce n'est pas trop tôt,*" said the patient, as he fell back exhausted by the operation.

One of his comrades, less vigorous in constitution, was sinking under a lingering illness. The *Aumônier* knelt by his bedside, encouraging him with reflections on the reward that awaited him after his long and patient endurance of the afflictions with which God

had visited him : "*Ce ne sera pas trop tôt !*" said the poor fellow, and he expired.

"What were your thoughts," asked we of a Corporal of the Sapeurs, who had narrowly escaped from a falling building—"at the moment when you felt the balcony giving way beneath you, and knew you must be dashed to the ground ?"

"My first and only thought," replied he, "was to recommend my soul to God. I had long forgotten him, and this accident brought me back to a serious frame of mind—'*Ce n'était pas trop tôt.*'"

We were told by the Chaplain of the Military Hospital of Calais, that few if any of the convalescent patients leave without solemnly attending mass in thanksgiving for the cure.

We remember once meeting at a road-side inn, in the North of France, where we had paused to take rest during a sultry day's walk, two poor fellows who had just left the military hospital at Lille, and were returning to join their regiment. Weary and way-worn, the two convalescents, who had travelled some distance on foot, approached the little porch, and seated themselves on a bench under the open window of the room we occupied. These youths interested us; and as we looked upon their pallid but pleasing countenances, we observed that they placed carefully beside them, a parcel apparently containing some fragile ware, the safety of which seemed seriously to preoccupy both. Our curiosity was roused; and, desirous of gratifying it, we addressed them with some common-place observation, as to the

warmth of the weather, the dust of the road, and the length of the walk they seemed to have been taking. Their good-humoured reply and respectful manner pleased us; and it was with mutual satisfaction that we offered, and that they accepted, a place at the little table before which we were seated, and on which two additional glasses and a fresh bottle of vin de Bourgogne soon appeared.

"My friends," said we, as they became more communicative, "you seem to be carrying something very precious under that handkerchief: is it a caged canary, a gold fish, or any other live pet, to which you are attached?"

The soldiers looked at each other, highly amused at the supposition, and, by common consent, proceeded to reply to the inquiry by loosening the knot in which the four corners of the handkerchief were tied. The operation was soon over, and the opening disclosed a magnificent bouquet of flowers, composed most ingeniously of shell-work and coral, moss and minerals.

"And who constructed this beautiful piece of workmanship," inquired we, struck no less with the design than the execution.

"Mais, c'est nous, Monsieur," answered both, with the greatest simplicity, and apparently unconscious that there was anything to excite admiration in the result of their labours.

"And to what purpose do you intend to apply it?"

"Mais, Monsieur, nous comptons l'offrir à notre

bonne mère la Sainte Viérge, pour lui témoigner notre reconnaissance de ce que nous avons été gueris par son intercession."

If we were pleased with the poor fellows before, we felt that our prepossession in their favour was justified now; and could not help admiring the faith and fervour which had prompted their grateful hearts to occupy their leisure in this work of love, and make a pilgrimage on the first day of their liberation to offer up the fruits of their pious ingenuity.

A further question elicited the fact that their purses were as empty as their hearts were full, and a gleam of surprise and pleasure sparkled in their eyes as we put into their hands a small trifle wherewith to alleviate the fatigues of the remainder of their journey.

There are, now and then, it will be allowed, cheering incidents in the—sometimes—lugubrious picture, for, like every other condition to which human nature is subject, war has its alternations and its contrasts. Could life be endured without those temporary alleviations!

> "Redeeming features in the face of time,
> Sweet drops that make the mixed cup of earth
> A palatable draught—too bitter else."

War, indeed, in itself, is a scourge, and owes its existence to the evil passions of men. It is, perhaps, the greatest of the curses we bring upon ourselves; but in the existing state of things, it is also an unavoidable evil, and one which no prudent nation

would court. When it *has* been forced upon us, all we can do is to mitigate its horrors, and avert its consequences, as far as lies in our power; for there seems small chance of our reverting once more to the golden age of universal peace, harmony and happy content, when—since there was no aggression on the one hand, neither was there any need of defence on the other—reciprocal confidence maintained good fellowship everywhere, the horrors of war were an untold tale and

"Sine militis usu
Mollia securæ peragebant otia gentes."

THE END.

BILLING, PRINTER, 103, HATTON GARDEN.

00106875

Digitized with financial assistance from
Shri Brihad Bhartiya Samaj
on 31 October, 2019